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SIENA

THE CITY OF THE VIRGIN

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield

SIENA, like a true daughter of Rome, is throned superbly upon many hills, but the wolf and the twins watch over a mediæval city, and the ancient *Colonia Julia Senensis* holds, higher than any other Italian town, save Florence, the double symbol of Church and State in the Middle Ages, the towers of the cathedral and of the public palace.

We have seen the city in many phases, under black clouds with hailstones, shining in stormy, struggling sunlight against the sculptures of Fonte Gaia and the rain-streamlets rushing down its steep streets; and we have seen it set like a town in a missal-border against a still, flat, blue background of sky; we have seen it from the terraces of the Osservanza, rising above its walls, which overhung the intermediate valley, and from distant southern Monte Oliveto its towers of the Mangia and the cathedral dwindled to mere pin-points. We have strolled through its narrow streets at all times and at all seasons, have blinked at the dazzling façade of the Duomo in the glare of noon, and lingered in the great Campo when it lay white and still in the chill moonlight. We have watched the gray, bleak hills on which the town is pedestalled turned to freshest, tenderest green; we have climbed the slopes of the olive orchards and looked through skurrying snowflakes at the ramparts rising above us; and from every point, from without her gates and within her walls, from the towers above and the valley below, Siena makes one impression only upon us: Etruscan town, Roman colony as she was, the Middle Ages set their seal upon her, and she is the typical Gothic city of Tuscany, almost of Italy.

Verona is Siena's only rival, but Verona is rosy and smiling; Siena is brown and truculent. She has clutched sword and shield so tightly that she can never quite lose the cramped look of the defensive attitude. Unlike Florence, she has not unclasped her knightly girdle of battlements, and the gates, with port and ante-port complete, are far finer than those by the Arno; the Romana and the Pispini look to this day as if Monluc were still defending within and Duke Cosimo besieging without.

Gothic Siena was, not only in her outward appearance, but in her spirit, in her ideals, and in her art; Gothic in her triple aspect of warrior, saint, and sybarite. She fought with spiritual arms as well as with actual weapons; she wore the cowl over the helmet, and the hand which held the sword had grasped the scourge. She was not truculent only. Under the steel hauberk was the embroidered surcoat of knight and minstrel, and under the nun's rough hair-cloth the mystic ecstasy of St. Catherine. The *Civitas Virginis* was also the *Molles Senoe* of Beccadelli's poem, the city of soft de-

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lights, of the pleasure-seekers of Folgore's sonnets, of the rakes and bruisers of Sermini's and Fortini's tales. It was the home of the love-story (*la novella amorosa*), and it was in this stronghold of saints and popes, of pietistic painters and devout conservatives, that the latent hedonism which underlay all the apparent asceticism of mediæval thought and life took artistic form.

There is a story told by the Sienese chroniclers which seems prophetic of the city's attitude toward the Renascence. In the early fourteenth century an antique statue of Aphrodite was found in an orchard near the town—a relic, probably, of the ancient Roman burg. Enthusiasts ascribed it to Lysippos, and when the new conduits were finished and water flowed for the first time in the great square the image was set above the fountain, which was called Fonte Gaia, because of the joy

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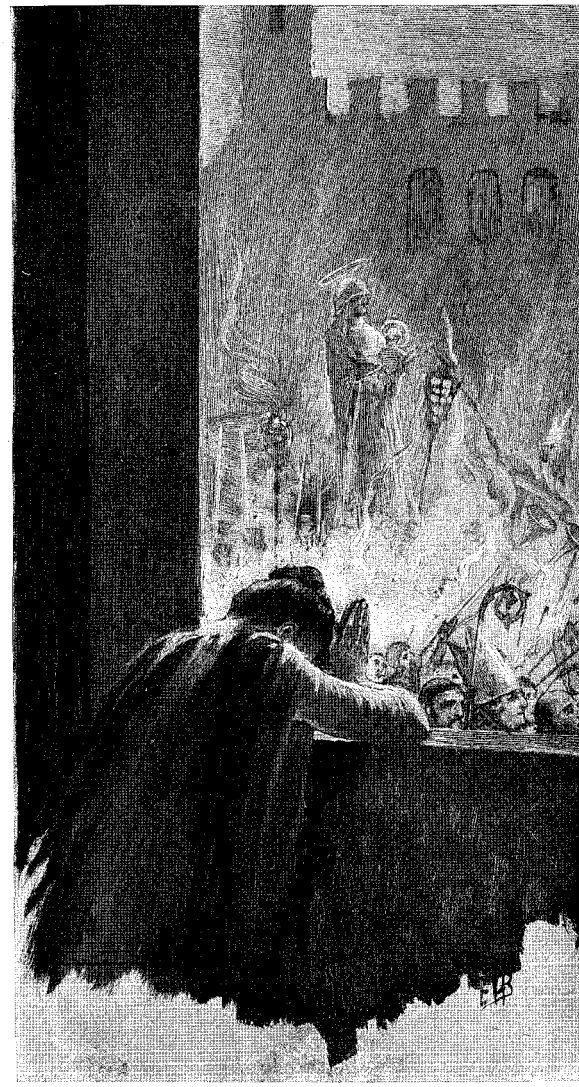
the people felt at the sight of it, some said, though others affirmed that it was named to honor the goddess of love and laughter.

For fourteen years the statue stood, with the water flashing at its feet, and during these years faction waged more hotly than ever before; the Campo was a field of slaughter, and the fountain ran red as bleeding partisans crawled to its margin to drink and die. It seemed as though strife were mingled with its ripples and discord welled from its brim. It was whispered that these contentions were due to the honor paid to a heathen idol which had usurped the place of Siena's celestial suzerain, and that peace would not be restored to the city until the goddess was cast out. The mediæval citizen knew his classics well enough to remember the mischief Dame Venus had wrought in Troy-town.

The whispers became murmurs, the murmurs ominous growls; finally the Council of the Twelve decreed the removal of the statue, and in order that its maleficent powers might be utilized for Siena's welfare it was buried with thrifty hatred *on Florentine soil.*

Thus was antiquity banished from Siena, and when all Italy welcomed the Renascence she shut her gates against it; her painters turned with pious horror from the study of nature and sprinkled holy water on heathen sculpture; her inspired saints looked with contempt on the wisdom of the pagan, and her fierce, luxurious nobles had no mind to dim their bright, hawk eyes over "brown Greek manuscripts."

It is difficult, almost impossible, to explain the unique attitude of Siena toward the new movement. Was it because in the forefront of the Renascence marched those hated Florentines, her hereditary foes? Was it the natural conservatism of the mountaineer, or the mental immutability of the devotee who regarded all innovations as sacrilegious? Was it the old civic jealousy taking a new form? Did Siena feel instinctively that the vertical, irregular, picturesque Gothic architecture was more suited to a hill town than the porticos and pediments of the Renascence? Had mediæval painting become so identified in men's



Madonna Passes.

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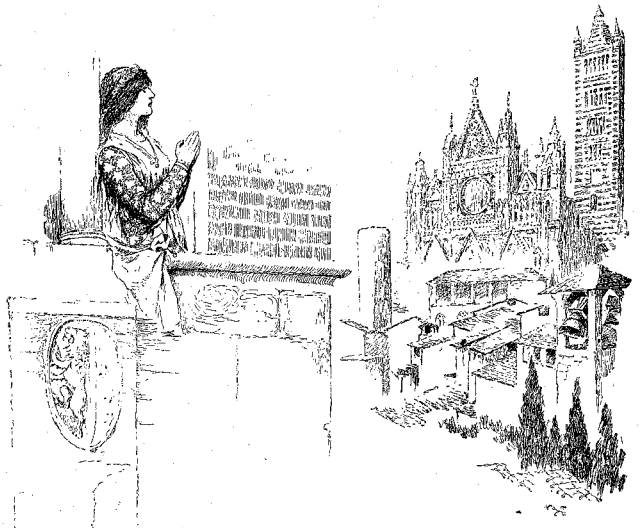
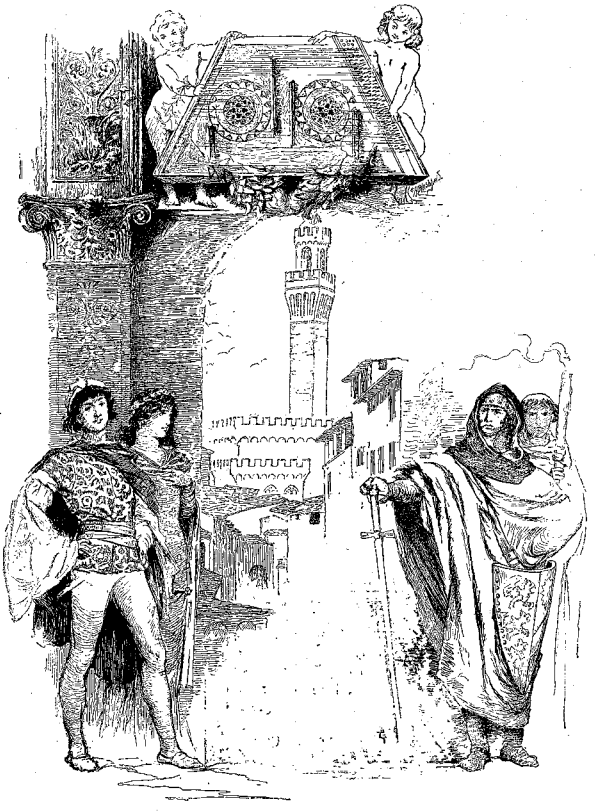


minds with the religion it served that to abandon the one seemed like renouncing the other as well?

Perhaps all of these considerations consciously and unconsciously influenced the action of the Sienese toward the revival of culture. At first they resisted it as fiercely as they had the invading Florentine armies; and while contemporary Tuscan painters were eagerly studying nature and antiquity they were reproducing the old, bedizened Byzantine Madonnas. When every Italian architect elsewhere was designing cupolas and colonnades Siena's builders still clung to the Gothic; Orvieto sent to them for master-workmen for the cathedral until 1450, and Gian Galeazzo Sforza summoned Francesco di Giorgio to compete for the façade of the great church of Milan as late as 1490.

Finally, when all Italy was permeated with the new spirit and Siena was forced to open her gates to Pinturicchio, and Sodoma, and Roselino, it was too late; the creative power of the mighty impulse was exhausted, and among the great artists of the sixteenth century we do not find one Sienese. Siena had but a brief span of time in which to accustom herself to the new or-



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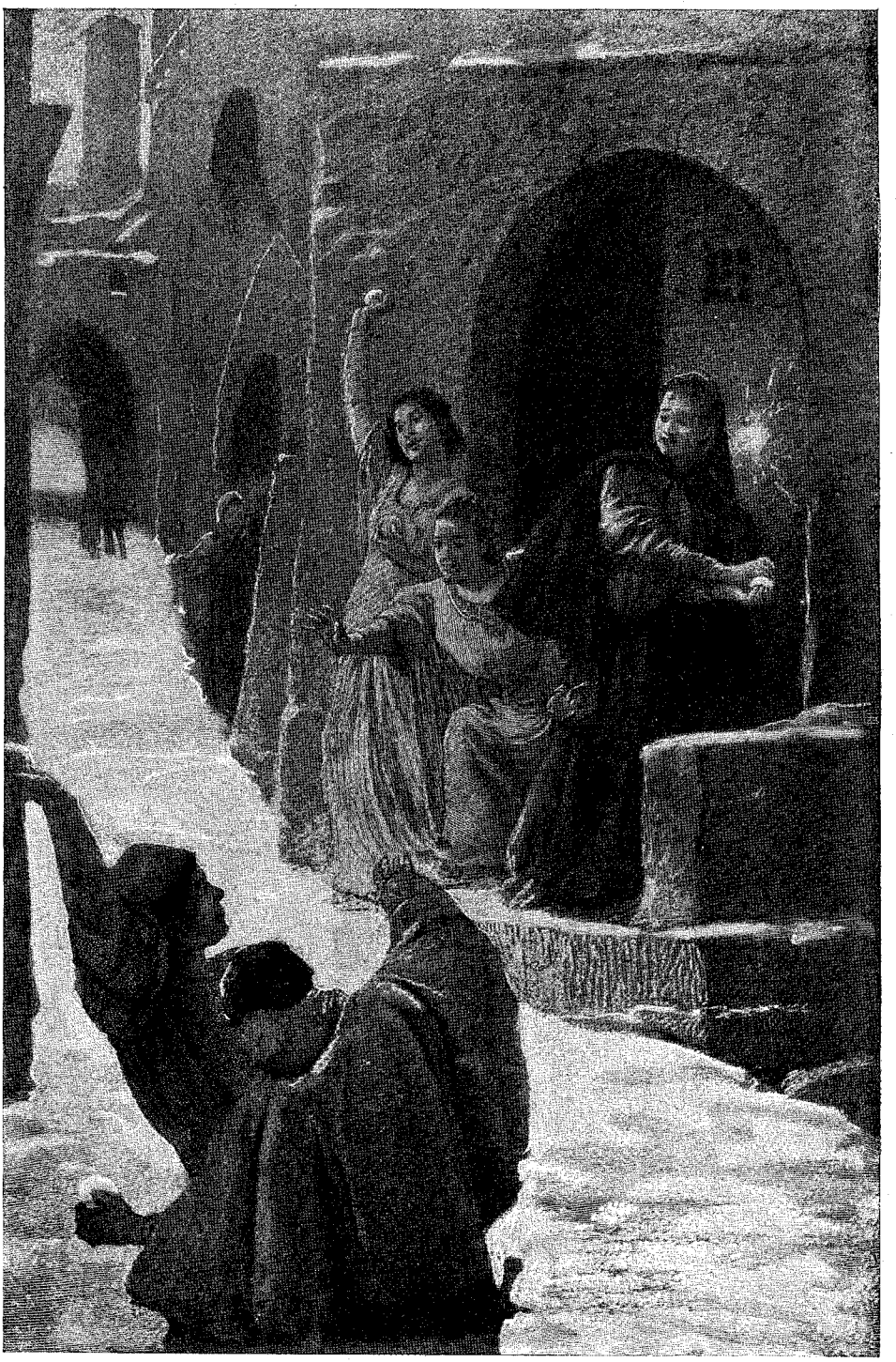

Snow-balling.

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der of things, for in 1555 she fell, sword in hand, bravely defending her liberty. After her fall, utterly broken in spirit, she had neither the money nor the inclination to follow strange fashions, and in her many misfortunes was fortunate in this, that no tawdry and pretentious seventeenth century, no rococo and pedantic eighteenth century, marred her stern grandeur and her delicate grace.

The history of Sienese art began with the victory of Monteaperto (1260) and ended in the middle of the sixteenth century, with the extinction of Sienese independence (1555). It has three distinct phases of development: Gothic, Gothic modified by foreign influence, and Renascence art, the work of strangers or of Sienese masters imitating the work of strangers. These different stages of growth may be studied in the public palace, filled with frescos, where Sienese painting is most at home; in the cathedral, where the mediæval artist begins to yield to external pressure, and in the private palaces and lesser churches, where the Renascence eventually triumphs over the native style. Finally the complete evolution of local painting from the early Byzantine to the late Roman manner may be seen in the municipal picture-gallery.

The city itself is a gallery of pictures. The walls form a triangle, with its base to the south, and near the centre of this triangle rises the Duomo upon the crest of the highest hill. Below it, to the east, is the civic heart of the city, the Campo, strangest of squares, shaped like a great oyster-shell, with the communal palace at its lower lip, and holding one precious pearl, Fonte Gaia.

Between the cathedral and the town-hall cluster palaces with the famous names of Nerucci, Spanocchi, Saraceni, Piccolomini, and Tolomei, while the conventual churches are, as usual, nearer the walls, where the brethren might have gardens and orchards. Saints Dominick and Francis are honored mightily in Siena in huge piles to west and east of the city's centre, and a daughter of Dominick has made "the noble district of the Goose"

Exiled.

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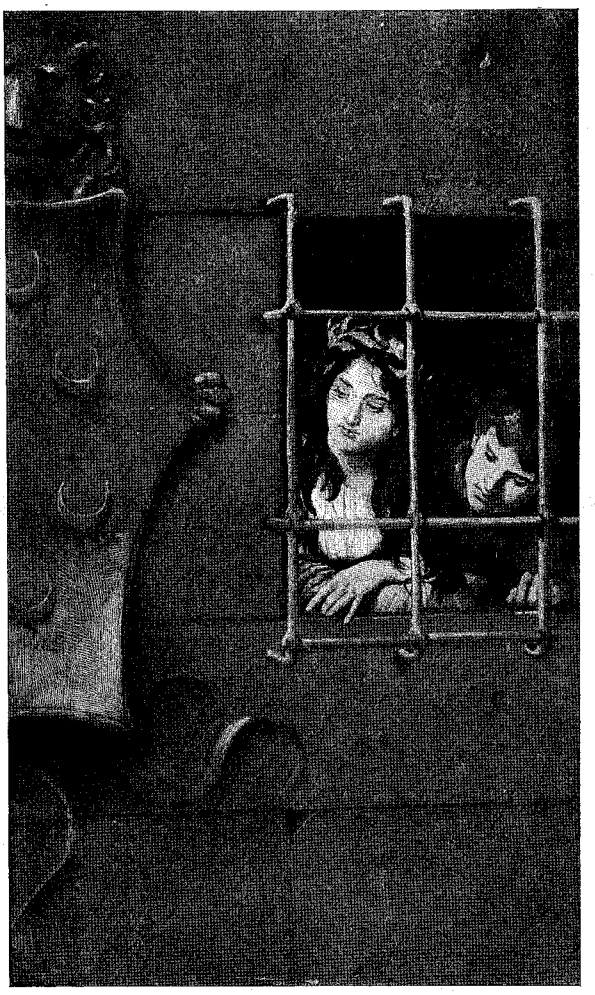
almost as famous as the Porziuncula of the Assisan saint. The Concezione and Sant' Agostino to south and southwest are imposing masses of church, and convent, and cloister. Peruzzi's Campanile of the Carmine, and the towers of San Francesco and San Domenico, are simple in line and fine in effect. The town-walls, these churches and campaniles, with the two focal and ever-present points of the cathedral and the soaring Mangia tower, make up the general outline of Siena.



For the detail we must climb twisting streets with clean, flat pavements and never a sidewalk, where there are no rough walls, as at Perugia, but all the masonry is neatly faced, and no sally as of German oriel or French overhanging stories; not even the protruding, grated windows of Florence break the smoothness of the Tuscan Gothic. Here the iron shuts down flatly and sternly within the shallow, pointed recess, but on every side there is a wealth of exquisitely wrought torch- and banner-rings.

Excellent restoration is being done in these Sienese palaces and streets. It consists mainly in removing the panels or the bricks which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were used to hide good Gothic work. Nowhere else in Italy have we heard so much talk of restoration. Even the conservative Franciscan brother at the Osservanza and the Benedictine *Padre* at Monte Oliveto shared this interest. "Those saints are well enough in Paradise, but here with this fifteenth-century architecture they are out of place," said the latter, pointing to some haloed eighteenth-century sentimentalists simpering in their rococo frames. "Ah," sighed our driver, "if they would only take away all the ugly things stupid people have put here, Siena *sarebbe bellissima.*"

Siena is *bellissima* in spite of this occasional veneer of later times, and among her most charming features are her fountains. There is Fonte Nuova lying a still sheet of silver under its Gothic arches; Fonte Ovile, crowned with green, and Fonte Branda, clear as crystal.

Perhaps one's most vivid impressions of Siena as a whole are these fountain-side visions of the uplifted city. To close the eyes is still to see the narrow ways climbing the slopes and piercing brown arches; the close-set houses sweeping like billows, now downward, now upward, tossed here and there into higher jet of palace or church, breaking into a spray of towers, till all are crested by the marble foam of the Duomo.

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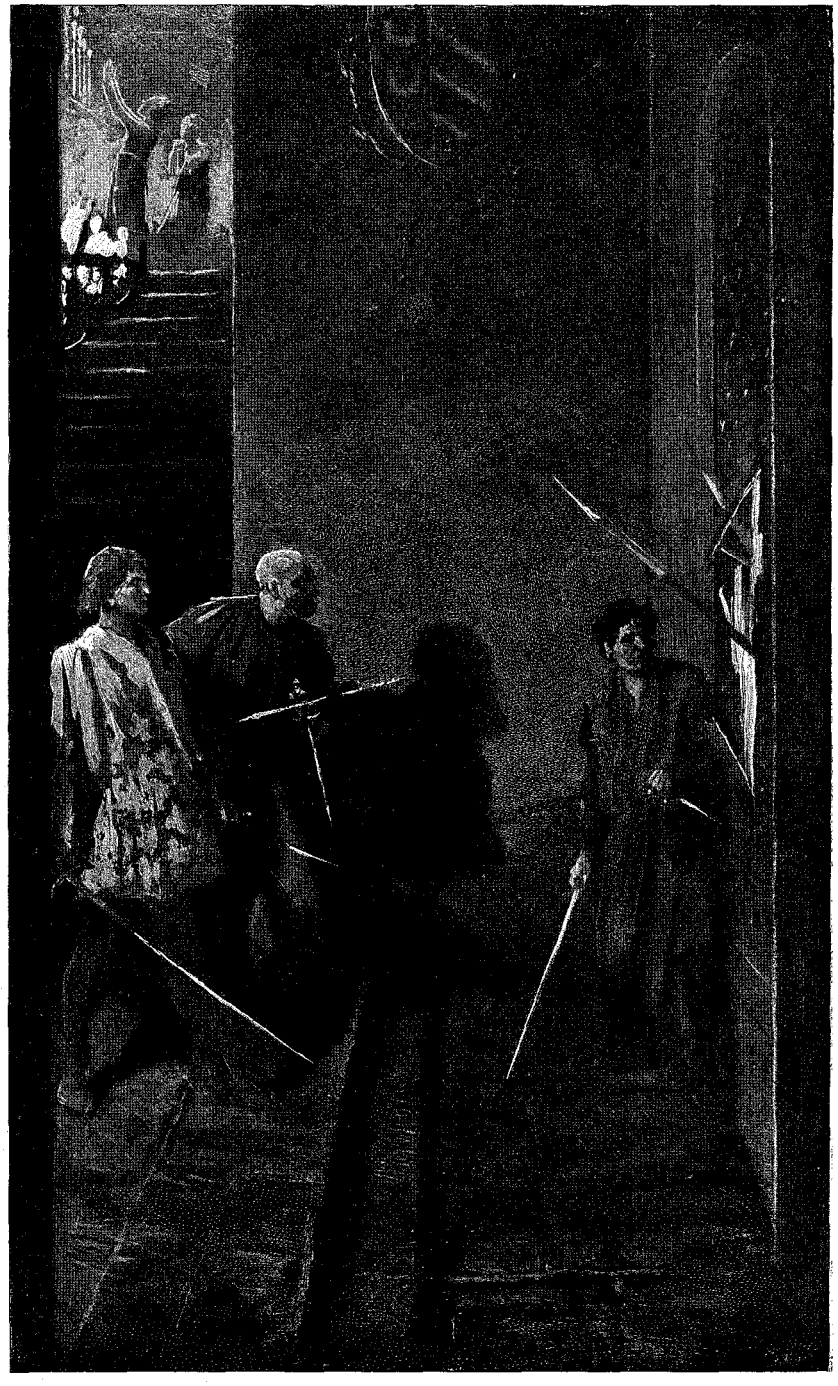

"At Bay."

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The Sword Dance.

And the fountains themselves, lying flat and mirror-like with still depths and glistening surface, dancing in reflection upon the brown, groined vaulting above. They are wholly different from any others, these grottoed wells of Siena, strange presences in a city, bringing within the walls the sense of caverned, mountain-springing waters. Each with its crown of verdure is an Egeria to whom the mediæval Numa might come for counsel and for peace; a Gothic Egeria under her pointed arches, for from Siena antiquity is thrust out. Here the nymph is haloed; close-draped from throat to heel she passes, and the idyl itself is fixed upon a background of gold.

If we return with the mediæval lawgiver to his palace, we shall find ourselves in the vast curving Campo. Geologists say that Siena is built on an extinct volcano, and that this square occupies the place of the old crater. Any student of the city's political history will find a singular appositeness in this site, for the old fire blazed perennially in the hearts of the citizens and within the walls of the municipal palace. For here it sits in state with its graceful Mangia tower and a solemn assembly of palaces fronting it in amphitheatre. Before it once stood the monumental virtues of Jacopo della Quercia's fountain, now mere battered fragments in the Museum; beside it soars the Mangia, not as audacious as the bell-tower of the old palace of Florence, it is a

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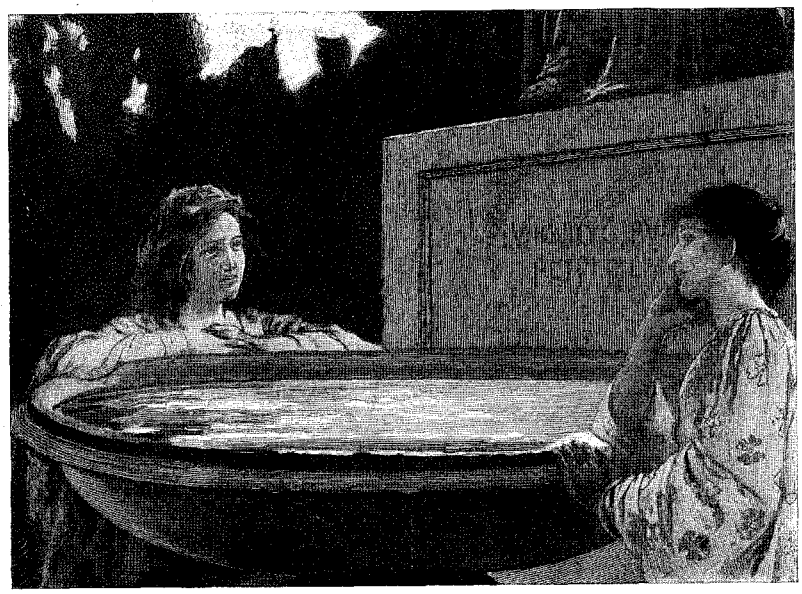
more aspirant, and equally individual with its shooting stem, its bracketed battlements, its pillar-surrounded bells, and its sculptured wolves.

The little chapel before the palace, an *ex voto* of the plague of 1348, though graceful in itself, is an excrescence, and the huge building is far finer seen from the rear.

Within it is more unchanged than is the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence. There Michelozzo and Benedetto remodelled Arnolfo's hall, but Siena seems to have instinctively understood that her glories came earlier, and she clung to them. These rooms are mediæval; the original construction is hardly changed, and the prevailing impression is one of half-savage, clumsy grandeur, made more emphatic by the pure Gothicism of their decoration—a Gothicism which is rather belated for the time. There is little of the thoughtful and balanced ornament of the contemporaneous chapel of the Spaniards in Florence, and little of the austere elegance of the Bargello.

During the turbulent life of the old commonwealth, generation after generation of artists was called to embellish this house of the people. It was the central jewel of the city's civic crown, the theatre of her municipal dramas, the focus of her political life. As such it was loved and respected by all the different factions which, each in its turn, ruled and misruled Siena. The decoration of the palace went steadily on, no matter who held the reins of government. Defeated candidates might be thrown from the windows, riot might break up the council, strife disperse the magistrates, the painters' stipends were punctually paid. Minorities flew to arms and majorities abused their victories; delation whispered in dark corners and party hatred hunted its victims through these echoing chambers — the *frescanti* labored quietly on, celebrating the republic's triumph, the glories of her popes, or the coronation of her heavenly sovereign. Through the dissensions which made Siena a byword for civic discord, the famous artists of the school, Martini, and Lorenzetti, and Quercia, and Lando, left their handwriting on these walls and made of this the typical town-hall of Italy.

In the Sala del Gran Consiglio, divided nearly down the centre by a line of heavy arches, Sienese painting may be seen at its best and worst; at its best in a great lunette, filled by a charming and astonishingly decorative composition. There is beauty of a delicate character in the heads of the saints, and the narrow-lidded, purse-mouthed Madonna has a grace and distinction



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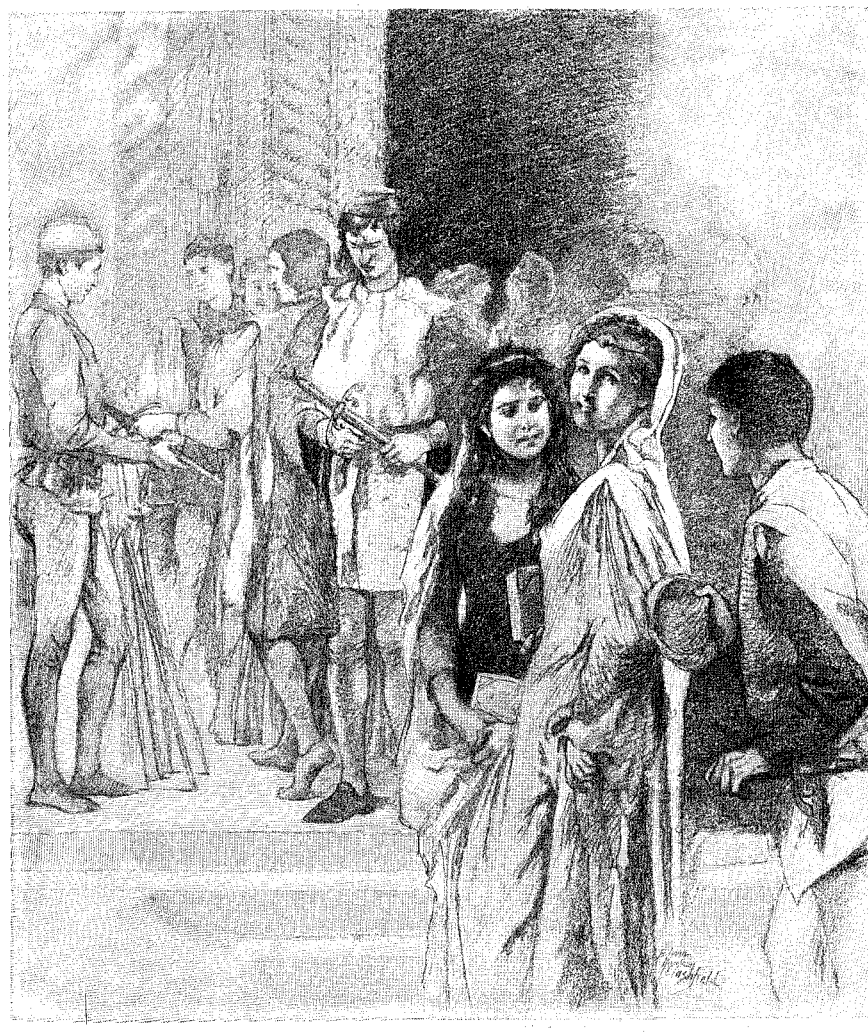

On the Church Steps.

unknown to Giotto. But in Ambrogio di Lorenzo's Battle of Turrita (1363), where the little jointed lay-figures move across a flat, map-like background, showing every hill, and stream, and hamlet conscientiously labelled, the painter becomes a child with a big slate, and his picture is as *naïf* and confused as a battle on an Egyptian pylon.

But Gothic painting can show us something finer than this. Passing through the left nave or ante-chapel, we find ourselves in the Sala della Pace, the Hall of Peace. In 1337 Ambrogio Lorenzetti began to work on these walls. His business was to demonstrate the principles and blessings of good government and the evils of misrule and to express them in that figurative language that could be read by all the citizens alike, even the peasant and the wool-carder. Lorenzetti, who was somewhat of a philosopher, Vasari tells us, put the symbolism of his time to good use, and though to us the thread of allegory may seem too finely spun, the didactic purpose did not exclude beauty of a noble and monumental character, and the frescos are a mural decoration as well as a painted treatise.

Among these attendant virtues of the

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well-governed state, each one gowned to the feet, sitting grave and stately in a solemn row like the sculptured figures on a mediæval reliquary, there is one which reclines her wreathed head resting on her hand; helmet and shield lie under her feet, she holds the olive branch like a sceptre, and her semi-transparent robe hangs ungirdled like an antique tunic.

This is the celebrated Peace which seems to have floated hither from a Pompeian wall—a Pagan goddess—perhaps a Venus Victrix consorting with these Christian virtues. How came she here? Symonds suggests that this figure was copied from the mischief-making Aphrodite of Lysippos. Ambrogio had made a fine drawing from the statue, which Ghiberti admired many years afterward. By an irony of fate the goddess, banished from the square, sat in the council-chamber. And if her influence was indeed malign, if her own apple of discord had been flung down among the magistrates, she could not have looked upon wilder deeds than those that were constantly enacted here in the name of the Republic.

Festal Procession.

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Republic, commonwealth—the terms are misleading, and suggest to the modern mind something akin to our own form of popular sovereignty. A nominal vassalage to a German Cæsar, a struggle for independence, a governing body or *Monte*, composed of patricians, a popular revolution, a *Balia* of merchants, an uprising of the artisans, native despotism, and finally submission to a foreign tyrant—this is a fair synopsis of the history of the Sienese republic, nay of many Italian republics as well. "*C'est la ville qui se gouverne plus follement que toute ville d'Italie,*" wrote grave de Comines, a century and a half after Ambrogio finished his fresco, and mad indeed Siena must have been to merit this distinction.

Imagine a state governed by miracles, a state which sent ecstatic nuns and socialistic painters on important embassies; where the saints themselves became politicians and the celestial court terrorized or bribed voters by visions and prodigies; where a rain of blood, or some such manifestation of divine displeasure about election-time, would upset the existing government, and carry the entire opposition into office at one sweep. Where, when the victors had murdered, confiscated, and exiled sufficiently to produce a popular reaction of feeling, a third party would appear to repeat the same blunders and excesses. Sometimes a holy personage would have a revelation, and, in obedience to the divine mandate, the whole city would turn out in penitential procession. Radicals and conservatives, aristocrats and artisans, their shoulders bleeding from the lash, knelt together on the cathedral pavement and swore on the great crucifix to live in peace together forever after. Eight pages of blood-curdling maledictions were then read, wherein he who should break his oath was cursed thoroughly and comprehensively (for cursing was a fine art in the Middle Ages, with a vigorous vocabulary). Afterward the notaries of the rival factions wrote down the names of those who had sworn to maintain public tranquillity, and the adverse parties fell on each other's necks. But the penitential torches were hardly spent, the swords which religion bade men leave at the church door were scarcely sheathed when, in spite of anathema, they were out again, and all parties were fighting once more.

The acts of the popular government (*Noveschi*) were prophetic of the darkest days of the Reign of Terror in France. There were clubs like the *Jacobins*, secret societies, lists of the suspected, spies in the prisons and revolutionary tribunals, and yet, amid all this disorder, the virtues of self-sacrifice, fidelity to friends and comrades, devotion to an ideal, fortitude and courage, all those qualities that are developed by the militant attitude of the soul, flourished as they never can in an industrial republic.

A faint echo of the old contests has lasted even to our own times, and on every fifteenth of August, the Campo is again the theatre of strife. The annual horse-race, the *Palio*, is run here in honor of the city's patron, the Blessed Virgin, and Siena, who is frugal and sober enough for the rest of the year, becomes a boisterous, ruffling spendthrift during the *festa*.

This is no ordinary race, with professional jockeys, lean, glossy horses, and a quiet, fashionable crowd of spectators betting in a bored and decorous way; this is a family affair of palpitating domestic interest. The cattle are the thick-necked, stout little nags that Beppo the butcher-boy drives in his cart, and that Gigi, the green-grocer's son, rides out to the hillside farm, and the jockeys are Beppo and Gigi themselves and their ilk; the onlookers are their friends and relatives and rivals, the whole town of Siena, and every able-bodied peasant in the *contado* as well. It is only in Tuscany, where there are no "brutalized lower classes," that such a work-aday, popular affair could be a ceremony and a spectacle. Perhaps, too, the fact that the same thing has been done annually for the last five hundred years has much to do with its picturesqueness. These races are a contest between the seventeen different wards of Siena, a survival of the old party feuds. Each district contributes a horse and ten men dressed in mediæval costume. A few hours before the race each horse is blessed in the parish

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church of the *contrada* to which it belongs. One is rather impressed with the sporting character of the local saints; they are *débonair*, these celestial potentates, and sometimes even playful, so that, to the modern shopkeeper, it seems as natural to ask their good-will for the horse that is to run for the honor of Madonna and the district as it was for the mediæval noble to hang the wax image of his pet hawk before their altars.

The little company which enters the church with the plunging, rearing horse, looks as though it were contemporary with the hawk's master. There is the captain of the district, elderly, bearded, in full armor, the rider wearing the helmet which later he will change for a metal jockey-cap, the standard-bearers, the drummer, the dear little, solemn pages who might have come hither from some altar-piece of Botticelli or some pageant of Gozzoli; all are splendid in satin trunks, brocaded doublets, velvet mantles, and the tightest of pink fleshings, while each tiny red cap is perched on a mass of fuzzy hair. The fine costumes are worn with ease and grace, though the beauty of the Italian youth is rather that of the faun than the athlete. Everybody is very much in earnest, and quite lacking in the self-consciousness which would paralyze a Northerner tricked out in tights and long curls.

When the horse reaches the high-altar he is blessed and sprinkled with holy water, and led away with much cheering. The Church has lent its aid to help him win the banner, which, if he is successful, will hang with many others, some of them centuries old, in the sacristy.

The Campo is also in gala dress. The grim palaces are all aflaunt with banners, and shields hang from every window, brilliant colors float from every balcony. Over the pavement a track of earth had been laid for the *Palio*, going entirely around the piazza; barriers have been placed along the inner side of the half-circle thus formed, and on the outer edge there are tiers of seats built up against the surrounding house-walls.

Toward the *Ave Maria* every balcony, window, and bench is filled; even the roofs are crowded, and into the central space behind the barriers some twenty thousand peasants have wedged themselves, the braided gold of their huge straw hats flapping with anticipatory excitement.

The course is cleared by mounted carabineers, and the procession begins. First, in orthodox festival fashion, comes the town band, in dark blue uniforms, then, trumpeting loudly, nine heralds, who surely must have figured at some mediæval tournament; the companies of the various districts follow, a stream of rich color against the palace-walls; the standard-bearers, playing graceful tricks with their flags, the Captain, with his escort of four pages armed with lances, the *figurino*, most gorgeous of all, carrying the ward banner, with its emblem, and lastly, the *fantino* on horseback. The pageant is closed by a modern *fac-simile* of the *Caroccio*, or battle-car, taken from the Florentines at Monteaperto (1260) by the victorious Sienese, who, in witness thereof, set up its poles in their cathedral, and in many other ways keep the memory of this ancient victory green, and Florence in a proper state of retrospective humiliation. Meanwhile the bare-backed horses have been driven into a pen formed of ropes, and each rider has received his *nerbo*, or whip, made of ox-sinew, a redoubtable weapon which he is permitted to use not only on his own horse, but on the rival jockeys and their horses as well. This brutal custom is undoubtedly a survival of earlier contests.

Finally all are mounted, a gun is fired, the rope drops, there is a rush, a many-colored flash, horses and riders shoot out on the track and are off at last. One pony trips over the rope and falls like a stone with his rider, who lies motionless, while something redder than a blush streams over his cheek. "It is nothing, nothing," your neighbor on the balcony assures you, "those boys are made of India-rubber; to-day they are mangled and killed, and to-morrow they will be amusing themselves."

The horses, meantime, are tearing around the palpitating piazza; the jockeys are flogging right and left with the cruel *nerbo*, and a wave of excitement

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follows them. It is a fine sight; the riders have neither saddles nor stirrups, and are one with their mounts, but Sienese youth is guileless; there are no turf tricks here, no dark horses, no husbanding of speed until the decisive moment. Bear gets the lead early in the race, keeps it, and wins by two lengths, amid deafening cries of *Orso, Orso.* There is a deep growl from the conquered *contrade*, and a rush for the winner, but the Italian policemen, those lions of martial aspect and fierce mustachios, those lambs of gentle courtesy and softest speech, have already closed around him. They protect him until his company rallies and escorts him in triumph to the church again, where he hangs up the prize-banner.

The athlete who brought home the wild-olive crown from the Olympian games, the young Roman who hung up a trophy in the Capitol, were probably not lacking in a proper appreciation of their own merits, but their bumptiousness was as the humility of cloistered maidens compared to the vainglory of the youth who wins the *Palio,* if one may believe the local gossips. No wonder that Bazzi, that adopted son and spoiled child of Siena, who had gained many *palii* with his Barbary horses, was prouder of his prizes than of his paintings, and "would exhibit them to every one who came to his house, nay, he would frequently make a show of them at his windows," to the astonishment and disgust of that shrewd business man and conventional bourgeois, Giorgio Vasari.

The Sienese painters distinguished themselves in fiercer contests than those of the race-course. They were active politicians, and sometimes party leaders, and their lives were as dramatic as their work was contemplative. Of the artists of the early time, of Lorenzo Maitani, architect of the cathedral of Orvieto, whom the grateful Orvietans allowed to bear arms in their city; of Guido da Siena, whose Madonna rivals Cimabue's; of Duccio da Buoninsegna, the first master to show "feeling" and "expression" in his heads, we know little, save their names and their work.

Thanks to the labors of Milanesi in the wonderful store-house of Sienese archives, wherein are preserved all the contracts made by the republic since the twelfth century, we can calculate to a *soldo* what Simone Martini and Ambrogio Lorenzetti were paid for their work, and lynx-eyed modern criticism has discovered that the frescos of the Campo Santo, long ascribed to them, were done by other hands; but of the personality of Simone, Petrarch's friend, and painter of Madonna Laura; of the character of Lorenzetti, whom Vasari records as leading the life of a gentleman and a philosopher rather than that of an artist, we know nothing.

Apparently it was not until after the great plague had levelled all ranks (1348) and the rise of the popular party that the painters dropped the brush for the sword and began to march under the banners they had painted. Sons of the people, members of one of the lesser crafts, they were naturally factors in the political revolutions of 1368 and 1483, and were not only democrats, but demagogues. Documents show us a certain type of populist painter directing public affairs, age after age, like that Andrea Vanni, who was a correspondent of St. Catherine. He expelled the nobles in 1368, was ambassador to the Florentines and to the Pope, became architect of the Duomo and captain of the people; at the same time he followed his profession, painting the gonfalon of liberty for the republic and the portrait of St. Catherine, now in San Domenico, setting the blazon of the Duke of Milan on the public palace, and filling orders for altar-pieces.

The Demos in Siena was a good art patron to the artist partisans, and a cruel master to a political opponent, as Jacopo della Quercia found to his cost. The government had plenty of commissions to bestow, and we find a political agitator like Benvenuto di Giovanni illuminating the choir-books of the cathedral and decorating the cupola; a practical politician, Giovanni Cini, painted the standard of Liberty, and, forty years later, still in favor, restored his own work, which had been roughly handled. After the victory of Camollia, where he had fought as flag-bearer

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of his quarter, he was chosen to paint the votive picture, which commemorated the triumph of the republic. It would be tedious to multiply examples; all through the history of Siena the artist is prominent as magistrate, innovator, soldier, often as conspirator. Even in the sixteenth century, when the older type of the citizen-painter was supplanted by the court-painter, the Sienese still remained the turbulent burgher. The biography of Pacchiarotto, one of the last of the native painters, reads like a romance of the French revolution. He was in every tumult; when, in 1520, the city was convulsed by an outbreak of party hatred, he was one of the faction which strangled Alessandro Bichi in the archbishop's palace, defeated the Pope's troops at Camollia, and defied Clement VII. by tearing the bull launched against Siena. Through him we have a glimpse of the populist clubs, those hot-beds of lawlessness. At first a member of the *Libertini*, he became later a leader of the *Bardotti* (the Scot-free), composed of Socialists, or rather Communists, of an advanced type, which for some time terrorized the town.

The *Bardotti*, who called St. Catherine their patroness, met on Sundays to read Livy's "Roman History" or Machiavelli's "Art of War," and to perfect themselves in fencing, for every man was bound to defend the institution at the sword's point, and to challenge any one who spoke ill of it. Apparently they fenced to some purpose, for the insolence of these swashbucklers became so unbearable that the magistrates broke up the club. Pacchiarotto was imprisoned, ruined, exiled from Siena, with a price upon his head and a promise of a free pardon to whomsoever should put him to death. While trying to reach the church of the Osservanza for sanctuary, to escape pursuit he was forced to hide himself for two nights and days in a tomb with a corpse. After many other misadventures he died in poverty and exile. Unfortunately his most remarkable work has perished. On the walls of his own room he painted a multitude of figures kneeling, bowing, prostrating themselves in various attitudes of deference and admiration. Here, surrounded by the homage so stimulating to the orator, amid a silence which was equally grateful, he rehearsed his political speeches, and triumphantly confuted his opponents' arguments. This art-work of poor Pacchiarotto may commend itself to a later age, an age of many clubs and over-much oratory, of willing talkers and reluctant listeners.

The ardent temperament which urged the artist into public life sometimes sought other forms of expression, and the Sienese painters were often zealous devotees. Many of them were workers in the noblest of the city's charities, the great hospital. Vecchietta left all his property to it, and Matteo di Giovanni, painter of hideous massacres, had charge of a ward there, and is styled "*il fervoroso fratello*" in the records.

But the painter-saint of Siena, the "*Pictor famosus et homo totus deditus Deo*," was Sano di Pietro. He was a gentle spirit, moving quietly among those sons of Thunder, his fellow-craftsmen. Some of the scanty records of his blameless life are pathetic; thus the books of the parish church prove that, though very poor, with a wife and three children to support, he had adopted an orphan "for the love of God." Sano, whose life was "one long hymn to the Virgin," was an innovator in his way, while the fire-eaters were as conservative in art as they were radical in politics.

To the readers of Rio and Lindsay, to the student of the evolution of art, the gallery of Siena possesses a unique interest. To the lovers of painting who admire a dexterous or scientific manipulation of material or a pictorial and personal treatment of well-worn subjects, it will not appeal.

The first bewildered question it suggests is, where were the eyes of those art-writers who compared this gallery with those of Florence, and who considered the Sienese as rivals of the early Florentine masters? The dates of the pictures show that these men were in the nursery stumbling over the rudiments while Filippino and Ghirlandajo and Botticelli were painting their frescos. No wonder that the Sienese held fast to the Lombard Sodoma when he came a-visiting. Until then (1501) they

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had not seen an artist who had mastered his material.

While the Florentines were unearthing antiquity, discovering the laws of perspective, drawing from the nude and studying anatomy, their Sienese contemporaries were tranquilly copying Byzantine motives. The artists of Siena, dear to the writers on so-called Christian art, never passed through a period of experiment and investigation. They never originated, but were imitators always, taking their knowledge at second-hand, following first the Byzantine tradition and later the Lombard school under Sodoma's influence; leaping at once from immaturity in Francesco di Giorgio and Matteo di Giovanni to decadence in Baccafumi and Peruzzi.

What, then, was their contribution to art?

The Sienese painter detached the Byzantine mosaic from the wall of the Basilica; borrowing the old motives and types he translated them into painting, and produced the altar-piece. This triptych or diptych, which was not only set over the shrine, but found its way into oratory and bedchamber as well, brought art into contact with daily life. He humanized Madonna; the stern, black-browed goddess of the churches of Ravenna became a gracious, fair-haired lady; the attendant angels, instead of standing stiffly on either side of the golden throne, grew graceful and suppliant; the rigid, staring saints unbent a trifle, and occasionally there was an attempt at a dramatic gesture or a tender expression. Working in a more flexible medium, freedom of treatment grew little by little, until the painter had loosened the golden fetters of Byzantium, and Art began to move. He could only loosen them, however. He still clung to the old forms for the brave soldier, the daring politician was a timid conservative in his studio. Why, after taking the first step, did he stop short? Why, after having attained dramatic expression with Duccio, grace with Simone Martini, and grandeur with Lorenzetti, did he not march on with Giotto, with Masaccio and Lippo? Why, for two hundred years, did he move in a vicious circle?

The answer to this question may be found in a glance at the environment of the painter. In Siena the two influences which powerfully affected Florentine art, the scholar's enthusiasm for antique beauty, the burgher's love of facts and exact detail were lacking. Out of these apparently conflicting tendencies grew the great art of Florence and the Renascence based on the study of antique sculpture and the observation of nature. But if Hellenism and shopkeeping obtained in Florence, mysticism and freebooting were characteristic of Siena. She was as proud of her saints and her popes as her rival was of her poets and her historians and her woollens; the intelligent curiosity, the love of scholarship, the keen appetite for knowledge of the Florentine were, in the Sienese, replaced by an ardent piety and an equally keen appetite for pleasure. The positive common-sense and the burgher virtues of Florence were despised in credulous and impassioned Siena. She had spurned antique beauty; although two great sculptors, Jacopo della Quercia and Vecchietta, called Siena home, they had no influence, apparently, on her painters. Nor did these painters study Nature, for their environment acted upon them in a yet more direct and practical way. What the pious and unlettered Sienese required of them were images of devotion, not objects of art, something to pray to, not to criticise, a vision of Paradise, not a glimpse of every-day life.

From a collection of altar-pieces in the gallery we can form a very clear idea of how the painters supplied this want.

The triptych was a favorite form, a *Maestà* or Majesty (*i.e.*, a Madonna and Child sitting in state, surrounded by saints and angels), the most popular subject. The Virgin, as befitted the sovereign of Siena, is always represented as an aristocrat, a potentate, a feudal princess. The Coronation and Assumption are painted again and again, but we look in vain for a Nativity, an Adoration of the Shepherds or of the *Magi*, subjects dear to the Umbrian and Florentine schools.

"To the Sienese the golden background was always inseparable from a

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devotional picture," wrote Rio, in his "*Art Chrétien*," adding, "this must not be attributed to the narrowness of their views, but to the extreme orthodoxy of their taste." The background then behind the Queen of Heaven is of dazzling, unshaded gold, wonderful intricate patternings wander over the jewelled robes, real gems shine in the "rich fret of gold" on Madonna's head, the Saints are gorgeous in surcoats "embrouded like a mead," and the peacock-winged angels are no whit less fine. The Sienese had given the Byzantine Madonna life, the naturalistic Florentines made her human. They took the diadem from her brow, they despoiled her of her regal robes, they bade her rise and walk. In their hands the bejewelled patrician became a proud young mother; the divine Child, the little jointed puppet, who sat stiffly blessing a contemplating universe, a human baby, who played and crowed and wondered at his own dimples, while meek St. Joseph, who in Ravenna and Siena was banished altogether from the celestial court, enjoyed a sort of honorary papaship, and helped the dear little attendant angels, just out of the nursery, to mind the baby. In a word, the Holy Family became the Human Family.

The Florentine treatment of secondary figures, the introduction of portraits, of domestic animals, man's humbler brothers in the *Presepio*, the landscape backgrounds with their flower-enamelled meadows and winding streams, were almost as distasteful to the Sienese devotee as was the vulgarization of the Madonna. There was no feeling for out-door Nature in the gilded altar-piece; there a Midas touch had turned the flowers to goldsmiths' work, and stiffened the glistening robes on the rigid limbs. Occasionally an artist made a timid effort to acquire a freer manner, but he was too weak to persevere, and he soon returned to the type that "extreme orthodoxy of taste," which was such a different thing from "narrowness of views," had fixed for him. Thus deprived of the influence of antiquity, of the study of Nature, nothing remained but the Byzantine tradition, qualified by touches of personality in unimportant details; thus Sano di Pietro was considered an innovator, because he painted round instead of almond-shaped eyes.

And yet in these pictures, with their flaring gold and ultramarine, their plaster crowns, and applied ornaments, there is an unmistakable decorative quality. There are exquisite conventional designs in the haloes and orfrays, and in the heads a certain stiff grace and awkward tenderness which possess undeniable charm, a charm which appeals even to those who do not believe that a painter's feeling is always in the inverse ratio to his technical ability, and that absence of knowledge implies the presence of sentiment.

With the dawn of the sixteenth century Pinturicchio, the Umbrian, and Sodoma, the Lombard, came to Siena, and the artists and their patrons awoke to a comprehension of the grand, free art of the Renascence and "orthodoxy of taste," and golden "Majestys" vanished forever into the limbo of things that were.

And what manner of men were they, the patrons for whom these solemn altar-pieces were painted? For whom Madonna must be glued fast to her throne and the divine Child stiffly displayed in his jewelled robes, like the Sacrament in its monstrance?

What was the theory of life, the moral standard, the ideal of these buyers of gilded triptychs?

These are difficult questions to answer, and, complex as the Sienese were, it is easier to define their dominant trait, *i.e.*, intensity; their overflowing vitality wreaked itself on so many different forms of effort, the old volcanic fire ran in the veins of sinner and of saint, now devouring and destroying, now rising in a pure flame, but glowing alike in ascetic, patriot, and sybarite. Austere as the brown town looked on its bare hill-top, it was famed for delicate living, and the novels of Illicini and Sermini, the poems of Beccadelli and Folgore depict an artificial and corrupt society given over to pleasure-seeking, a society which, though elegant and luxurious, lacked the principles of true refinement. It possessed neither moderation, self-control, nor mental poise; under the veneer of courtesy and high-

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flown sentiments were the untamed instincts, the puerile superstitions of ruder times, ready to break bounds at any moment. The young knight who bore down all the lances in the tourney and looked a very St. Michael as he knelt in the cathedral, would burn and slay like a brutal mercenary, and the youth who fasted until he fainted, in Lent, and tore his bare shoulders with the scourge, would serenade his neighbor's wife at Easter.

The time not spent in praying and fighting was passed in a joyous fashion, the fingers that could grasp the sword-hilt and count the chaplet were cunning at the lute-strings. Pleasant sinning led, naturally, to unpleasant repenting. After a season of long prayers and short commons, ginger was hotter than ever in the mouth, and they who had plunged deepest into the emotional excesses of penitence, were foremost in brawl or revel. Nor was this surprising. The exercise of certain forms of piety is apt to coexist with worldliness and religious aspiration is not necessarily associated with moral rectitude. The rigid observance of *formulæ* was no restriction on impulse or desire, and the Sienese undoubtedly repeated his morning prayer before going out to sack his neighbor's house.

And he was not merely a fighter and a free-liver, he was an exquisite as well. "The Sienese are as vain as the French," wrote Dante in the thirteenth century, and, though he was not distinguished for the impartiality of his opinions, the criticism was just. They loved magnificence in dress; their weakness for millinery left its impress on their art; they bought the rich brocades which sober Florence manufactured but rarely wore, and, no doubt, were wont to "lie awake o' nights carving the fashion of a new doublet"; the embroiderers and goldsmiths of Siena were famous throughout Italy, and we can still see their work on the celestial dandies and jewelled saints of the picture gallery. They had a pretty taste for dainty trifles and imported musical instruments from Germany, pearls and perfumes from Venice and from France ivory caskets and mirror covers, delicately carved. They curled their hair and shaped their eyebrows like Chaucer's Alison, and admired a delicate pallor. Nor were they wanting in mental artifices. When not ferocious, they were courteous; it was indispensable that a lady should be sentimental, and a little languor was considered becoming to a lover.

They were fond of novels, not of the cynical, cruel Florentine tales, but of stories of gentler jests and light loves tinged with dreamy voluptuousness, set in familiar backgrounds of gardens and arras-hung chambers. They had their ethical code, too, and agreed "that the three most eminent virtues of a generous nature are courtesy, gratitude, and liberality." They had but a poor opinion of learning; among all those Greek and Latin manuscripts for which their neighbors, the Florentines, were paying such prices, there was not a single treatise on hawking or dog-breaking. The minute and laborious scholarship of the time had as few charms for the devotee as for the ruffling gallant, who was as intellectually apathetic as he was physically active. The learned churchman was a *rara avis* in Siena until the day of Æneas Sylvius. Why study with the philosopher when one could dream with the mystic? Why plod with the humanist when one could rise heavenward on the wings of ecstasy with the saint?

They were not unaccomplished, however. They could improvise poetry of a thin, impressionist quality, write stories, not well, but in an unprofessional, fashionable manner; they played and sang like people of quality; they could dispute, or rather argue, as we say nowadays (though perhaps the older term was the truer one), principally on questions of sentiment, and sometimes even convince a lady that reputation was an excellent substitute for honesty. Pious observances and a fantastic code of honor did not prevent people from enjoying themselves; on the contrary, these restraints lent piquancy to much that a more liberal age has robbed of savor.

And yet these pleasure-seekers set an example of heroism to Europe, this luxurious folk, exquisitely susceptible to pain, starved to death by thousands,

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rather than sacrifice its civic liberty. It was of these coquettish, squeamish ladies that Monluc, the great French captain wrote, "I would rather undertake to defend Siena with her women, than Rome with her men." And if we would learn what human beings can endure for a beloved cause, we must read the story of the Siege of Siena.

That these admirers of minute designs and florid detail could appreciate grandeur as well, no one can doubt who has seen the plans of the Sienese cathedral. Its history is one of a grand result, and of far grander, though thwarted endeavor, and it is hard to realize to-day that the church as it stands is but a fragment, the transept only, of what Siena willed.

The façade of the present church is amazing in its richness, undoubtedly possesses some grand and much lovely detail, and is as undoubtedly suggestive, with its white marble ornaments upon a pink marble ground, of a huge, sugared cake. It is impossible to look at this restored whiteness with the sun upon it, the dazzled eyes close involuntarily and one sees in retrospect the great, gray church front at Rheims, or the solemn façade of Notre Dame. It is like remembering an organ burst of Handel after hearing the florid roulades of the mass within the cathedral.

The interior is rich in color and fine in effect, but the Northerner is painfully impressed by the black and white horizontal stripes which, running from vaulting to pavement, seem to blur and confuse the vision and the closely set bars of the piers are positively irritating.

But this fault and many others are forgotten when we examine the detail with which later men have filled the church. Other Italian cathedrals possess art-objects of a higher order; perhaps no other one is so rich in these treasures. The great masters are disappointing here. Raphael, as the colaborer of Pinturicchio, is dainty, rather than great, and Michael Angelo passes unnoticed in the huge and coldly elaborate altar-front of the Piccolomini. But Marrena, with his doors of the Library, Bareli, with his marvellous casing of the choir-stalls, Beccafumi with his bronze and *niello*—these are the artists whom one wonders at; these wood-carvers and bronze-founders, creators of the microcosmic detail of the Renascence which has at last burst triumphantly into Siena. This treasure is cumulative, as we walk eastward from the main door, where the pillars are a maze of scroll-work in deepest cutting, and by the time we reach the choir the head fairly swims with the play of light and color. We wander from point to point, we finger and caress the lustrous stalls of Bareli, and turn with a kind of confusion of vision from panel to panel; above our heads the tabernacle of Vechietta, the lamp-bearing angels of Beccafumi make spots of bituminous color, with glittering high-lights, strangely emphasizing their modelling; from these youths, who might be pages to some Roman prefect, the eye travels upward still farther, along the golden convolutions of the heavily stuccoed pilasters to the huge, gilded cherubs' heads that frame the eastern rose.

Beneath the feet is labyrinth, that pictured pavement which, so bad in principle, is yet so splendid in reality.

One cannot sufficiently praise the beauty of this *niello* work, which, wrought by Federighi and Beccafumi, and worn by the feet of three centuries, has been ably restored by Maccari and Franchi. Here we found the old block-pictures of earliest printed books, enlarged a thousand fold, stretching from pillar to pillar in their black and white marble. Fortitude, Justice, and Prudence in their *tondi*, austerely decorative in their simple lines; divided battle-pieces, where the knights had pillaged half their armor from the tents of Scipio, and half from the camp of Fornovo; sieges where antique profiles looked from the mediæval sallet; decorative, thick-leaved trees; veritable tapestries in stone, with dangling Absalom or conquering David; the seven ages of man; all framed by lovely conventional borders and friezes, medallions and patternings, one more pleasing than the other.

And, as if this were not enough, suddenly, at the intersection of nave and transept, the glorious pulpit of Niccolo Pisano rises before one, a nude an-

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tique athlete among these mediæval princes.

On the left is the Piccolomini Library with its gorgeous antiphonals and its frescos. As we enter the sculptured doors, it seems as though we had opened a huge missal, and that the gold and ultramarine, the flat landscape, the ill-drawn but richly costumed figures, and the floriated borders of one of the great choir-books which line the room, had, in some mysterious way, been transferred to its walls.

It is incredible that these frescos are four hundred years old. Surely Pinturicchio came down from his scaffoldings but yesterday. This is how the hardly dried plaster must have looked to pope and cardinals and princes when the boards were removed, and when the very figures on these walls—smart youths in tights and slashes, bright-robed scholars, ecclesiastics caped in ermine, ladies with long braids bound in nets of silk, crowded to see themselves embalmed in *tempera* for curious after-centuries to gaze upon.

The whole library, too, is interesting as an example of homogeneous decoration; the wainscoting is enriched with the antiphonals, the vaultings shine with the grotesques of John of Udine, at one end of the room are the Piccolomini shields all arow under the red hats, while just above the doorway Quercia has placed his muscular, nude Adam and Eve, whom the angel is very properly ejecting from the presence of all these finely dressed folk, and whom we find again on Fonte Gaia, where they are more at home.

To follow the triumphant progress of the Renascence which entered Siena so brilliantly with Pinturicchio and Sodoma, would be a pleasant task; to retrace, step after step, their wanderings about the town from their homes in the Via dei Maestri, over the "Contrada Pictorum" to the churches where they worked, and to the palaces they painted, would be an easy one. For they were ubiquitous folk, and permeated the whole city, from the shrine of its saints to its outer gates. Pleasant, too, it would be to study the works and lives of Siena's youngest sons, Peruzzi and Beccafumi; pleasant to follow reverently in the footsteps of that impassioned daughter of St. Dominick and the people St. Catherine; pleasant, also, but hardly as edifying, to wander with the novelists through the olive-orchards and those groves and gardens which Æneas Sylvius dedicated to Venus.

Pleasantest of all it is to dwell awhile with the memories that crowd these streets and haunt these walls—memories tragic, dramatic, romantic—for the perfervid Ghibelline city was the home of romance, from the days of Dante's minstrel, singing in the Campo for his friend's ransom, to our own times when Alfieri could be seen galloping outside the Camollia gates in a whirlwind of dust. It is, perhaps, this romantic past, perhaps the splendid *élans* of self-sacrifice, the spontaneous acts of generosity in which her history is so rich, the ardent faith in God and man which never deserted her, and the grandeur of her martyrdom that lend Siena an irresistible feminine charm. "*Il y a de la femme dans tout ce que l'on aime.*" Her contradictions are full of fascination, and remind us that if, in her hour of need, the town gave herself to the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Beauty has tarried within her walls as well.

All those who know Siena have felt this subtle coercion, and have opened their hearts to the beautiful city which wrote upon her gate, "*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit.*"

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THE GOVERNMENT OF THE GREATER NEW YORK *

By Francis V. Greene

THE uniting into one municipality of a large portion of the population residing around the harbor of New York affords an opportunity for constructive statesmanship which has not been equalled in importance since the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789; and the responsibilities imposed upon the Greater New York Commission—to form a charter for this great city—are but slightly inferior in far-reaching effect to those resting on the delegates to the Convention of 1787. Their task is in some respects more difficult, because more novel. At that time the sovereign States already existed, and they were the best types of self-governing communities, the product of centuries of the Anglo-Saxon struggle for liberty and representative government, deriving their advantages by direct and unbroken descent from Magna Charta. The problem was to form a union of these existing States, with a government of limited powers for common defence and for administering those affairs only which were common to all. All other affairs were left to the States themselves, and to the people, as the source of political power. On the other hand, the problem now is to provide for the government of the modern great city, a creation and growth of barely two generations, comparatively without traditions or antecedents, quite unlike the great cities of antiquity or the Italian and German cities of the Middle Ages; and to the solution of this problem history affords little or no guidance.

In the article which Mr. Gladstone wrote nearly twenty years ago, under the title of "Kin beyond Sea," he compared the British and American Constitutions as follows: "But, as the British Constitution is the most subtile organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history, so the American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." There is a fine and just discrimination in these carefully chosen words. It might be added that the American States, in their individual capacity, were, quite as much as the British Constitution, the product of the "long gestation of progressive history." But the Federal Constitution was made to order, on short notice, at a specific moment. It has undoubtedly proved more efficient as the basis of a working political system than even Hamilton or Madison ever imagined in their most enthusiastic moments. It dealt with two things: the Federal Government for external affairs and matters of general welfare, and the State government for internal and local affairs, and it adjusted the relations between the two with such extraordinary skill that it has served its purpose for more than a century without important modification, except in one direction, viz., the abolition of slavery. It is the oldest political system in existence to-day, with the single exception of that of China; for since the Constitution was written and adopted every other nation in the world has introduced the most fundamental changes in its form of government and shifted the source of its political power; whereas the Constitution, except in the matter of slavery, has remained unchanged.

But the framers of the Constitution dealt with the facts before them, after the manner of practical constructors; and these facts did not include great cities, which then had no existence in America. The small cities which did exist formed part of the States (as they are now, and must continue to be), and

* It is proper to state that this article was written early in July, prior to the publication of the Draft of the New Charter by the Greater New York Commission.

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they were left to the States to deal with. It must be confessed that the States have not dealt wisely with them; their sudden and unexpected growth has been far more rapid than the provisions for their government. The management of our great cities is the one feature of our Government of which we have least reason to be proud; by many people it is regarded as no less than a complete failure, and the improvement of it as the most important political question of the day. If, as is well known, the cities are increasing in population at the rate of seven per cent. a year, while the population of the entire country is increasing at less than three per cent. a year; if their wealth is increasing at a still greater ratio; and if, as is alleged, their government is constantly growing more incompetent and corrupt, then surely there is no subject which requires more careful thought and earnest effort, none which is so big with possibilities of danger or success.

The growth of cities is so phenomenally rapid that a reference to the figures is not out of place. The census authorities have defined a city as having 8,000 or more inhabitants. This is an arbitrary definition, but answers its purpose. The growth of urban population, as thus defined, at intervals of about one generation, is shown in the following table:

Census Years.	Population of U. S.	Urban Population.	Per-centage.
1790....	3,929,214	131,472	3.35
1830....	12,866,020	864,509	6.72
1860....	31,443,321	5,072,256	16.13
1890....	62,622,250	18,235,672	29.12

From 1880 to 1890 the growth of the entire population was a little under twenty-five per cent., and of the urban population over sixty-one per cent. At this rate the total population at this date is 72,000,000, and of cities 25,000,000. In other words, more than one-third of the entire population of these United States now live in cities. In some States it is much greater: in Massachusetts, seventy per cent.; in New York, sixty per cent.; in Connecticut, fifty-four per cent.; in New Jersey, fifty-two per cent. In 1790 there were but six "cities"—*i.e.*, having a population of more than 8,000—in 1890 there were four hundred and forty-eight such cities. In 1840 there were but three cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants; in 1890 there were twenty-eight such cities. In 1870 there was no city having 1,000,000 inhabitants; in 1890 there were three such cities. In 1896 the new New York is estimated to contain 3,200,000 inhabitants, or nearly as many as the thirteen United States when George Washington took the oath of office as first President.

It may be said that the classification of towns of 8,000 and more inhabitants under the name of cities is misleading, because the problems of government in such towns have nothing in common with those in great cities like New York and Chicago. But if we take the ten largest cities of 1890, viz., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati, and Cleveland—each of which had more than 250,000 inhabitants in 1890—the increase in population is quite as remarkable as in the "cities" of the Census classification. These ten great cities had an aggregate population in 1840 of 711,652; in 1890 of 6,660,402. The population of the United States increased in the same period from 17,069,453 to 62,622,250, or about three and a half times, whereas the great cities increased nearly ten times. In 1840 these ten cities contained but four per cent. of the entire population; in 1890 they contained eleven per cent.

This shifting of the population from the country to the towns is accompanied by a profound change in the habits, thought, and mode of life of a large portion of the population. The wits are sharpened and the moral sense is dulled by the excitement and variety of city life. There is a feverish activity arising from the struggle of so many human beings in such keen competition and such close contact with each other. The crowding of the population increases with the value of real estate, and the injury to health and morals increases in the same ratio. The effort to mitigate these evils and to improve the conditions of city life brings forth a series of problems of the utmost

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complexity, with which rural residents have nothing to do and to the solution of which they do not contribute. These problems are entirely novel, and while of great importance, they are quite outside of either Federal or State politics, and the experience and traditions of the latter are of little or no value in studying them.

The cause of this migration to cities is found in the marvellous results of applied physical science, which are the chief distinguishing characteristics of the nineteenth century. The partial annihilation of time and space by the application of electricity and steam has made possible vast commercial enterprises, which are all managed from cities, and the wealth which these enterprises have created has brought in its train the encouragement of literature, art, and the refinements of civilization, whose home is naturally at the centres of population and thought. These various causes are not only still in action, but they are increasing in force, and the growth of cities is destined to increase rather than diminish. The difficulties of food-supply, which hindered this growth in the Middle Ages, have all disappeared, and the depopulation of cities from time to time by fire and the plague is no longer possible, in consequence of the improved methods of subduing fires and the advance of sanitary knowledge and science. So that there are now no physical obstacles to check their growth. Whether, therefore, we like it or not, whether it is for good or ill, the rapid increase of great cities is a fact which must be dealt with. It is no more possible to check or retard it than it is possible—even if it were desirable—to restrict universal suffrage or to send the Southern negroes back to Africa. The problem of governing these cities is one which must be faced and solved.

Nor is it in the matter of population alone that the cities derive their importance. In wealth the increase is even greater than in number of inhabitants, and the tendency to concentration in great centres is even more marked.

In the ten chief cities above named the true valuation of property was estimated in the census of 1890 at $8,530,253,659, and this is only of visible property, and does not include the stocks and bonds of railroads and factories whose property lies outside of these cities, but whose ownership is with the residents of them. There are no means of accurately estimating the amount of these, but probably it is at least equal to the sum above named. The census gives no valuation of municipal wealth prior to 1880, and hence it is impossible to state how rapidly this has increased in the last forty years. But it is significant to note that the wealth of the ten chief cities above named in 1890 exceeded that of the entire United States in 1850. The receipts and expenditures on the same colossal scale. For the ten cities named they amounted in 1890 to about $120,000,000, or more than the aggregate receipts for state purposes of the forty-eight States and Territories. The current and ordinary expenditures of New York and Brooklyn in the census year were about $50,000,000, or as much as the entire Federal revenue at the outbreak of the Civil War.

These statements of figures to show the magnitude and rapid growth of the great cities could be continued almost indefinitely, but it is enough to recall the salient facts in regard to the greater New York, viz., that it has a population nearly equal to that of the original thirteen States at the time the Constitution was adopted, and greater than any one of forty-one of the forty-five States as they exist to-day; its taxable property is assessed at nearly three billions of dollars, and its invisible property is probably as much more, making its total wealth over six billions, or nearly one-twelfth of that of the entire country; its public income of $50,000,000 a year is five times greater than that for state purposes in the most wealthy State in the Union.

Unfortunately it is not a homogeneous population. Only twenty per cent. of its inhabitants are American by birth and parentage, and of these fully one-third were born outside of the State of New York, so that the New Yorkers of New York descent are barely one in eight of the entire population. The number of those born in foreign coun-

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tries is forty-two per cent. of the whole. There are 700,000 persons of German parentage in Greater New York, and nearly as many of Irish; 100,000 of Russian, and as many of Italian, and 300,000 of other foreign parentage. There are more Germans than in any city in Germany except Berlin, more Irish by twice than in any city in Ireland. Large portions of the population cannot speak or read the English language; vast numbers of them never saw the Constitution of the United States or of the State of New York, and have little or no knowledge of our history or form of government.

Such are the conditions existing in this community — a large and dense population (in some spots the most dense on the globe), vast wealth, enormous revenues, and a heterogeneous community representing nearly every nationality on earth. To three-fourths of them the city government is the only government they know or feel; the only one to which they pay direct taxes, the only one which affects their liberty or property except when they come into the civil or criminal courts. The formation of a charter for their government is a problem of novelty and perplexity, in many respects absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world.

In attempting to solve this problem aid can be sought from experience in three different directions, viz., the Federal and State political systems, the government of great cities abroad, and the management of large business corporations. For the city government is not politics alone, nor business alone as some contend. It is politics and business both. It bears on the lives, liberty, and property of the citizen, and at the same time it administers large estates. On the one hand it can call out the police and the armed militia to suppress riot and disorder and inflict death or injury if resistance is made; it can restrain individual liberty in a thousand ways for the general good; and it can restrict the use of property and take a portion of it for taxes. On the other hand, it has a princely income from its docks and other property which it owns in fee, and in its administration of water-works, sewers, bridges, street improvements, and other public works it is one of the largest business corporations in existence.

City governments in America have usually grown out of the town-meeting system established by the early settlers of New England. As the population became too large for all the citizens to meet in common, their powers were delegated to a council, with a mayor as presiding officer. To this council were committed all the powers of the municipality, including the confirmation of the mayor's appointments, the levying of taxes, making appropriations of money, auditing bills and granting franchises. The settlers in the West carried these principles with them and organized their town governments on this basis; and the development of this system on the largest scale ever attempted may be seen in Chicago to-day. The government of New York has grown upon somewhat different lines. When first settled by the Dutch it received from the West India Company the municipal system which the Dutch had derived from the cities of the Hanseatic League, consisting essentially of a Mayor and Burgomasters, and these officers were at first appointed by the Governor and afterward elected by the votes of the owners of more than a certain amount of property. When the city finally and permanently passed into the hands of the English it received its first definite charter, viz., that granted by Governor Dongan in 1686. It was created a body corporate under the name and style of "The Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York," and this designation it has continuously retained during the intervening two hundred years. The mayor, or chief executive officer, was appointed by the governor, and the recorder or chief judicial officer was similarly appointed. There were six aldermen and six assistants who were elected in their respective wards, and any three of them acting with the mayor and recorder formed the common council. The mayor, recorder, and two or more aldermen, also exercised judicial functions, both civil and criminal. This charter was slightly amended in 1708, and again amended and reaffirmed in

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1730 under Governor Montgomerie; and this time it received the King's signature. Except that the power to appoint the mayor and other officers was transferred after the Revolution from the King and the King's Governor to the State Governor, the city was governed by this Montgomerie charter for one hundred years, from 1730 to 1830. In the latter year a new charter was passed by the Legislature. It provided for city courts and terminated the judicial functions of the mayor and aldermen, prohibited the corporation from borrowing money without the consent of the Legislature, authorized the Common Council to organize departments for transacting the city business, and required a separation of city from State elections, the former to be held in April. In 1834 an act was passed taking away from the Governor the power to appoint the mayor, and providing for the election of that officer by the qualified voters of the city. In 1849 another charter was passed. The council was divided into two boards of equal powers and equal numbers, the aldermen to be elected for two years and the assistants for one year; the city departments were named in the charter, and the power to organize or change them was taken away from the council; spring elections were abolished on the ground that they had failed to accomplish what was expected of them, and city elections were directed to be held on the same day as the general elections in November. In 1857 a new charter was passed, the chief features of which were the Metropolitan Police Board under commissioners appointed by the Governor, the election of the comptroller by popular vote, and the re-enactment of separate elections, those of the city to be in December. In 1870 Tweed's charter was passed, by which the comptroller again became an appointive officer, separate elections were abolished, the police were restored to city control, and the Departments of Public Works, Docks, and Parks were organized. In 1873 the charter drafted by the Committee of Seventy was passed, in which the comptroller again became an elected officer, other objectionable features of the Tweed Charter were repealed, the councilmen were abolished, and the council reduced to one chamber, viz., the Board of Aldermen. In each succeeding year the Charter has been more or less amended, chiefly in the direction of taking away, one by one, all the important powers of the Board of Aldermen. In 1882 a codification of these amendments was made in what is known as the Consolidation Act, and this in turn has been amended at every session of the Legislature, necessitating a new edition of the Consolidation Act from time to time.

From this brief historical statement it will be seen that New York, starting with a charter based on the system of the German cities of the Middle Ages, in which the chief executive officers as well as the legislative council were either appointed by the governor or chosen by a small electorate of property-owners, has gradually been transformed into a government in which the mayor is elected by universal suffrage; the legislative assembly has been reduced to one chamber and shorn of all its important powers, which in turn have been transferred to the State Legislature, in which the city has only a minority representation; and the current business of the city is transacted by a number of independent and unrelated boards and commissions, a few of whose members, like the comptroller and the president of the board of aldermen, are elected, but most of whom are appointed by the mayor—and all of whom are liable to be legislated out of office at any moment by the State Legislature. It is certainly an anomalous system, which finds no counterpart in any other city, either at home or abroad, and which has been built up not on any concerted or definite plan, but in haphazard fashion by changes made from time to time to meet the supposed dangers or necessities of the moment. Not infrequently the reforms of one period have become the abuses of the next—as, for example, in the matter of bipartisan commissions and separate municipal elections.

The chief distinguishing characteristic of the city government as it now exists is the legislative power exercised by various commissions. The board of

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street openings exercises enormous power over the property of individuals, and the sinking fund commission equally great power over the property and finances of the city. There is another board which manages the city printing, and still another which directs the deposits of city moneys in banks; a separate board directs the building of armories, and another regulates the lighting of the streets.

All of these boards exercise what are ordinarily considered as legislative functions, and without unity of purpose or control except in so far as they may be guided by the mayor, who is chairman of each of them. The greater part of his time is taken up with their meetings. On the other hand, his executive powers are limited by the fact that he cannot remove his appointees; the head of a department, once appointed, is legally no more bound to heed the advice and suggestions of the mayor than those of any other citizen. There is no courtesy which requires the resignation of a head of department when not in accord with the mayor; on the contrary, their terms of office are not coterminous with his, and they have been frequently appointed by his predecessor of a different party, and in such cases they deem it their duty to hold on to their offices with the utmost tenacity, and to administer them for the express purpose of thwarting the plans of their chief. The mayor, who is in theory the chief executive officer, thus has no executive functions beyond the power of appointment when a vacancy occurs, and his time is chiefly occupied in legislative business. The most important of these legislative commissions over which he presides is the board of estimate and apportionment. This consists of himself, the president of the board of aldermen, the comptroller, the president of the department of taxes, and the corporation counsel. The last two are appointed by the mayor, and their votes added to his make a majority. To this board is committed the raising of taxes, amounting to $35,000,000 a year, and the appropriation of them to the different departments for carrying on the business of the city. Probably in no other part of the globe, however autocratic its government, is such power of taxation and appropriation committed to so unrepresentative a body as in this foremost city of the land of liberty, whose Government originated in a protest against taxation without representation. And it is a still more curious anomaly that this system, which was established as one of the results of the overthrow of the Tweed regime and has been in operation for twenty-three years, is the most successful feature of the present form of city government—the only one of which criticism is seldom heard. Though administered by more than a dozen mayors and nearly forty other individuals, it has never given rise to scandal nor to any of those abuses to which under our theory of government it would seem to be peculiarly liable. This board, however, while possessed of such great powers of taxation, has no power to borrow money. This can only be granted by the Legislature, which gives such authority by passing acts introduced frequently without the request and against the opposition of the city authorities.

We thus see that in the city government as it now exists the chief legislative authority is vested in the State Legislature, which is dominated by State and National politics, in which the city as a corporate body has no concern; its minor legislative functions are confided to a number of independent boards; and its executive powers are divided between the mayor, who has the power of appointment, and the various heads of departments, who, once appointed, are responsible to no one.

It is undoubtedly true that a system of government which deals with so large a population and such enormous wealth is not to be lightly disturbed nor changed without good cause. Yet this system is subjected to incessant change with every recurring session of the Legislature, and often for no other cause than the whims or ambitions of political leaders; it is not in accord with the fundamental principles of our State and Federal Government; it does not correspond with the administration of great corporations in commerce and finance; it lacks the unity of design

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and the system of responsibility which distinguish the government of the great capitals of Europe. The Greater New York Commission has the opportunity to consider it fundamentally, and to decide whether it shall be continued, the other cities being merged into it with the least possible change; or whether, as in 1787, a new system can be devised, largely discarding precedent, but based upon reason and the existing facts; a system so adapted to these facts and the probable future development from them, that like the Federal Constitution it shall endure for a hundred years with only one important change, and shall be the model and type for the government of hundreds of other cities, containing two generations hence as many people as now live in the entire United States.

In considering this fundamental proposition certain unalterable facts must not be forgotten. The chief of these is that the suffrage cannot be restricted. In view of the heterogeneous nature of the population it is thought by many that a property or educational restriction on the suffrage might be desirable. But so long as human nature remains what it is no people will ever vote to diminish or surrender their political power. Hence such restriction is not to be thought of. Even if it were desirable—which it is not—it is not possible. The suffrage may, or may not, be extended by conferring it upon women, but it will never be peaceably restricted.

The next most important fact is that the city is the creature of the Legislature, and always must remain so. If a system can be devised which provides a government for the city complete in itself and providing for minor changes from time to time by the city itself or by its citizens, then the mischievous intermeddling of the Legislature in details can be prevented, because there will be no occasion or demand for it. But if such a system cannot be devised, then the State will continue to exercise all the chief legislative functions of the city.

The cities of Europe, while they can teach us much in the practical, or, as it might be called, the physical results of city administration, such as the care of streets and parks, the beautifying of the city, and the encouragement of art and music as features of the city administration, can yet give us but little instruction as to the proper form of city government, because their political conditions are so essentially different from ours.

What is called London, is an aggregation of boroughs which have slowly grown up in close proximity to each other during a period of more than twelve centuries. Until about forty years ago, these boroughs retained absolute independence of each other; they levied their own taxes; paved and lighted their own streets, and regulated their own affairs; the government being lodged in a vestry chosen by the ratepayers of the borough. When cesspools were abolished and the modern system of sewers was introduced, it was manifestly necessary that these sewers should be built under some central authority which extended over all the boroughs, and for this purpose the Metropolitan Board of Works was created to take charge of the drainage and certain other public works of great magnitude and general importance. As the water and gas works are and always have been the property of private corporations, the sewers were the only public works for which a central authority was necessary. About the same time the Metropolitan Board of Police was established, with powers extending over the entire Metropolitan area. It was only about eight years ago that a body was formed under the name of the London County Council which had general and political powers over the entire community. But these were and are still very limited in extent, and there is no central government for the entire city in the sense in which we understand it. A royal commission has lately considered the possibility and advisability of such a central government, but no definite action has been taken looking to its formation. This aggregation of local governments, each managing the affairs of a small community, has many advantages as well as certain defects, but the system is so radically different from that existing in New

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York and Brooklyn that its adoption here would be out of the question.

In Paris, the chief authority is lodged in two officials with almost equal powers, one known as the Préfet of the Seine, and the other the Préfet of Police, both of whom were formerly appointed by the Emperor and are now appointed by the President of the Republic, and both of whom are responsible to the Minister of the Interior. The heads of departments are in turn appointed by the Préfet of the Seine, and their subordinates by the heads of departments. The chain of executive authority is thus complete, and the responsibility well defined. On the other hand, the power of taxation and appropriation rests absolutely with a municipal council, consisting of eighty members, each elected from a certain district and holding office for three years. The division between executive and legislative functions is clearly and sharply defined, and in addition there is an admirable provision for sub-dividing the routine of business and administering purely local affairs. This is effected by dividing the city into twenty sections or arrondissements, in each of which there is a mayor with three adjuncts or assistants, and a large force of clerks. The payment of taxes, and the registration of births, deaths, and marriages are made at the mayor's office in each arrondissement, and here also are managed the administration of charity, the preparation of voting lists, supervision of polling-places and other affairs affecting only the inhabitants of this arrondissement. At each mayor's office are also to be found subordinate officials of the department of Public Works, Police, and Fire, and other city departments who have the administration of the affairs of their department in this particular arrondissement. To them complaints and requests can be made, and from them information can be obtained. This decentralization is one of the chief characteristics of the Paris municipal government, and probably the one which more than any other has contributed to its success. With its division and subdivision of authority it corresponds to the method of administration which has prevailed in military organizations from time immemorial, and which, with certain modifications, has been similarly applied in the management of railways and other large corporations. No such subdivision of authority exists in any American city, and the lack of it is one of the chief defects in American municipal government.

In Germany, the system of municipal government is essentially different from that existing in any other country. It was established in the early part of this century, and it has been but little changed in its general principles. It must certainly have intrinsic merits, for the growth of cities in Germany has been on a par with that in America, and the municipal system has proved entirely adequate to deal with this rapid increase. The government of Berlin consists of the chief burgomaster, or mayor, a body of magistrates, who are experts in the science of city affairs, and a council. The members of the latter are residents of Berlin, but the mayor and magistrates may come from any part of Germany. They are treated as a part of the civil service of the state, hold their offices practically for life, and are transferred and promoted from one city to another in recognition of their abilities and their success as administrators. The council has the power of taxation and appropriation. Its members are elected for six years, one-third retiring at the end of every two years, but re-election is the rule and not the exception. The councillors are elected by voters under a property qualification, and the voters are divided into three classes, each of which elects an equal number of councillors; the first class comprises a comparatively small number of large taxpayers; the second class a larger number of average taxpayers, and the third a still larger number of small taxpayers. The total number of voters is stated to be between eighty and ninety per cent. of the adult male population. The police is a branch of the state government, and its expenses are paid by Prussia and not by Berlin. The council is the seat of all political power, and can legislate in reference to all city affairs. The magistrates are the heads

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of departments and form a sort of cabinet for the mayor. The line of demarcation between the executive and legislative function is as sharply and clearly defined as in Paris.

In framing a permanent charter for the chief city in America—the second city in the world in size and wealth, and in fact the first and largest city in the world under a central government—and possibly at the same time inaugurating a new municipal system for all American cities—it is essential that the plan should conform to the American political system, political habits, and political thought. It must rest on universal suffrage, and at the same time it must afford protection to property, without which civilized government cannot exist. One of the fundamental principles of American politics is that taxation and representation shall go hand in hand, and it is difficult to see why this principle should not be applied to city government as well as to State and Federal government. We also find that it exists in the great European cities, in every one of which the taxes are levied by a representative legislative body, chosen by qualified electors. While the board of estimate and apportionment in New York has apparently been successful for many years, yet unless all our political ideas are wrong, it will not prove permanently successful. We also find that in our State and Federal governments, and equally in the Continental cities of Europe, the line of demarcation between executive and legislative functions is sharply and clearly defined. In New York City this is not the case. Legislative powers are exercised by executive boards. There is no local legislature, and the city is governed by the representatives from other parts of the State, who have no interest in its affairs and no knowledge of its needs. All experience would seem to prove that there can be no permanent and successful city government unless it is based upon a legislative body of ample powers, chosen by its own electors for the sole purpose of legislating upon its own affairs. It is also essential that this body should be composed of men of high character and ability, and if the Charter Commission is to improve upon the existing system, it must find a method to attract such men to the city's service, and give them large powers.

The purpose of this article is to state some of the fundamental conditions of the problem of modern city government rather than to attempt to formulate a solution of it for New York. Certain suggestions, however, may not be out of place for consideration in the wide discussion which will take place, and which it is desirable should take place, before a new charter is adopted. The city government should maintain a clear distinction between executive authority and legislative powers. The chief executive officer should be a mayor elected by universal suffrage for a term of not less than four years, and having absolute power of appointment and removal of heads of departments. The various departments should be administered without exception each by a single head, appointed by the mayor, having the same term of office as himself, and responsible solely to him. The legislative power should be vested in an assembly of two houses; the upper house to consist of not exceeding twenty-one members, elected on a general ticket for a term of six years, one-third of them going out of office at the end of every two years. They should receive large salaries, or, preferably, should be paid a fee, say $50 for every day's service in the house or in committee. They should give the greater part, if not all, of their time to the city's service, and have powers corresponding to those of the directors or trustees in a private corporation. The lower house should be more numerous, consisting of sixty or more members, elected annually, on a district or ward ticket, and each should be a resident of the district or ward which he represents. They should receive small salaries. All legislative power extending to every detail of the city's affairs should be vested in this municipal assembly. It should have power to levy taxes, make appropriations, borrow money—not exceeding the constitutional limit—on the credit of the corporation, with the approval of the qualified voters at a general or special election, and in every

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way legislate upon the affairs of the city without interference from Albany. The present legislative boards and commissions should be abolished and their powers transferred to this legislative assembly. The powers of the two houses should not be equal, and on all matters affecting franchises, taxes, appropriations, and loans the decision of the upper house by a two-thirds vote should be final as against the vote of the lower house on the one hand or the mayor's veto on the other. In addition provision should be made, on lines similar to those in Paris, for the subdivision of the city into sections, districts, or wards, not more than ten in number, and designated by names rather than numbers. In each of these there should be a municipal office building, containing a representative of each of the city departments, charged with the administration of the affairs of that department within the boundaries of his district or ward. The police and fire departments are already organized on this basis, and the street cleaning department is being similarly organized. But nothing of this sort has been attempted in the department of taxes, assessments, public works, health, and parks. Citizens having business with these departments have to travel miles to reach the central office of the department, only to find the chief of the department overburdened with a mass of details which no one man can properly attend to, and quite ignorant of the condition or needs of the district in which he resides. As an instance of the waste and inefficiency arising from such extreme centralization, it may be stated that until the adoption of the present organization of the street cleaning department all its horses, machines, and carts were kept in one central stable, distant several miles from certain sections of the city which had to be cleaned every day. A large part of the time of the men and animals was consumed in travelling back and forth each day from the stable to the place of work. There is even now a waste of time and effort of the same kind, although smaller in amount, in connection with the public works and tax and other departments which have no sub-offices. It is impossible to transact with efficiency and economy any large business extending over a large territory unless the business is subdivided, with a local agent in charge of each locality.

The position of mayor of the consolidated city is and must be, under any system which may be adopted, one of great power and influence, much greater than that of the governors of any but a few of the States, of a cabinet minister, or a senator or representative in the Federal Congress. The position will be, in fact, second in responsibility and importance only to that of the President of the United States. It should receive a corresponding compensation, and should be surrounded with every possible dignity. Similarly, a position in the upper house of a legislative body, having full control of city affairs, will far exceed in importance that of a director in any commercial enterprise. While it cannot bring the same pecuniary reward, yet what it lacks in this respect it can make up in public estimation and reputation if once a system can be established which will attract first-class men to these positions.

The positions in the executive departments should constitute a life service, the subordinate officers being appointed by the head of the department, and holding their offices during good behavior. But in order to give the head of a department proper control over his subordinates, the power of removal should not, as now, be subject to the technicalities of proving a case in court. It would seem to be not impossible to devise a system under which the head of the department should have the right to remove any of his subordinates by filing written charges with the mayor, and at the same time the rights of the subordinate be protected without giving him the power to inflict upon the city the expense of a long trial and the possible escape of the culprit on mere technicalities.

A system of municipal government based on the principles above indicated —in outline only and all too crudely— would concentrate the powers of government in a representative body where the responsibility would be clearly defined. If this body were composed of bad men,

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the government would be bad; but this is true of every system which can be devised. The saying is often quoted, but it is none the less true, that water will not rise above its source; and if the moral tone of a community is bad, its government will inevitably be bad, no matter what the system. On the other hand, if the moral tone is good, it must be provided with a system through which it can act and become effective, and it is the business of statesmen and politicians to devise such systems. It is undoubtedly true that the ablest and best men in New York have not been willing to give their time and services to the city. Men of commanding ability will submit to the petty drudgery of business, and the sordid methods which are only too common in it, because success brings wealth, and with it power, ease, and comfort. Similar men will devote their whole energies to national politics, renouncing all hope of wealth, because success there brings fame and power of another kind. But the city governments of America as hitherto administered have offered no attraction to men of first-class ability. They yield neither wealth nor fame, and those who have engaged in city politics have done so either to use their success in it as a stepping-stone in State and national politics, or else have gone into it temporarily as reformers, sacrificing their time and means—only too often without success—in the effort to meet and overcome some pressing necessity or some scandal of more than usual magnitude. To administer the affairs of such a community as the Greater New York a system should be devised which will attract men of the highest ability and character, who will be willing to devote their life service to it, and who will find in it adequate rewards, such as are offered on the one hand by national politics and on the other by corporate management in private business.

THE BRONZES OF EPIRUS

By Edith M. Thomas

WHEREFORE, Athena, with the brows severe,
Wherefore forever lackest thou the spear?
O sacred Zeus, thy sceptre—vanished where,
And, Delphic One, thy bow high-poised in air?

With scornful lip the Bronzes seemed to speak:
"And ask ye this, of us? Those soldiers seek
(If ye in dust may find their base-knit clay),
Who our eternal symbols bore away.
Go, ask the Roman hireling why we stand
Devoid of gifts and of the giving hand!

"What deity could yield, their sordid grasp
Did for a little lifetime vilely clasp;
But us they left, in mouldering earth forgot
Until an age that knows and worships not
Hath reared us up, and bade its world behold
What dreams of beauty brake the sleep of them of old!

"See that ye do not thus, yourselves, to-day—
Ignore the God, while ye his gifts purvey."

NOTE.—The symbols which these statues bore in their hands, were of silver, and were therefore a temptation to the soldiers, who made prize of them, often striking away the hand, with its symbol.

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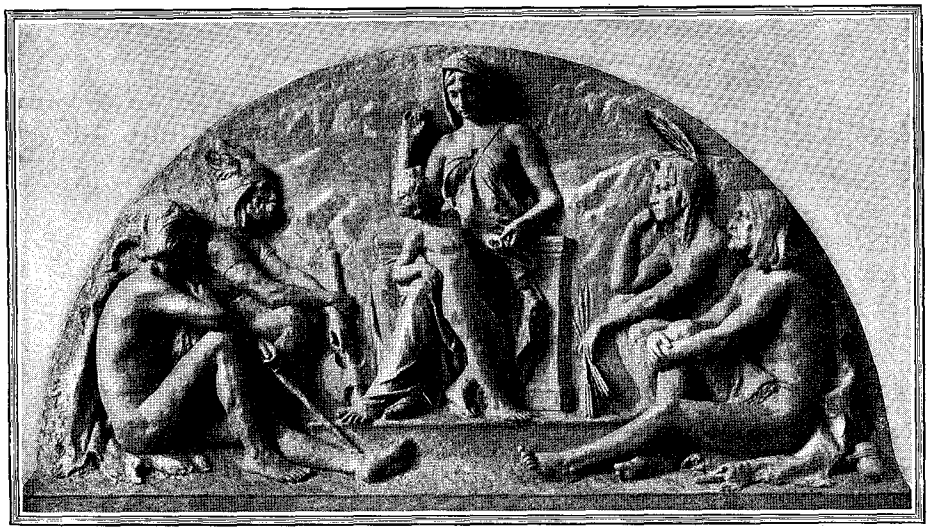
"TRADITION."

Bronze tympanum of one of the doors of the Congressional Library, Washington.



THE SCULPTURE OF OLIN WARNER

By W. C. Brownell

I REMEMBER vividly the first piece of Warner's sculpture I ever saw. It was the bust of a lady shown at the opening of Cottier & Co.'s rooms in Fifth Avenue, seventeen or eighteen years ago. "Just pass your hand over that back," said Mr. Cottier to me. "Did ye ever feel such modelling?" Certainly I never had. Cottier, who "understood himself" remarkably in such matters, had indicated in his quaint way Warner's most obvious distinction. So far as technical expression is concerned, and in comparison with other sculptors —with all other American sculptors— the chief idiosyncrasy of his endowment is his modelling, pure and simple. In the degree in which he possesses it, this faculty is a gift of the gods; it is certainly not to be acquired, and most practitioners of his art must be content to do without it. It is this that gives the sense of elasticity and variety to his simplest planes and largest masses. A cheek, a chin, a forehead, a coat, a chair has each its quality, its texture, sensible to the touch as well as to the eye. And how agreeably! There is a sensation of satisfaction and placid delight in following with the hand the modulations of such sensitive modelling and feeling one's self thus intimately in the realm of the sculptor instead of that of the cameo-cutter or die-sinker—not to say the cane-carver.

And this tactile subtlety is accompanied in Warner by an instinct for the monumental of unfailing sureness. The general treatment certifies the modelling as truly sculptural instead of merely plastic. The sculptural potentialities in a baby's head and shoulders, a woman's tremulous lips, a young girl's fluffy hair are not frittered away into triviality but delicately informed with the dignity that, in quality at least, if not in proportion, is fitly to be called monumental. Thus a "clock-top" by Warner would, in its own degree, wear this stamp as plainly as a work of more importance; just as one of Barye's smaller bronzes demonstrates that a piece of sculpture to be monumental need not be majestic also.

This it is to be a born sculptor; to have a talent for sensitive modelling combined with an instinct for the monumental, and to have them in such meas-

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ure as makes it clear that one was not born to the exercise of general artistic aptitudes on the one hand, or for the business (say) of selling thread and needles on the other. Sculpture is a particularly individual art, and to pursue it with any lasting distinction (as to observe it with any special intelligence) one must be sensitive to the conditions and characteristics that set it off sharply from other plastic expressions. Warner's sculpture is not pictorial, it is not picturesque, it is only indirectly and derivatively decorative. It is form rather than line, and substance as well as form, and has weight as well as substance. It is, in a word, eminently sculptural, and conforms to what are in a sense limitations, at the same time that it works within them so freely as to demonstrate that they are opportunities as well.

His temperament, however, is as interesting as his title is clear. There is practically a marked difference between the artistic temperament instinctively drawn to the representation of beauty and that instinctively drawn to the expression of character. Warner's is eminently the former. He is, in virtue of this fact, not quite in sympathy with the art most in vogue, perhaps, at the present day. But he is in line with the true tradition, and one may safely say that unless some modification is made in the present practice of considering everything that is to be beautiful because of the fact that it is, because it has points, features, elements of interest, the art of to-morrow will be very different, and increasingly different, from the art which in the main has hitherto charmed the world. It is a perfectly defensible theory that if the character of any subject is thoroughly seized and capably expressed the result will possess as much derivative charm and beauty as are secured in any work of art where these qualities are uppermost in the artist's mind and are sought immediately and directly. But the charm and beauty are not secured merely by losing all thought of, and feeling for, them, and concentrating the faculties upon what is understood as character, unless the character itself is felt and considered as beautiful and charming. The artist who is in love with character will create something charming because he feels the charm of char-

acter. If he reproduces it simply *as* character he will infallibly lose charm.

Warner's temperamental distinction is that he discovers beauty *in* character. His work shows that it is character that interests him rather than any abstraction or convention of beauty, as beauty is understood by the traditional artist who merely loses character in invertebrate insipidity. But it interests

CARYATIDES OF

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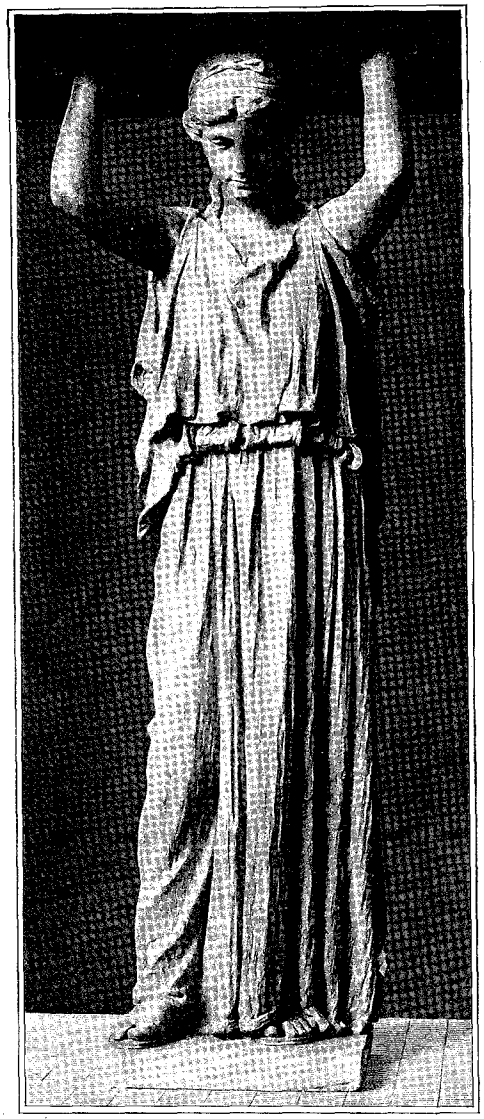
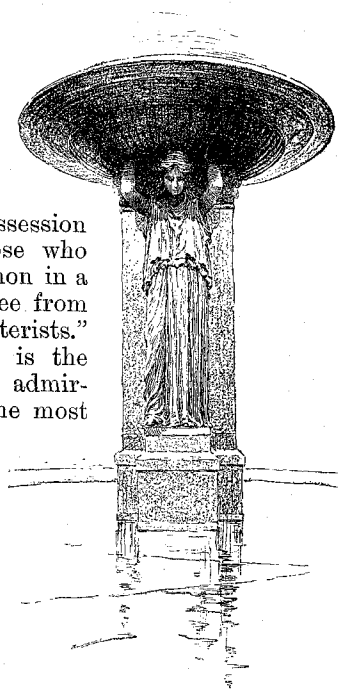
him in virtue of its potentialities of beauty. What pleases him most intimately is to release the charm and



grace, the sweetness and nobility lying imprisoned within an exterior that has mere aspect and physiognomy. The "characterist" — to adopt M. Raffaelli's useful barbarism—neglects this, or tends to neglect it. Consequently he is always in peril, and frequently on the verge, of caricature. To one less observant than himself, one who has noted fewer traits in his subject, or remarked less their relations, his production often seems caricature, because to such an observer he seems, even in being wholly truthful and rigorously representative, to insist upon traits characteristic indeed but unfamiliar. Even when he carries his representation to the degree of ideality, and illustrates Taine's suggestive definition of a work of art, the representation, namely, of a character more perfectly than it is found in nature, he still may not speak the universal language as the indisputable masters of art speak it. Rodin, to my mind, does, with equal power and charm; and if anyone does not see that he does, it is, I think, because of defective powers of appreciation. Manet, on the other hand, admirable as he is, does not, as a rule—inadvertently beautiful as many of his canvases are. The difference between the two is hardly characterizable, but it certainly resides in their respective temperaments, whereby one is concentrated upon what is characteristic in his subject—upon those elements that constitute it, that make it what it is—and the other upon the more or less abstract qualities of power and charm that these elements contain.

The latter temperament, of course, is shared by widely different artistic minds, an admission one must immediately make after associating Warner with so masterful a spirit as Rodin, who is, I fancy, often antipathetic to the American sculptor. But the possession of it sets off those who possess it in common in a very marked degree from the pure "characterists." To discuss which is the worthier, the more admirable, would be time most unprofitably spent. Who shall say that prose is not as admirable as poetry—especially when the concrete expres-



FOUNTAIN, PORTLAND, ORE.

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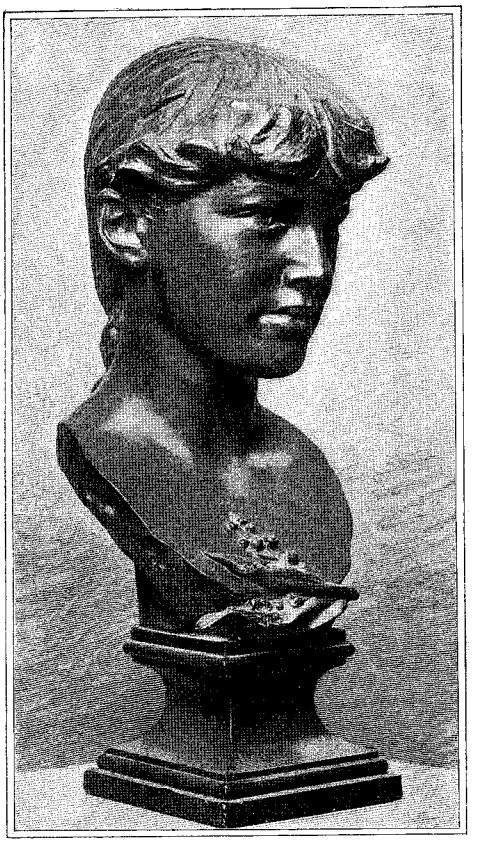

sion that one is mainly called upon to consider is more apt to be good when it is prose than when it is poetry? And the superiority of good prose over bad poetry is immense. I am only concerned to point out that Warner's art is poetic in its quality and illustrates the artist's disposition to find what is beautiful, graceful, rhythmic, and agreeable in the character that he represents, just as another's may be in quite as distinguished degree to realize and vivify character in itself.

Nevertheless, when one considers the art of the present day and notes its traits and tendencies, and how these are become the head of the corner, it is particularly interesting, I think, to observe the production of an artist who runs counter to the prevailing practice enough to illustrate the poetic point of view. In the case of most men who do this, certainly in Warner's case, one has the advantage of observing the workings of a mind whose spiritual side is uppermost. To find something sweet and pleasant in phenomena that strike most men merely on account of their relief, is to betray an agreeably sympathetic personality. In such hands, even what would otherwise appear in artistic translation as ugliness or awkwardness becomes spiritualized. It is shorn of its weaknesses and other accidental aspects and qualities, and stands out in its winning and attractive essence: everyone will recall the moving beauty of the so-called "Æsop" of the Villa Albani. It is a commonplace that in everything we find what we look for. And one may almost go so far as to say that in successfully poetic art, such as Warner's, the measure of our pleasure is the quality of the artist rather than of the subject. At least it is the quality which the artist's personality has known how to elicit and elucidate, whatever and however forbidding the superficial aspects of the subject.

I am thinking chiefly perhaps of Warner's portraits, and it is in portraiture — where character claims consideration imperatively—that Warner has been especially eminent. It cannot be said that he is more at home there than in purely imaginative work. But circumstances have in considerable measure concentrated his attention upon the portrait bust and medallion. Where in

PORTRAIT BUSTS

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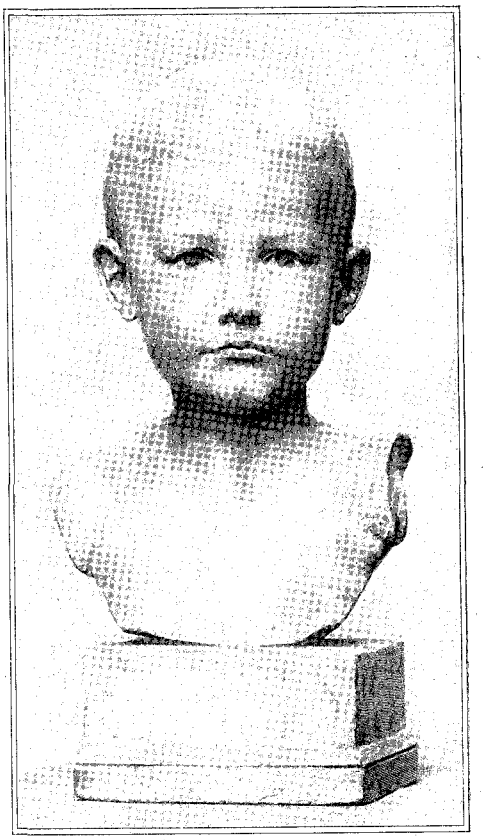
America is the market for purely imaginative sculpture? In mere number the array of busts and medallions that Warner has modelled is imposing. It mounts into the hundreds, and is of astonishing variety. And in quality and mass, taken together, I know of no one sculptor's work that compares with it since David d'Angers's. The catalogue of it is too long to repeat, and contains too many notable works even to make a selection from. What impressiveness there is in such busts as the Flower, and Blair, and Mozart, what picturesqueness in those of Weir and Cottier, what charm in the heads of Miss Morgan and a score of women's and children's among the many he has modelled! No trait is too rude in the original to elude sympathy in the rendering, too gross for the dignity, too insipid for the force, too fleeting for the acuteness of the art that apprehends and expresses it. The ease uncouthness takes on, the vitality that infuses the commonplace under Warner's sensitive handling are eloquent witness of his faculty for generalizing character into beauty and transmuting nature into art. His busts may stand beside Houdon's, and if his medallions show less crispness and decision of edge and line, and less variety of presentation than David's, it is because of a temperamental preference for character in its softer manifestations; they are never unsculptural, either as the cameo with its emphasis of outline and neglect of modelling, or as the low relief that sacrifices sculpture to pictorial effect.



AND MEDALLIONS.

Warner has made three portrait statues: of Buckingham, the war-governor of Connecticut, of Garrison, and of General Devens. The first two are seated figures, that of General Devens standing. Each is as markedly characteristic of the sculptor as his imaginative work—simply and nobly conceived, truly expressive of the personality embodied, directly and sympathetically treated, worked out from the centre, and independent of the distracting accessories in which mere cultivated taste so often seeks escape from the difficulties of larger design. They were modelled in the order given, and each of the two latter is maturer than its predecessor—the Garrison more complicated than the Buckingham, but

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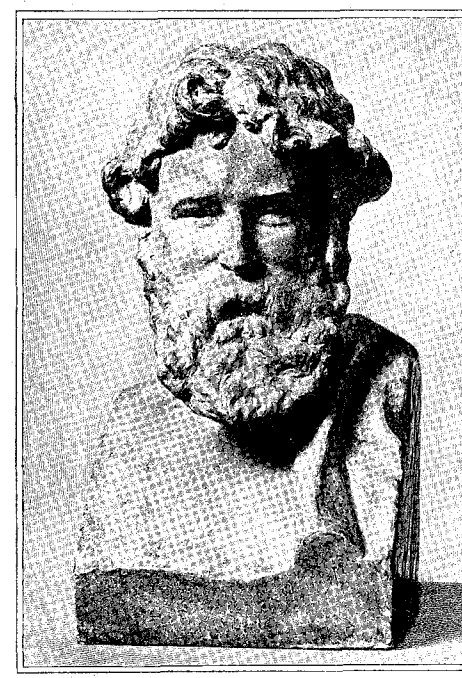
Portrait of the Artist's Father.



Portrait of Daniel Cottier.

carrying easily its greater elaboration, and the Devens more effective, perhaps more statuesque and imposing, than either. It is, indeed, an ideal figure of the citizen-soldier—the soldier who is also a lawyer, and whose martial bearing is noticeably modified by the individual character underlying the type transitorily illustrated. It stands beautifully poised between repose and alertness, full of the suggestions of arrested movement, quite without pose and yet full of force, the whole attitude expressive of the ease of characteristic habit. The face in each of these statues is as noteworthy as the physique —particularly, owing to the greater opportunity afforded in the subject, in the Garrison. Had Warner made merely a bust of Garrison he would not have modelled it otherwise, with more completeness, with more searching scrutiny, with more sense of the subject's mental and moral traits. But more remarkable than this is his success in deducing this sense, so to speak, in the physique, so that, headless, these statues would still be personal as well as sculpturally admirable.

That, I think, is their chief, their special quality—their personal effect. What is personal in the subject is what Warner feels, and he feels it so personally. His portraits thus have a dual idiosyncrasy. They are eminently and essentially of some particular person, and they have the seal of an extremely characteristic set of perceptions and faculties that together constitute the sculptor's talent. And this is as true of Warner's work in general. However imaginative the subject, it possesses him in virtue of its intrinsic qualities, and not solely as an excuse for illustrating his own, which, however, in executing these naturally and legitimately are, in their turn, delightfully illustrated themselves.

But beauty is of various orders as well as of myriad aspects, and to say that Warner is its devotee does not characterize him very positively, however it may distinguish his work from much, perhaps the mass, of contemporary sculpture. More definitely, it may said that his personal conception of beauty is not a sensuous but a spiritualized one. Thus he chooses Diana rather

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Portrait of Henry Wolcott.

Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Cook.

than Venus for an ideal figure, and thus his Diana is sweet and soft and pure rather than coldly alert and consciously chaste. In this instance indeed he has refined in treatment upon his already refined conception almost to the point where characterization loses its definiteness in delicacy. The charm is there; it permeates the figure—its pose, its movement, its construction, its modelling. But would it lose anything of its quality if it were a shade more accentuated, if it radiated from a more complex and further differentiated substance, if the physical basis that exhales it were expressed in more detail, and the various parts of the graceful figure were constructed as caressingly as they are composed? In this instance I should have liked the sculptor to "bear on" a little harder in the matter of articulations and attachments. Then its beautiful and spiritual imaginativeness, its natural and agreeable composition, its just and sensitive modelling, the structure of the back, the soft droop of the muscles around the shoulders and upper arms, the yielding elasticity of the flesh would be even more evident than they are. Less than anyone does Warner need to cultivate restraint, and if here he had pursued his ideal of beauty and refinement a little more indirectly he would, I think, have attained it just as securely, and it would have gained in force by association with what is not necessarily brutal for being thoroughly substantial.

The "Diana" is in some respects an advance upon the two ideal figures modelled by Warner some years ago—his "Dancing Nymph" and the female figure called "Night." It is done with more zest, apparently with a more certain touch, it is more subtly modelled, it is a larger thing, and, above all, solves a more difficult problem. But the earlier statuettes have great freshness and spontaneity. The "Night" has a charming pose, and the way in which its somewhat complicated drapery, a cloak used also as a hood, is simplified in illustration of the idea of gathered shades and

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noiseless nocturnal obscurity is very successful—I was about to say clever, but the word is a jar in description of Warner's art. The "Dancing Nymph" is without drapery, and delightfully modelled. She is poised on the right foot, the left raised and advanced in the first step of her dance. The arms are bent at the elbow and the hands clasped with the palms outward, a delightful movement, in delicate harmony with the action of the whole figure, and as original as it is happy. The suavity of the silhouette, from whatever point of view, given character by the complexity of the varied disposition of the arms, legs, and torso, the beauty of the torso, and the nice poise of the movement just between action and repose, combine to create a very winning effect. To these figures should be added a rather high relief of "Venus and Cupid," modelled with great vigor as well as grace, thoroughly sculptural in its neglect of the prudent avoidances of low relief and in spirit sympathetically reminiscent of the antique—as are also the "Diana," the "Night," and the "Dancing Nymph."

The Union Square Fountain, on the other hand, is an excursion into the realm of the Renaissance, where, I think, Warner is less at home. At least his talent, his temperament, even his conscious aims, are much more nearly in harmony with the Greek æsthetic spirit than with the Renaissance. It is the

MEDALLION

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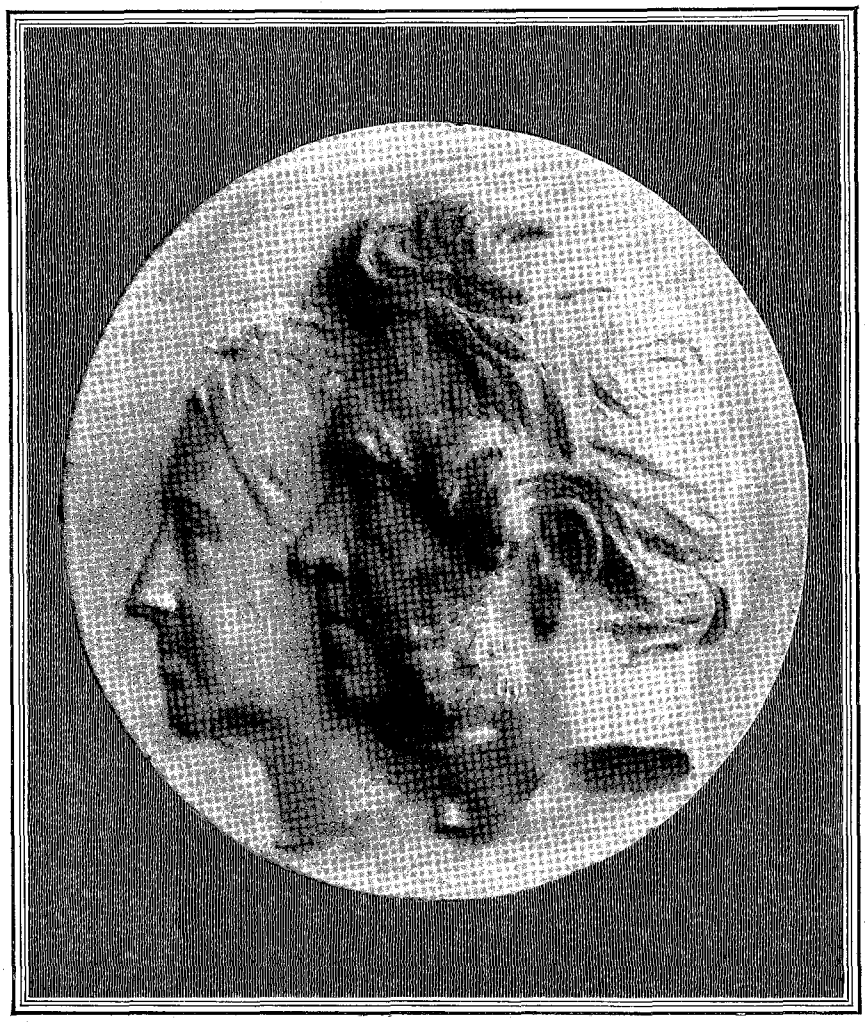

Renaissance spirit that is uppermost in contemporary sculpture to-day, as everyone knows; certainly in French sculpture, which is substantially the same thing. It is the spirit that inclines to the construction of art rather than the interpretation of nature. Such exceptions as Rodin, and, at his best, Dalou, both in their attitude toward and rendering of nature, illustrate the Greek rather than the Renaissance inspiration, as in his own day Donatello, and Donatello almost alone, did so specifically as well as so powerfully. But in these instances, with their modern intensity and complexity, it is mainly the antique point of view and the antique absorption in nature as opposed to constructed art—such as Michael Angelo's—that one notes. Warner suggests rather such an exception as Chapu, in whose work the subject is conceived and treated with the antique singleness and simplicity, its qualities dealt with rather than the multiform manifestations of these in their various characteristics, and in a direct way expressing their essence rather than elaborately exhibiting their phenomena.

Such a temperament is so unusual since the Renaissance that we are apt to think of it as indicating restraint; but the fact is that service of its ideal is, on the contrary, perfect freedom. And so far from witnessing restricted sympathies, or a narrow interest, as we

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Statue of GENERAL DEVENS (bronze), Boston, Mass.

are prone to think, its singleness and simplicity really attest so absolute a concentration upon any artistic theme as to involve of necessity carelessness of its artistic associations. Its associations, on the other hand, are often the chief preoccupation of Renaissance sculpture and the sculpture inspired by Renaissance sculpture; one may say, indeed, that in the hands of many sculptors thus inspired the associations of a theme become its accessories in which the theme itself is dissipated and disappears.

Never let us forget that it is to the Renaissance and its inspiration that we owe the great æsthetic force of the modern world—taste; taste, that is to say, as an active, militant, controlling force, and not as a mere element of artistic production. The absurdities of Pre-Raphaelism, and of later and current schisms from the true tradition, are there to warn us. Especially in America, one may take leave to say, nothing is more needed as nothing is more lacking, and the esoteric dilettanteism which is one result of our artists' present apotheosis and emulation of French art is a small price to pay for the salutary cultivation it has measurably secured. But speaking absolutely, taste is more salutary still as a servant than as a master, and it is hardly contestable that since the great revival of art and letters its despotism has in some degree tended to obscure the immense, the lovely, and the lofty potencies locked in the bosom of that nature to which art is merely a handmaid, and to rivet attention upon the way in which the material of art has been taken and treated by the established artistic hierarchy.

It is Warner's impatience with, or rather his instinctive and temperamental disregard of, the claims of mere taste that, to my notion, prevents him from expressing himself as freely and fully in his Union Square fountain as elsewhere. The Union Square fountain is a fine thing, and it is also indisputably Warner's own. The little boys with garlands are beautifully blithe and gay, and charmingly free in movement. The dolphins are delightfully decorative. But I fancy his mouldings and flutings and volutes, his base and pilasters, and his architectural factor in general, gave him more or less trouble. All this constructive treatment is educated and harmonious, and nicely subordinated; but anyone who appreciates his true genius may excusably feel that *il s'est bien tiré d'affaire* and stop there. It has franker and more monumental qualities than a sculptor purely a devotee of taste could produce. But compare it with his caryatides of the Portland fountain. These figures, and Warner's doors for the new Congressional Library, represent, I think, the

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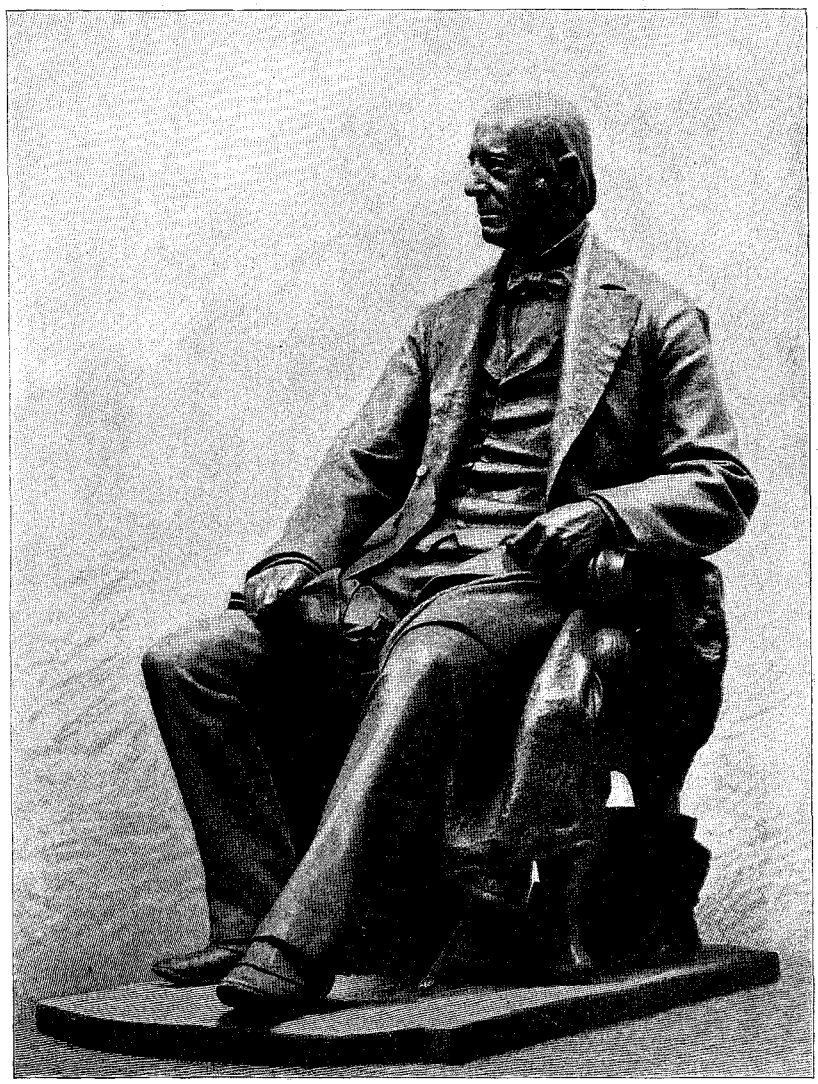
high mark of American imaginative sculpture. They are the work of an artist thoroughly penetrated with the sense of beauty, and of beauty in its final analysis, independent of association and serenely self-explaining. Doubtless to-day the sculptor would vary the treatment here and there. The drapery might possibly tease him less. Perhaps he himself, in speaking of them, would lament the absence of wholly satisfactory models in this country. Indeed the superiority in some respects, chiefly external, of the later modelled of the two shows a development of the sense of mastery, and so implies that this might be carried still farther. On the other hand, it is possible to prefer the earlier for certain untechnical qualities. The sincere and spontaneous spirit in which the two are composed and modelled, the sense they attest of perfect satisfaction with the æsthetic opportunities afforded by so simple and so hackneyed a subject as a caryatid, the serene acquiescence, in the absence of accessories, on which the Renaissance-inspired sculpture leans so



Statue of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON (bronze), Boston, Mass.

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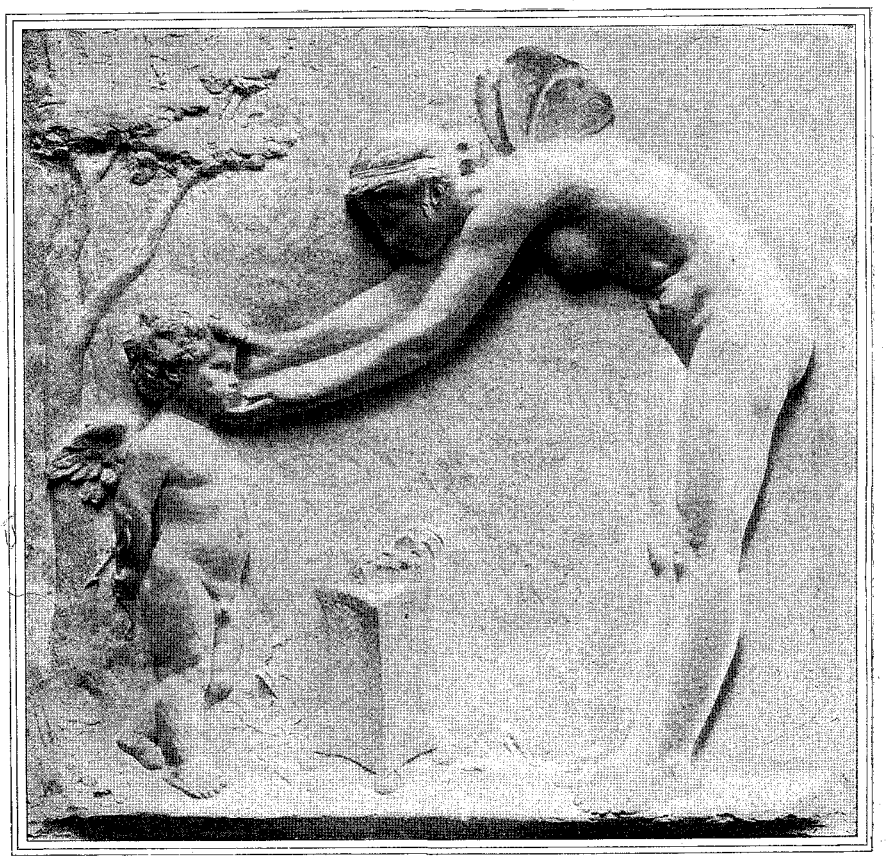

VENUS AND CUPID (marble).

heavily, are at the bottom of the elastic impression, vibrating between elevation and winningness, that they make on the beholder. Such, certainly, was the kind of inspiration of the virgins that sustain the Erectheum porch, however far removed in æsthetic accomplishment these may be from any modern achievement. It is the business of criticism to characterize rather than to measure, and to that end this association is not misleading. And the fact that Warner's figures look calmly down upon buggies and buck-boards, and shirt-sleeves and slouch hats in Oregon, instead of decorating the Central Park is grotesquely "significant of much."

He has been more fortunate in his latest work, thanks to the enlightened direction of the new Congressional Library. One of the doors assigned him is already substantially finished, and is an elevated composition treated with perfect originality. The Muse of Tradition presides in the centre of the tympanum (relieved by a background of mountains and clouds that conveys admirably a sense of prehistoric vastness and solitude, so to say), and repeats, with a charming gesture, unwritten history to a child at her knee, while seated on a lower plane, on either hand, two seated figures of primitive civilization representing the Indian, the primitive man, the nomad, and the Norseman, listen in silence. The group is composed from the centre and illustrates its idea explicitly and naturally. The central figure is very noble, the child thoroughly winning, and the lines and masses of the foreground figures repeat and relieve each other with felicitous harmony. The two panels of the door beneath contain figures of Memory and Imagination, modelled with all the sculptor's sensitiveness and incarnating the ideas they

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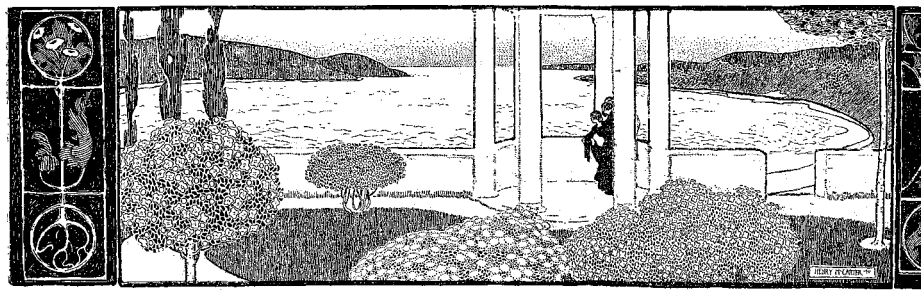
impersonate with the directness and simplicity habitual with him. If the companion portal, representing Written History, is as successful, the two will furnish a sculptural illustration of *Wahrheit und Dichtung* worthy of any modern building.

In associating Warner's with the antique temperament, moreover, it is not the equipoise of his talent, its foreignness to the factitious, its independence of the criteria of the gospel of pure taste that I have altogether in mind. It is also that side of it which is betrayed by his fondness for man and nature in their least differentiated aspects—which is perhaps another way of saying that he is drawn toward the elemental and is impatient of the sophisticated. The difference between Athens and Alexandria is greater than we are apt to remember. In our environment one can easily fancy the sculptor of the fifth century B.C. taking the same interest in the red man, for example—not to speak of Rocky Mountain trout-fishing — that Warner does; as well as feeling the same lack of interest in the academic æsthetic formula, or the art canons of an unpoetic civilization. He would at all events thoroughly appreciate the freedom and zest displayed in the vigorous medallions of Joseph, Yatineahwitz, Lot, Moses, and the rest of Warner's Indian gallery, which constitute an absolutely original contribution to modern art.

And yet, admirable and admirably artistic as these aboriginal portraits are, and genuine as is the sculptor's enthusiasm for the primitive and untormented man and the unarranged, undeveloped, and radical in nature, I confess it seems to me he is at his best in dealing with more highly differentiated material. No one can escape the influences of time and place that modify every temperament, and in saying that Warner's talent is antique rather than Renaissance in its inspiration, I do not at all mean that the now classic modern material, which is very different from the antique material, is not handled by him with native sympathy and notable success. On the contrary, if he would only model a figure from his little sketch of a Chioggia girl with her distaff, standing and spinning, her draperies blown by the wind into graceful lines and masses, he would perhaps express himself more completely than he has yet done in the field of the imagination. That is to say, we should then have a thoroughly modern theme treated in the antique spirit, a combination that, I assure him, is worth trying.

NOTE.—This article was in course of printing, when Mr. Warner's untimely death occurred on August 14th.



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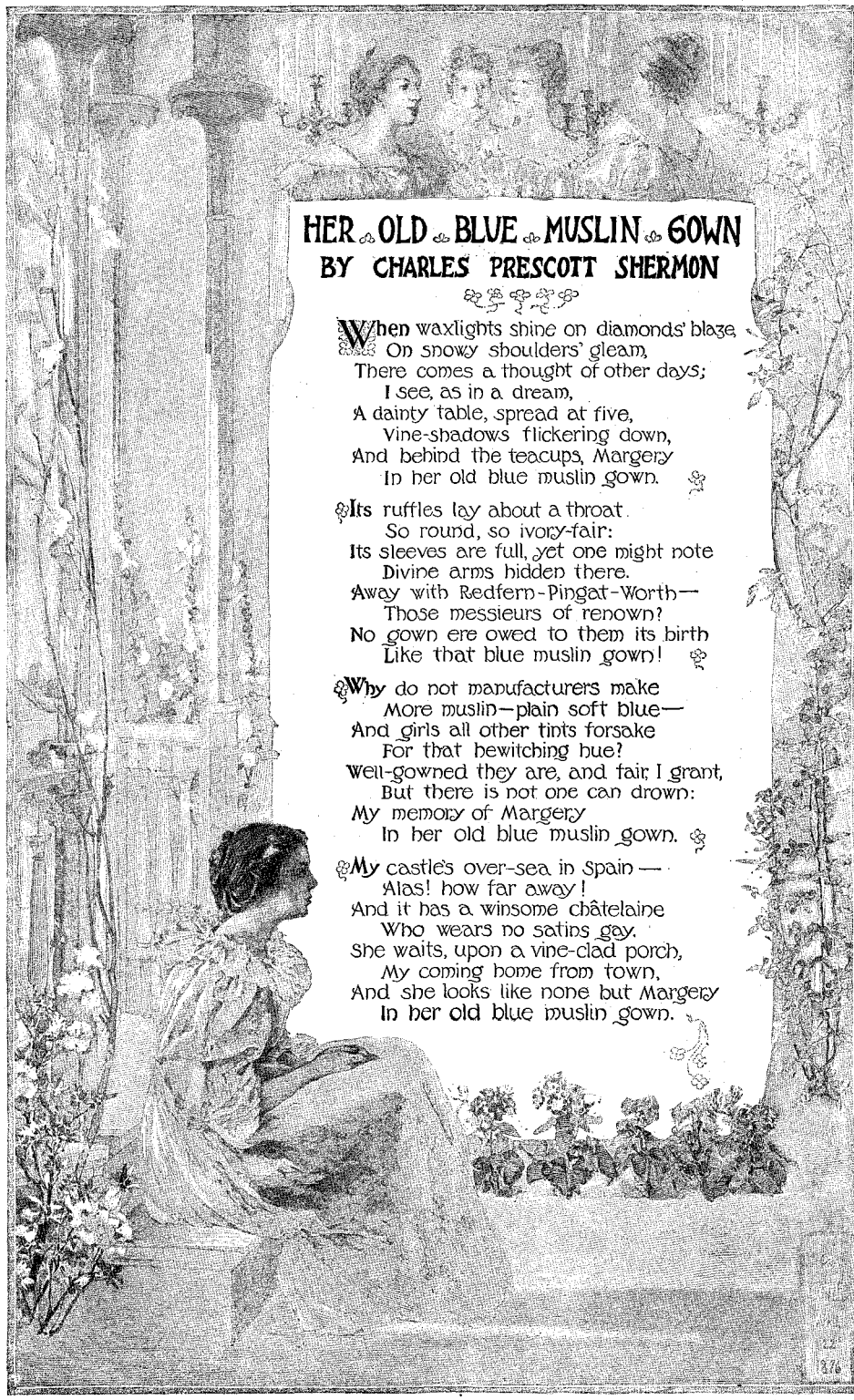

HER OLD BLUE MUSLIN GOWN

BY CHARLES PRESCOTT SHERMON

When waxlights shine on diamonds' blaze
On snowy shoulders' gleam,
There comes a thought of other days;
I see, as in a dream,
A dainty table, spread at five,
Vine-shadows flickering down,
And behind the teacups, Margery
In her old blue muslin gown.

Its ruffles lay about a throat
So round, so ivory-fair:
Its sleeves are full, yet one might note
Divine arms hidden there.
Away with Redfern-Pingat-Worth—
Those messieurs of renown?
No gown ere owed to them its birth
Like that blue muslin gown!

Why do not manufacturers make
More muslin—plain soft blue—
And girls all other tints forsake
For that bewitching hue?
Well-gowned they are, and fair I grant,
But there is not one can drown:
My memory of Margery
In her old blue muslin gown.

My castle's over-sea in Spain—
Alas! how far away!
And it has a winsome châtelaine
Who wears no satins gay.
She waits, upon a vine-clad porch,
My coming home from town,
And she looks like none but Margery
In her old blue muslin gown.

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AND BEHIND THE TEACUPS, MARGERY
IN HER OLD BLUE MUSLIN GOWN

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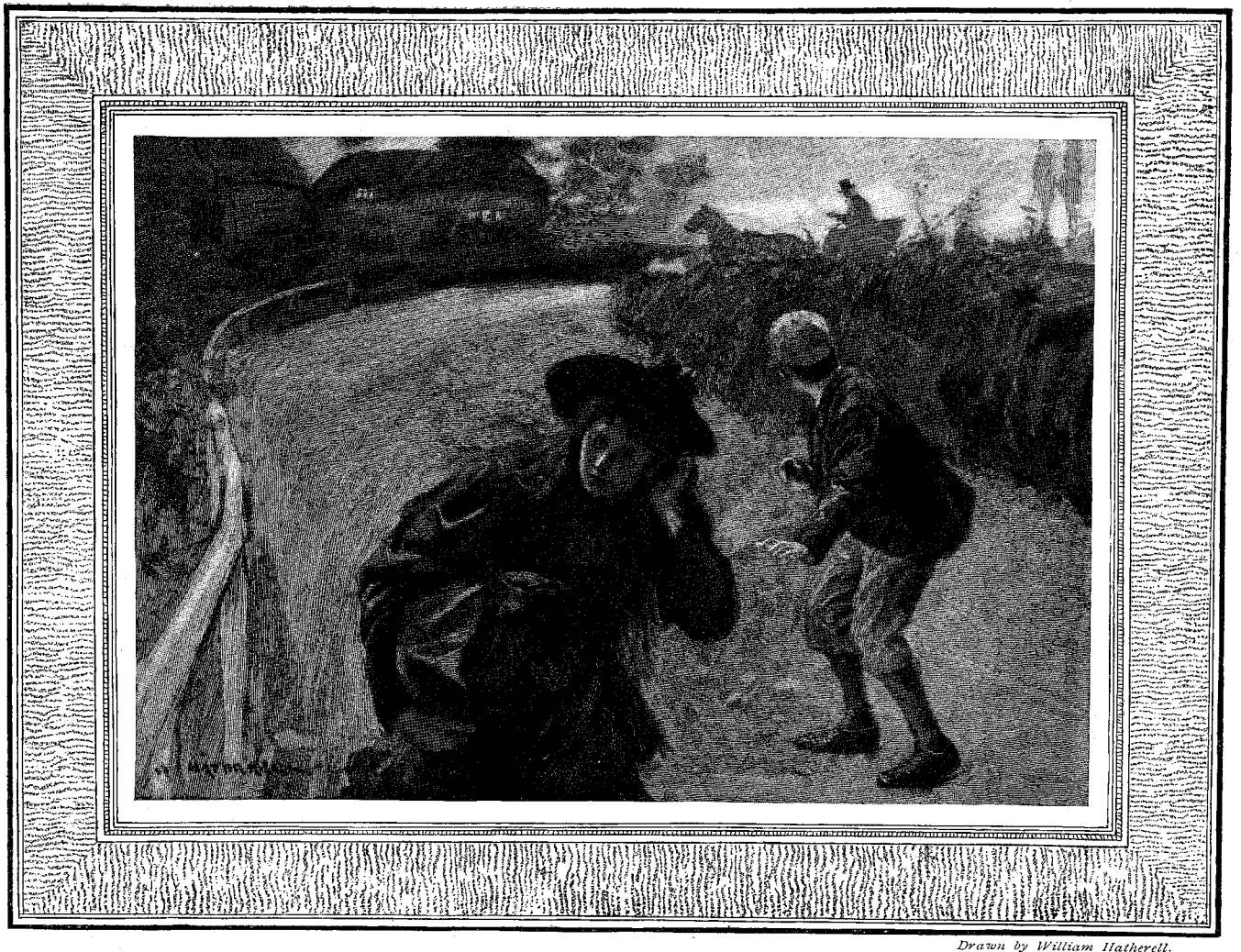

Drawn by William Hatherell.

He ran them down within a mile of Tilliedrum.—Page 446.

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SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THERE IS SOME ONE TO LOVE GRIZEL AT LAST

CORP was sitting on the Monypenny dyke, spitting on a candlestick and then rubbing it briskly against his orange-colored trousers. The doctor passing in his gig, both of them streaked, till they blended, with bits of Look-about-you road (through which you should drive winking rapidly all the way), saw him and drew up.

"Well, how is Grizel?" he asked. He had avoided Double Dykes since the funeral, but vain had been his attempts to turn its little inmate out of his mind; there she was, against his will, and there, he now admitted to himself angrily or with a rueful sigh, she seemed likely to remain until someone gave her a home. It was an almost ludicrous distrust of himself that kept him away from her; even then his admiration for the girl championed her; and he feared that if he went to Double Dykes her lonely face would complete his conquest. For oh, he was loath to be got the better of, as he expressed it to himself. Maggy Ann, his maid, was the ideal woman for a bachelor's house. When she saw him coming she fled, guiltily concealing the hated duster; when he roared at her for announcing that dinner was ready, she left him to eat it half cold; when he spilled matches on the floor and then stepped upon them and set the rug on fire, she let him tell her that she should be more careful; she did not carry off his favorite boots to the cobbler because they were down at heel; she did not fling up her arms in horror and cry that she had brushed that coat just five minutes ago; nor did she count the treasured "dottels" on the mantelpiece to discover how many pipes he had smoked since morning; nor point out that he had stepped over the door-mat; nor line her shelves with the new *Mentor;* nor give him up his foot for sitting half the night with patients who could not pay—in short, he knew the ways of the limmers, and Maggy Ann was a jewel. But it had taken him a dozen years to bring her to this perfection, and well he knew that the curse of Eve, as he called the rage for the duster, slumbered in her rather than was extinguished. With the volcanic Grizel in the house to egg her on, Maggy Ann would once more burst into flame, and the horrified doctor looked to right of him, to left of him, before him and behind him, and everywhere he seemed to see two new brooms bearing down. No, the brat, he would not have her, the besom, why did she bother him, the witches take her, for putting the idea into his head, nailing it into his head indeed. But nevertheless he was for ever urging other people to adopt her, assuring them that they would find her a treasure, and even shaking his staff at them when they refused; and he was so uneasy if he did not hear of her several times a day that he made Monypenny the way to and from everywhere, so that he might drop into artful talk with those likely to have seen her last. Corp, accordingly, was not surprised at his "How is Grizel?" now, and he answered, between two spits, "She's fine; she gae me this."

It was one of the Painted Lady's silver candlesticks, and the doctor asked sharply why Grizel had given it to him.

"She said because she liked me,"

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Corp replied, wonderingly. "She brought it to my auntie's door soon after I loused, and put it into my hand; ay, and she had a blue shawl, and she telled me to gie it to Gavinia, because she liked her too."

"What else did she say?"

Corp tried to think. "I said, 'This cows, Grizel, but thank you kindly,'" he answered, much pleased with his effort of memory, but the doctor interrupted him rudely. "Nobody wants to hear what you said, you dottrel; what more did she say?" And thus encouraged Corp remembered that she had said she hoped he would not forget her. "What for should I forget her when I see her ilka day?" he asked, and was probably about to divulge that this was his reply to her, but without waiting for more, McQueen turned his beast's head and drove to the entrance to the double dykes. Here he alighted and hastened up the path on foot, but before he reached the house he met Dite Deuchars taking his ease beneath a tree, and Dite could tell him that Grizel was not at home. "But there's somebody in Double Dykes," he said, "though I kenna wha could be there unless it's the ghost of the Painted Lady hersel'. About an hour syne I saw Grizel come out o' the house, carrying a bundle, but she hadna gone many yards when she turned round and waved her hand to the east window. I couldna see wha was at it, but there maun hae been somebody, for first the crittur waved to the window and next she kissed her hand to it, and syne she gaed on a bit, and syne she ran back close to the window and nodded and flung mair kisses, and back and forrit she gaed a curran times as if she could hardly tear hersel' awa'. 'Wha's that you're so chief wi'?" I speired when she came by me at last, but she just said, 'I won't tell you,' in her dour wy, and she hasna come back yet."

Whom could she have been saying good-by to so demonstratively, and whither had she gone? With a curiosity that for the moment took the place of his uneasiness, McQueen proceeded to the house, the door of which was shut but not locked. Two glances convinced him that there was no one here, the kitchen was as he had seen it last, except that the long mirror had been placed on a chair close to the east window. The doctor went to the outside of the window, and looked in, he could see nothing but his own reflection in the mirror, and was completely puzzled. But it was no time, he felt, for standing there scratching his head, when there was reason to fear that the girl had gone. Gone where? He saw his selfishness now, in a glaring light, and it fled out of him pursued by curses.

He stopped at Aaron's door and called for Tommy, but Tommy had left the house an hour ago. "Gone with her, the sacket; he very likely put her up to this," the doctor muttered, and the surmise seemed justified when he heard that Grizel and Tommy had been seen passing the Feus. That they were running away had never struck those who saw them, and McQueen said nothing of his suspicions, but off he went in his gig on their track and ran them down within a mile of Tilliedrum. Grizel scurried on, thinking it was undoubtedly her father, but within a few minutes the three were conversing almost amicably, the doctor's first words had been so "sweet."

Tommy explained that they were out for a walk, but Grizel could not lie, and in a few passionate sentences she told McQueen the truth. He had guessed the greater part of it, and while she spoke he looked so sorry for her, such a sweet change had come over his manner, that she held his hand.

"But you must go no farther," he told her, "I am to take you back with me," and that alarmed her. "I won't go back," she said, determinedly, "he might come."

"There's little fear of his coming," McQueen assured her, gently, "but if he does come I give you my solemn word that I won't let him take you away unless you want to go."

Even then she only wavered, but he got her altogether with this: "And should he come, just think what a piece of your mind you could give him, with me standing by holding your hand."

"Oh, would you do that?" she asked, brightening.

"I would do something to get the chance," he said.

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"I should just love it!" she cried. "I shall come now," and she stepped lightheartedly into the gig, where the doctor joined her. Tommy, who had been in the background all this time, was about to jump up beside them, but McQueen waved him back, saying, maliciously, "There's just room for two, my man, so I won't interfere with your walk."

Tommy, in danger of being left, very hot and stout and sulky, whimpered, "What have I done to anger you?"

"You were going with her, you blackguard," replied McQueen, not yet in full possession of the facts, for whether Tommy was or was not going with her no one can ever know.

"If I was," cried the injured boy, "it wasna because I wanted to go, it was because it wouldna have been respectable for her to go by hersel'."

The doctor had already started his shalt, but at these astonishing words he drew up sharply. "Say that again," he said, as if thinking that his ears must have deceived him, and Tommy repeated his remark, wondering at its effect.

"And you tell me that you were going with her," the doctor repeated, "to make her enterprise more respectable?" and he looked from one to the other.

"Of course I was," replied Tommy, resenting his surprise at a thing so obvious; and "That's why I wanted him to come," chimed in Grizel.

Still McQueen's glance wandered from the boy to the girl and from the girl to the boy. "You are a pair!" he said at last, and he signed in silence to Tommy to mount the gig. But his manner had alarmed Grizel, ever watching herself lest she should stray into the ways of bad ones, and she asked, anxiously, "There was nothing wrong in it, was there?"

"No," the doctor answered, gravely, laying his hand on hers, "no, it was just sweet."

What McQueen had to say to her was not for Tommy's ears, and the conversation was but a makeshift until they reached Thrums, where he sent the boy home, recommending him to hold his tongue about the escapade (and Tommy of course saw the advisability of keeping it from Elspeth); but Grizel he took into his parlor and set her down on the buffet stool by the fire, where he surveyed her in silence at his leisure. Then he tried her in his old armchair, then on his sofa; then he put the *Mentor* into her hand and told her to hold it as if it were a duster, then he sent her into the passage, with instructions to open the door presently and announce "Dinner is ready;" then he told her to put some coals on the fire; then he told her to sit at the window, first with an open book in her hand, secondly as if she was busy knitting; and all these things she did wondering exceedingly, for he gave no explanation except the incomprehensible one, "I want to see what it would be like."

She had told him in the gig why she had changed the position of the mirror at Double Dykes, it was to let "that darling" wave goodby to her from the window; and now having experimented with her in his parlor he drew her toward his chair, so that she stood between his knees. And he asked her if she understood why he had gone to Double Dykes.

"Was it to get me to tell you what were the names in the letter?" she said, wistfully. "That is what everyone asks me, but I won't tell, no, I won't;" and she closed her mouth hard.

He, too, would have liked to hear the names, and he sighed, it must be admitted, at sight of that determined mouth, but he could say, truthfully, "Your refusal to break your promise is one of the things that makes me admire you."

Admire! Grizel could scarce believe that this gift was for her. "You don't mean that you really like me?" she faltered, but she felt sure all the time that he did, and she cried, "Oh, but why, oh, how can you!"

"For one reason," he said, "because you are so good."

"Good! Oh! oh! oh!" She clasped her hands joyously.

"And for another—because you are so brave."

"But I am not really brave," she said, anxiously, yet resolved to hide nothing, "I only pretend to be brave, I am often frightened, but I just don't let on."

That, he told her, is the highest form of bravery, but Grizel was very, very

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tired of being brave, and she insisted impetuously, "I don't want to be brave, I want to be afraid, like other girls."

"Ay, it's your right, you little woman," he answered, tenderly, and then again he became mysterious. He kicked off his shoes to show her that he was wearing socks that did not match. "I just pull on the first that come to hand," he said, recklessly.

"Oh!" cried Grizel.

On his dusty book-shelves he wrote, with his finger, "Not dusted since the year One."

"Oh! oh!" she cried.

He put his fingers through his gray, untidy hair. "That's the only comb I have that is at hand when I want it," he went on, regardless of her agony.

"All the stud-holes in my shirts," he said, "are now so frayed and large that the studs fall out, and I find them in my socks at night."

Oh! oh! he was killing her, he was, but what cared he? "Look at my clothes," said the cruel man, "I read when I'm eating, and I spill so much gravy that—that we boil my waistcoat once a month, and make soup of it!"

To Grizel this was the most tragic picture ever drawn by man, and he saw that it was time to desist. "And it's all," he said, looking at her sadly, "it's all because I am a lonely old bachelor with no womenkind to look after him, no little girl to brighten him when he comes home dog-tired, no one to care whether his socks are in holes and his comb behind the wash-stand, no soft hand to soothe his brow when it aches, no one to work for, no one to love, many a one to close the old bachelor's eyes when he dies, but none to drop a tear for him, no one to——"

"Oh! oh! oh! That is just like me. Oh! oh!" cried Grizel, and he pulled her closer to him, saying, "The more reason we should join thegither; Grizel, if you don't take pity on me, and come and bide with me and be my little housekeeper, the Lord Almighty only knows what is to become of the old doctor."

At this she broke away from him, and stood far back pressing her arms to her sides, and she cried, "It is not out of charity you ask me, is it?" and then she went a little nearer. "You would not say it if it wasn't true, would you?"

"No, my dawtie, it's true," he told her, and if he had been pitying himself a little, there was an end of that now.

She remembered something and cried joyously, "And you knew what was in my blood before you asked me, so I don't need to tell you, do I? And you are not afraid that I shall corrupt you, are you? And you don't think it a pity I didn't die when I was a tiny baby, do you? Some people think so, I heard them say it."

"What would have become of me?" was all he dared answer in words, but he drew her to him again, and when she asked if it was true, as she had heard some woman say, that in some matters men were all alike and did what that one man had done to her mamma, he could reply, solemnly, "No, it is not true; it's a lie that has done more harm than any war in any century."

She sat on his knee, telling him many things that had come recently to her knowledge but were not so new to him. The fall of woman was the subject, a strange topic for a girl of thirteen and a man of sixty. They don't become wicked in a moment, he learned; if they are good to begin with, it takes quite a long time to make them bad. Her mamma was good to begin with. "I know she was good, because when she thought she was the girl she used to be, she looked sweet and said lovely things." The way the men do is this, they put evil thoughts into the woman's head, and say them often to her, till she gets accustomed to them, and thinks they cannot be bad when the man she loves likes them, and it is called corrupting the mind.

"And then a baby comes to them," Grizel said, softly, "and it is called a child of shame. I am a child of shame."

He made no reply, so she looked up, and his face was very old and sad. "I am sorry too," she whispered, but still he said nothing, and then she put her fingers on his eyes to discover if they were wet, and they were wet. And so Grizel knew that there was someone who loved her at last.

The mirror was the only article of value that Grizel took with her to her

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new home; everything else was rouped at the door of Double Dykes; Tommy, who should have been at his books, acting as auctioneer's clerk for sixpence. There are houses in Thrums where you may still be told who got the bed and who the rocking-chair, and how Nether Drumgley's wife dared him to come home without the piano; but it is not by the sales that the roup is best remembered. Curiosity took many persons into Double Dykes that day, and in the room that had never been furnished they saw a mournful stack of empty brandy bottles, piled there by the auctioneer who had found them in every corner, beneath the bed, in presses, in boxes, whither they had been thrust by Grizel's mamma, as if to conceal their number from herself. The counting of these bottles was a labor, but it is not even by them that the roup is remembered. Among them some sacrilegious hands found a bundle of papers with a sad blue ribbon round them. They were the Painted Lady's love-letters, the letters she had written to the man. Why or how they had come back to her no one knew.

Most of them were given to Grizel, but a dozen or more passed without her leave into the kists of various people, where often since then they have been consulted by swains in need of a pretty phrase; and Tommy's school-fellows, the very boys and girls who hooted the Painted Lady, were in time—so oddly do things turn out—to be among those whom her letters taught how to woo. Where the kists did not let in the damp or careless fingers, the paper long remained clean, the ink but little faded. Some of the letters were creased, as if they had once been much folded, perhaps for slipping into secret hiding-places, but none of them bore any address or a date. "To my beloved," was sometimes written on the cover, and inside he was darling or beloved again. So no one could have arranged them in the order in which they were written, though there was a three-cornered one which said it was the first. There was a violet in it, clinging to the paper as if they were fond of each other, and Grizel's mamma had written, "The violet is me, hiding in a corner because I am so happy." The letters were in many moods, playful, reflective, sad, despairing, arch, but all were written in an ecstacy of the purest love, and most of them were cheerful, so that you seemed to see the sun dancing on the paper while she wrote, the same sun that afterward showed up her painted cheeks. Why they came back to her no one ever discovered, any more than how she who slipped the violet into that three-cornered one and took it out to kiss again and wrote, "It is my first love-letter, and I love it so much I am loath to let it go," became in a few years the derision of the Double Dykes. Some of these letters may be in old kists still, but whether that is so or not, they alone have passed the Painted Lady's memory from one generation to another, and they have purified it, so that what she was died with her vile body, and what she might have been lived on, as if it were her true self.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHO TOLD TOMMY TO SPEAK?

"MISS ALISON CRAY presents her compliments to —— and requests the favor of their company at her marriage with Mr. Ivie McLean, on January 8th, at six o'clock."

Tommy in his Sabbath clothes, with a rose from the Dove Cot hot-house for buttonhole (which he slipped into his pocket when he saw other boys approaching), delivered them at the doors of the aristocracy, where, by the way, he had been a few weeks earlier, with another circular,

"Miss Alison Cray being about to give up school, has pleasure in stating that she has disposed of the good-will of her establishment to Miss Jessy Langlands and Miss S. Oram, who will enter upon their scholastic duties on January 9th, at Roods Cottage, where she most cordially," and so on.

Here if the writer dared (but you would be so angry) he would introduce at the length of a chapter two brand-new characters, the Misses Langlands and Oram, who suddenly present themselves

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to him in the most sympathetic light. Miss Ailie has been safely stowed to port, but their little boat is only setting sail, and they are such young ones, neither out of her teens, that he would fain turn for a time from her to them. Twelve pounds they paid for the good-will, and, oh, the exciting discussions, oh, the scraping to get the money together! If little Miss Langlands had not been so bold, big Miss Oram must have drawn back, but if Miss Oram had not had that idea about a paper partition, of what avail the boldness of Miss Langlands? How these two trumps of girls succeeded in hiring the Painted Lady's piano from Nether Drumgley—in the absence of his wife, who met it in a cart on her way home from buying a cochin-china—how the mother of one of them, realizing in a klink that she was common no more, henceforth wore black caps instead of mutches (but the father dandered on in the old plebeian way), what the enterprise meant to a young man in distant Newcastle, whose favorite name was Jessy, how the news travelled to still more distant Canada, where a family of emigrants which had left its Sarah behind in Thrums, could talk of nothing else for weeks—it is hard to have to pass on without dwelling on these things, and indeed—but pass on we must.

The chief figure at the wedding of Miss Ailie was undoubtedly Mr. T. Sandys. When one remembers his prominence, it is difficult to think that the wedding could have taken place without him. It was he (in his Sabbath clothes again, and now flaunting his buttonhole brazenly) who in insulting language ordered the rabble to stand back there. It was he who dashed out to the 'Sosh to get a hundred ha'pennies for the fifty pennies Mr. McLean had brought to toss into the air. It was he who went round in the carriage to pick up the guests and whisked them in and out, and slammed the door, and saw to it that the minister was not kept waiting, and warned Miss Ailie that if she did not come now they would begin without her. It was he who stood near her with a handkerchief ready in his hand lest she looked like crying on her new brown silk (Miss Ailie was married in brown silk after all). As a crown to his audacity, it was he who told Mr. Dishart, in the middle of a noble passage, to mind the lamp.

These duties were Dr. McQueen's, the best man, but either demoralized by the bridegroom, who went all to pieces at the critical moment and was much more nervous than the bride, or in terror lest Grizel, who had sent him to the wedding speckless and most beautifully starched, should suddenly appear at the door and cry, "Oh, oh, take your fingers off your shirt!" he was through ither till the knot was tied, and then it was too late, for Tommy had made his mark. It was still Tommy who led the way to the school-room where the feast was ready and put the guests in their places (even the banker cringed to him) and winked to Mr. Dishart as a sign to say grace. As you will readily believe, Miss Ailie could not endure the thought of excluding her pupils from the festivities, and they began to arrive as soon as the tables had been cleared of all save oranges and tarts and raisins. Tommy waving Gavinia aside, showed them in, and one of them, curious to tell, was Corp, in borrowed blacks, and Tommy shook hands with him and called him Mr. Shiach, both new experiences to Corp, who knocked over a table in his anxiety to behave himself, and roared at intervals "Do you see the little deevil!" and bit his warts and then politely swallowed the blood.

As if oranges and tarts and raisins were not enough, came the Punch and Judy show, Tommy's culminating triumph. All the way to Redlintie had Mr. McLean sent for the Punch and Judy show, and nevertheless there was a probability of no performance, for Miss Ailie considered the show immoral. Most anxious was she to give pleasure to her pupils, and this she knew was the best way, but how could she countenance an entertainment which was an encouragement to every form of vice and crime? To send these children to the Misses Langlands and Oram, fresh from an introduction to the comic view of murder! It could not be done, now could it? Mr. McLean could make no suggestion. Mr. Dishart thought it would be advisable to substitute another

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entertainment; was there not a game called "The Minister's Cat?" Mrs. Dishart thought they should have the show and risk the consequences. So also thought Dr. McQueen. The banker was consulted, but saw no way out of the difficulty, nor did the lawyer, nor did the Misses Blair. Then Tommy appeared on the scene, and presently retired to find a way.

He found it. The performance took place, and none of the fun was omitted, yet neither Miss Ailie—tuts, tuts Mrs. McLean—nor Mr. Dishart could disapprove. Punch did chuck his baby out at the window (roars of laughter) in his jovial time-honored way, *but* immediately thereafter up popped the showman to say, "Ah, my dear boys and girls, let this be a lesson to you never to destroy your offsprings. Oh, shame on Punch, for to do the wicked deed; he will be catched in the end and serve him right." Then when Mr. Punch had wolloped his wife with the stick, amid thunders of applause, up again popped the showman, "Ah, my dear boys and girls, what a lesson is this we sees, what goings on is this? He have bashed the head of her as should ha' been the apple of his eye, and he does not care a—he does not care; but mark my words, his home it will now be desolate, no more shall she meet him at his door with kindly smile, he have done for her quite, and now he is a hunted man. Oh, be warned by his sad igsample, and do not bash the head of your loving wife." And there was a great deal more of the same, and simple Mrs. McLean almost wept tears of joy because her favorite's good heart had suggested these improvements.

Grizel was not at the wedding; she was invited, but could not go because she was in mourning. But only her parramatty frock was in mourning, for already she had been the doctor's housekeeper for two full months, and her father had not appeared to plague her (he never did appear, it may be told at once), and so how could her face be woful when her heart leapt with gladness? Never had prisoner pined for the fields more than this reticent girl to be frank, and she poured out her inmost self to the doctor, so that daily he discovered something beautiful (and exasperating) about womanhood. And it was his love for her that had changed her. "You do love me, don't you?" she would say, and his answer might be "I have told you that fifty times already;" to which she would reply, gleefully, "That is not often, I say it all day to myself."

Exasperating? Yes, that was the word. Long before summer came, the doctor knew that he had given himself into the hands of a tyrant. It was idle his saying that this irregularity and that carelessness were habits that had become part of him; she only rocked her arms impatiently, and if he would not stand still to be put to rights, then she would follow him along the street, brushing him as he walked, a sight that was witnessed several times while he was in the mutinous stage.

"Talk about masterfulness," he would say, when she whipped off his coat or made a dart at the mud on his trousers; "you are the most masterful little besom I ever clapped eyes on."

But as he said it he perhaps crossed his legs, and she immediately cried, "You have missed two holes in lacing your boots!"

Of a morning he would ask her sarcastically to examine him from top to toe and see if he would do, and examine him she did, turning him round, pointing out that he had been sitting "again" on his tails, that oh, oh, he must have cut that buttonhole with his knife. He became most artful in hiding deficiencies from her, but her suspicions once roused would not sleep, and all subterfuge was vain. "Why have you buttoned your coat up tight to the throat to-day?" she would demand sternly.

"It is such a cold morning," he said.

"That is not the reason," she replied at once (she could see through broadcloth at a glance), "I believe you have on the old necktie again, and you promised to buy a new one."

"I always forget about it when I'm out," he said, humbly, and next evening he found on his table a new tie, made by Grizel herself out of her mamma's rokelay.

It was related by one who had dropped in at the doctor's house unexpectedly,

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that he found Grizel making a new shirt, and forcing the doctor to try on the sleeves while they were still in the pin stage.

She soon knew his every want, and just as he was beginning to want it, there it was at his elbow. He realized what a study she had made of him when he heard her talking of his favorite dishes and his favorite seat, and his way of biting his underlip when in thought, and how hard he was on his left cuff. It had been one of his boasts that he had no favorite dishes, etc., but he saw now that he had been a slave to them for years without knowing it.

She discussed him with other mothers as if he were her little boy, and he denounced her for it. But all the time she was spoiling him. Formerly he had got on very well when nothing was in its place. Now he roared helplessly if he mislaid his razor.

He was determined to make a lady of her, which necessitated her being sent to school; she preferred hemming, baking, and rubbing things till they shone, and not both could have had their way (which sounds fatal for the man), had they not arranged a compromise, Grizel, for instance, to study geography for an hour in the evening with Miss Langlands (go to school in the daytime she would not) so long as the doctor shaved every morning, but if no shave no geography; the doctor to wipe his pen on the blot-sheet instead of on the lining of his coat if she took three lessons a week from Miss Oram on the pianoforte. How happy and proud she was! Her glee was a constant source of wonder to McQueen; she seemed to be born afresh every morning. Perhaps she put on airs a little, her walk, said the critical, had become a strut; but how could she help that when the new joyousness of living was dancing and singing within her?

Had all her fears for the future rolled away like clouds that leave no mark behind? The doctor thought so at times, she so seldom spoke of them to him; he did not see that when they came she hid them from him because she had discovered that they saddened him. And she had so little time to brood, being convinced of the sinfulness of sitting still, that if the clouds came suddenly, they never stayed long save once, and then it was, mayhap, as well. The thunderclap was caused by Tommy, who brought it on unintentionally and was almost as much scared by his handiwork as Grizel herself. She and he had been very friendly of late, partly because they shared with McQueen the secret of the frustrated running away, partly because they both thought that in that curious incident Tommy had behaved in the most disinterested and splendid way. Grizel had not been sure of it at first, but it had grown on Tommy, he had so thoroughly convinced himself of his intention to get into the train with her at Tilliedrum that her doubts were dispelled—easily dispelled, you say, but the truth must be told, Grizel was very anxious to be rid of them. And Tommy's were honest convictions, born full grown of a desire for happiness to all. Had Elspeth discovered how nearly he had deserted her, the same sentiment would have made him swear to her with tears that never would he have gone farther than Tilliedrum, and while he was persuading her he would have persuaded himself. Then again, when he met Grizel—well, to get him in doubt you would have required to catch him on the way between these two girls.

So Tommy and Grizel were friends, and finding that it hurt the doctor to speak on a certain subject to him, Grizel gave her confidences to Tommy. She had a fear, which he shared on its being explained to him, that she might meet a man of the stamp of her father, and grow fond of him before she knew the kind he was, and as even Tommy could not suggest an infallible test which would lay them bare at the first glance, he consented to consult Blinder once more. He found the blind man by his fire-side, very difficult to coax into words on the important topic, but Tommy's "You've said ower much no to tell a bit mair," seemed to impress him, and he answered the question,

"You said a woman should fly frae the like o' Grizel's father though it should be to the other end of the world, but how is she to ken that he's that kind?"

"She'll ken," Blinder answered after

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thinking it over, "if she likes him and fears him at one breath, and has a sort of secret dread that he's getting a power ower her that she canna resist."

These words were a flash of light on a neglected corner to Tommy. "Now I see, now I ken," he exclaimed, amazed; "now I ken what my mother meant! Blinder, is that no the kind of man that's called masterful?"

"It's what poor women find then and call them to their cost," said Blinder.

Tommy's excitement was prodigious. "Now I ken, now I see!" he cried, slapping his leg and stamping up and down the room.

"Sit down!" roared his host.

"I canna," retorted the boy. "Oh, to think o't, to think I came to speir that question at you, to think her and me has wondered what kind he was, and I kent a' the time!" Without staying to tell Blinder what he was blethering about, he hurried off to Grizel, who was waiting for him in the Den, and to her he poured out his astonishing news.

"I ken all about them, I've kent since afore I came to Thrums, but though I generally say the prayer, I've forgot to think o' what it means." In a stampede of words he told her all he could remember of his mother's story as related to him on a grim night in London so long ago, and she listened eagerly. And when that was over, he repeated first his prayer and then Elspeth's, "O God, whatever is to be my fate, may I never be one of them that bow the knee to masterful man, and if I was born like that and canna help it, O take me up to heaven afore I'm fil't." Grizel repeated it after him until she had it by heart, and even as she said it a strange thing happened, for she began to draw back from Tommy, with a look of terror on her face.

"What makes you look at me like that?" he cried.

"I believe—I think—you are masterful," she gasped.

"Me!" he retorted, indignantly.

"Now," she went on, waving him back, "now I know why I would not give in to you when you wanted me to be Stroke's wife. I was afraid you were masterful!"

"Was that it?" cried Tommy.

"Now," she proceeded, too excited to heed his interruptions, "now I know why I would not kiss your hand, now I know why I would not say I liked you. I was afraid of you, I——"

"Were you?" His eyes began to sparkle, and something very like rapture was pushing the indignation from his face. "Oh, Grizel, have I a power ower you?"

"No, you have not," she said, passionately. "I was just frightened that you might have. Oh, oh, I know you now!"

"To think o't, to think o't!" he crowed, wagging his head, and then she clenched her fist, crying, "Oh, you wicked, you should cry with shame!"

But he had his answer ready, "It canna be my wite, for I never kent o't till you telled me. Grizel, it has just come about without either of us kenning!"

She shuddered at this, and then seized him by the shoulders. "It has not come about at all," she said, "I was only frightened that it might come, and now it can't come, for I won't let it."

"But can you help yoursel'?"

"Yes, I can. I shall never be friends with you again."

She had such a capacity for keeping her word that this alarmed him, and he did his best to extinguish his lights. "I'm no masterful, Grizel," he said, "and I dinna want to be, it was just for a minute that I liked the thought." She shook her head, but his next words had more effect. "If I had been that kind, would I have teached you Elspeth's prayer?"

"N-no, I don't think so," she said, slowly, and perhaps he would have succeeded in soothing her, had not a sudden thought brought back the terror to her face.

"What is't now?" he asked.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, "and I nearly went away with you!" and without another word she fled from the Den. She never told the doctor of this incident, and in time it became a mere shadow in the background, so that she was again his happy housekeeper, but that was because she had found strength to break with Tommy. She was only an eager little girl, pathetically ignorant about what she wanted most to under-

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stand, but she saw how an instinct had been fighting for her, and now it would not have to fight alone. How careful she became! All Tommy's wiles were vain, she would scarcely answer if he spoke to her; if he had ever possessed a power over her it was gone, Elspeth's prayer had saved her.

Jean Myles had told Tommy to teach that prayer to Elspeth; but who had told him to repeat it to Grizel?

CHAPTER XXXV

THE BRANDING OF TOMMY

GRIZEL'S secession had at least one good effect: it gave Tommy more time in which to make a scholar of himself. Would you like a picture of Tommy trying to make a scholar of himself?

They all helped him in their different ways: Grizel, by declining his company; Corp, by being far away at Lookabout-you, adding to the inches of a farm-house; Aaron Latta, by saying nothing but looking "college or the herding;" Mr. McLean, who had settled down with Ailie at the Dove Cot, by inquiries about his progress; Elspeth by—but did Elspeth's talks with him about how they should live in Aberdeen and afterward (when they were in the big house) do more than send his mind a-galloping (she holding on behind) along roads that lead not to Aberdeen? What drove Tommy oftenest to the weary drudgery was, perhaps, the alarm that came over him when he seemed of a sudden to hear the names of the bursars proclaimed and no Thomas Sandys among them. Then did he shudder, for well he knew that Aaron would keep his threat, and he hastily covered the round table with books and sat for hours sorrowfully pecking at them, every little while to discover that his mind had soared to other things, when he hauled it back, as one draws in a reluctant kite. On these occasions Aaron seldom troubled him, except by glances that, nevertheless, brought the kite back more quickly than if they had been words of warning. If Elspeth was present the warper might sit moodily by the fire, but when the man and the boy were left together one or other of them soon retired, as if this was the only way of preserving the peace. Though determined to keep his word to Jean Myles liberally, Aaron had never liked Tommy, and Tommy's avoidance of him is easily accounted for; he knew that Aaron did not admire him, and unless you admired Tommy he was always a boor in your presence, shy and self-distrustful. Especially was this so if you were a lady (how amazingly he got on in after years with some of you, what agony others endured till he went away!), and it is the chief reason why there are such contradictory accounts of him to-day.

Sometimes Mr. Cathro had hopes of him other than those that could only be revealed in a shameful whisper with the door shut. "Not so bad," he might say to Mr. McLean; "if he keeps it up we may squeeze him through yet, without trusting to—to what I was fool enough to mention to you. The mathematics are his weak point, there's nothing practical about him (except when it's needed to carry out his devil's designs) and he cares not a doit about the line A,B, nor what it's doing in the circle K, but there's whiles he surprises me when we're at Homer. He has the spirit o't, man, even when he bogles at the sense."

But the next time Ivie called for a report—!

In his great days, so glittering, so brief (the days of the penny Life) Tommy, looking back to this year was sure that he had never really tried to work. But he had. He did his very best, doggedly, wearily sitting at the round table till Elspeth feared that he was killing himself and gave him a melancholy comfort by saying so. An hour afterward he might discover that he had been far away from his books, looking on at his affecting death and counting the mourners at the funeral.

Had he thought that Grizel's discovery was making her unhappy he would have melted at once, but never did she look so proud as when she scornfully passed him by, and he wagged his head complacently over her coming chagrin when she heard that he had carried the highest bursary. Then she would know what she had flung away. This should have helped him to another struggle with his lexicon, but it only provided a

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breeze for the kite, which flew so strong that he had to let go the string.

Aaron and the Dominie met one day in the square, and to Aaron's surprise Mr. Cathro's despondency about Tommy was more pronounced than before. "I wonder at that," the warper said, "for I assure you he has been harder at it than ever thae last nights. What's mair, he used to look doleful as he sat at his table, but I notice now that he's as sweer to leave off as he's keen to begin, and the face of him is a' eagerness too, and he reads ower to himself what he has wrote and wags his head at it as if he thought it grand."

"Say you so?" asked Cathro, suspiciously; "does he leave what he writes lying about, Aaron?"

"No, but he takes it to you, does he no'?"

"Not him," said the Dominie, emphatically. "I may be mistaken, Aaron, but I'm doubting the young whelp is at his tricks again."

The Dominie was right, and before many days passed he discovered what was Tommy's new and delicious thrill.

For years Mr. Cathro had been in the habit of writing letters for such of the populace as could not guide a pen, and though he often told them not to come deaving him he liked the job, unexpected presents of a hen or a ham occasionally arriving as his reward, while the personal matters thus confided to him, as if he were a safe for the banking of private histories, gave him and his wife gossip for winter nights. Of late the number of his clients had decreased without his noticing it, so confident was he that they could not get on without him, but he received a shock at last from Andrew Dickie, who came one Saturday night with paper, envelope, a Queen's head, and a request for a letter for Bell Birse, now of Tilliedrum.

"You want me to speir in your name whether she'll have you, do you?" asked Cathro, with a flourish of his pen.

"It's no just so simple as that," said Andrew, and then he seemed to be rather at a loss to say what it was. "I dinna ken," he continued presently with a grave face, "whether you've noticed that I'm a gey queer deevil? Losh, I think I'm the queerest deevil I ken."

"We are all that," the Dominie assured him. "But what do you want me to write?"

"Well, it's like this," said Andrew, "I'm willing to marry her if she's agreeable, but I want to make sure that she'll take me afore I speir her. I'm a proud man, Dominie."

"You're a sly one!"

"Am I no!" said Andrew, well pleased. "Well, could you put the letter in that wy?"

"I wouldna," replied Mr. Cathro, "though I could, and I couldna though I would. It would defy the face of clay to do it, you canny lover."

Now, the Dominie had frequently declined to write as he was bidden, and had suggested alterations which were invariably accepted, but to his astonishment Andrew would not give in. "I'll be stepping, then," he said, coolly, "for if you hinna the knack o't I ken somebody that has."

"Who?" demanded the irate Dominie.

"I promised no to tell you," replied Andrew, and away he went. Mr. Cathro expected him to return presently in humbler mood, but was disappointed, and a week or two afterward he heard Andrew and Mary Jane Proctor cried in the parish church. "Did Bell Birse refuse him?" he asked the kirk officer, and was informed that Bell had never got a chance. "His letter was so cunning," said John, "that without speiring her, it drew ane frae her in which she let out that she was centred on Davit Allardyce."

"But who wrote Andrew's letter?" asked Mr. Cathro, sharply.

"I thought it had been yoursel'," said John, and the Dominie chafed, and lost much of the afternoon service by going over in his mind the names of possible rivals. He never thought of Tommy.

Then a week or two later fell a heavier blow. At least twice a year the Dominie had written for Meggy Duff to her daughter in Ireland a long letter founded on this suggestion, "Dear Kaytherine, if you dinna send ten shillings immediately, your puir auld mother will have neither house nor hame. I'm crying to you for't,

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Kaytherine; hearken and you'll hear my cry across the cauldriff sea." He met Meggy in the Banker's close one day, and asked her pleasantly if the time was not drawing nigh for another appeal.

"I have wrote," replied the old woman, giving her pocket a boastful smack which she thus explained, "And it was the whole ten shillings this time, and you never got more for me than five."

"Who wrote the letter for you?" he asked, lowering.

She, too, it seemed, had promised not to tell.

"Did you promise to tell nobody, Meggy, or just no to tell me," he pressed her, of a sudden suspecting Tommy.

"Just no to tell you," she answered, and at that,

"Da-a-a," began the Dominie, and then saved his reputation by adding "gont." The derivation of the word dagont has puzzled many, but here we seem to have it.

It is interesting to know what Tommy wrote. The general opinion was that his letter must have been a triumph of eloquent appeal, and indeed he had first sketched out several masterpieces, all of some length and in different styles, but on the whole not unlike the concoctions of Meggy's former secretary; that is, he had dwelt on the duties of daughters, on the hardness of the times, on the certainty that if Katherine helped this time assistance would never be needed again. This sort of thing had always satisfied the Dominie, but Tommy, despite his several attempts, had a vague consciousness that there was something second-rate about them, and he tapped on his brain till it responded. The letter he despatched to Ireland but had the wisdom not to read aloud even to Meggy, contained nothing save her own words, "Dear Kaytherine, if you dinna send ten shillings, your puir auld mother will have neither house no hame. I'm crying to you for't, Kaytherine; hearken and you'll hear my cry across the cauldriff sea." It was a call from the heart which transported Katherine to Thrums in a second of time, she seemed to see her mother again, grown frail since last she looked upon her—and so all was well for Meggy. Tommy did not put all this to himself but he felt it, and after that he *could not* have written the letter differently. Happy Tommy! To be an artist is a great thing, but to be one and not know it is the most glorious plight in the world.

Other fickle clients put their correspondence into the boy's hands, and Cathro found it out but said nothing. Dignity kept him in check; he did not even let the tawse speak for him. So well did he dissemble that Tommy could not decide how much he knew, and dreaded his getting hold of some of the letters, yet pined to watch his face while he read them. This could not last forever. Mr. Cathro was like a haughty kettle which has choked its spout that none may know it has come a-boil, and we all know what in that event must happen sooner or later to the lid.

The three boys who had college in the tail of their eye had certain privileges not for the herd. It was taken for granted that when knowledge came their way they needed no overseer to make them stand their ground, and accordingly for great part of the day they had a back bench to themselves, with half a dozen hedges of boys and girls between them and the Dominie. From his chair Mr. Cathro could not see them, but a foot-board was nailed to it, and when he stood on this, as he had an aggravating trick of doing, softly and swiftly, they were suddenly in view. It was a July day, when he was so sleepy himself that the sight of a nodding head enraged him like a caricature, and he was on the footboard frequently for the reason that makes bearded men suck peppermints in church. Against his better judgment he took several peeps at Tommy, whom he had lately suspected of writing his letters or at least of gloating over them on that back bench. To-day he was sure of it. However absorbing Euclid may be, even the forty-seventh of the first book does not make you chuckle and wag your head; you can bring a substantive in Virgil back to the verb that has lost it without looking as if you would like to exhibit them together

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in the square. But Tommy was thus elated until he gave way to grief of the most affecting kind. Now he looked gloomily before him as if all was over, now he buried his face in his hands, next his eyes were closed as if in prayer. All this the Dominie stood from him, but when at last he began to blubber—

At the black-board was an arithmetic class, slates in hand, each member adding up aloud in turn a row of figures. By and by it was known that Cathro had ceased to listen. "Go on," his voice rather than himself said, and he accepted Mary Dundas's trembling assertion that four and seven make ten. Such was the faith in Cathro that even boys who could add promptly turned their eleven into ten, and he did not catch them at it. So obviously was his mind as well as his gaze on something beyond, that Sandy Riach, a wit who had been waiting his chance for years, snapped at it now, and roared "Ten and eleven, nineteen" ("Go on," said Cathro), "and four, twenty," gasped Sandy, "and eight sixteen," he added, gaining courage. "Very good," murmured the Dominie, whereupon Sandy clenched his reputation forever by saying, in one glorious mouthful, "and six, eleven, and two, five, and one, nocht."

There was no laughing at it then (though Sandy held a levee in the evening), they were all so stricken with amazement. By one movement they swung round to see what had fascinated Cathro, and the other classes doing likewise, Tommy became suddenly the centre of observation. Big tears were slinking down his face, and falling on some sheets of paper, which emotion prevented his concealing. Anon the unusual stillness in the school made him look up, but he was dazed, like one uncertain of his whereabouts, and he blinked rapidly to clear his eyes, as a bird shakes water from its wings.

Mr. Cathro first uttered what was afterward described as a kind of throttled skirl, and then he roared "Come here!" whereupon Tommy stepped forward heavily, and tried, as commanded, to come to his senses, but it was not easy to make so long a journey in a moment, and several times, as he seemed about to conquer his tears, a wave of feeling set them flowing again.

"Take your time," said Mr. Cathro, grimly, "I can wait," and this had such a helpful effect that Tommy was able presently to speak up for his misdeeds. They consisted of some letters written at home but brought to the school for private reading, and the Dominie got a nasty jar when he saw that they were all signed "Betsy Grieve." Miss Betsy Grieve, servant to Mr. Duthie, was about to marry, and these letters were acknowledgments of wedding presents. Now, Mr. Cathro had written similar letters for Betsy only a few weeks before.

"Did she ask you to write these for her?" he demanded, fuming, and Tommy replied demurely that she had. He could not help adding, though he felt the unwisdom of it, "She got some other body to do them first, but his letters didna satisfy her."

"Oh!" said Mr. Cathro, and it was such a vicious oh that Tommy squeaked tremblingly, "I dinna know who he was."

Keeping his mouth shut by gripping his underlip with his teeth, the Dominie read the letters, and Tommy gazed eagerly at him, all fear forgotten, soul conquering body. The others stood or sat waiting, perplexed as to the cause, confident of the issue. They were much finer productions than Cathro's, he had to admit it to himself as he read. Yet the rivals had started fair, for Betsy was a recent immigrant from Dunkeld way, and the letters were to people known neither to Tommy nor to the Dominie. Also, she had given the same details for the guidance of each. A lady had sent a teapot, which affected to be new, but was not; Betsy recognized it by a scratch on the lid, and wanted to scratch back, but politely. So Tommy wrote, "When you come to see me we shall have a cup of tea out of your beautiful present, and it will be like a meeting of three old friends." That was perhaps too polite, Betsy feared, but Tommy said, authoritatively, "No, the politer the nippier."

There was a set of six cups and saucers from Peter something, who had loved Betsy in vain. She had shown the Dominie and Tommy the ear-rings

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given her long ago by Peter (they were bought with Sosh checks) and the poem he had written about them, and she was most anxious to gratify him in her reply. All Cathro could do, however, was to wish Peter well in some ornate sentences, while Tommy's was a letter that only a tender woman's heart could have indited, with such beautiful touches about the days which are no more alas forever, that Betsy listened to it with heaving breast and felt so sorry for her old swain that forgetting she had never loved him, she all but gave Andrew the go-by and returned to Peter. As for Peter, who had been getting over his trouble, he saw now for the first time what he had lost, and he carried Betsy's dear letter in his oxter pocket and was inconsolable.

But the masterpiece went to Mrs. Dinnie, baker, in return for a flagon bun. Long ago her daughter, Janet, and Betsy had agreed to marry on the same day, and many a quip had Mrs. Dinnie cast at their romantic compact. But Janet died, and so it was a sad letter that Tommy had to write to her mother. "I'm doubting you're no auld enough for this ane," soft-hearted Betsy said, but she did not know her man. "Tell me some one thing the mother used often to say when she was taking her fun off the pair of you," he said, and "Where is she buried?" was a suggestive question, with the happy tag, "Is there a tree hanging over the grave?" Thus assisted, he composed a letter that had a tear in every sentence. Betsy rubbed her eyes red over it, and not all its sentiments were allowed to die, for Mrs. Dinnie, touched to the heart, printed the best of them in black licorice on short bread for funeral feasts, at which they gave rise to solemn reflections as they went down.

Nevertheless, this letter affected none so much as the writer of it. His first rough sketch became so damp as he wrote that he had to abandon his pen and take to pencil; while he was revising he had often to desist to dry his eyes on the coverlet of Aaron's bed, which made Elspeth weep also, though she had no notion what he was at. But when the work was finished he took her into the secret and read his letter to her, and he almost choked as he did so. Yet he smiled rapturously through his woe, and she knew no better than to be proud of him, and he woke next morning with acold, brought on you can see how, but his triumph was worth its price.

Having read the letter in an uncanny silence, Mr. Cathro unbottled Tommy for the details, and out they came with a rush, blowing away the cork discretion. Yet was the Dominie slow to strike; he seemed to find more satisfaction in surveying his young friend with a wondering gaze, that had a dash of admiration in it which Tommy was the first to note.

"I don't mind admitting before the whole school," said Mr. Cathro, slowly, "that if these letters had been addressed to me they would have taken me in."

Tommy tried to look modest, but his chest would have its way.

"You little sacket," cried the Dominie, "how did you manage it?"

"I think I thought I was Betsy at the time," Tommy answered, with proper awe.

"She told me nothing about the weeping-willow at the grave," said the Dominie, perhaps in self-defence.

"You hadna speired if there was one," retorted Tommy, jealously.

"What made you think of it?"

"I saw it might come in neat." (He had said in the letter that the weeping-willow reminded him of the days when Janet's bonny hair hung down kissing her waist just as the willow kissed the grave.)

"Willows don't hang so low as you seem to think," said the Dominie.

"Yes, they do," replied Tommy, "I walked three miles to see one to make sure. I was near putting in another beautiful bit about weeping-willows."

"Well, why didn't you?"

Tommy looked up with an impudent snigger. "You could never guess," he said.

"Answer me at once," thundered his preceptor. "Was it because——"

"No," interrupted Tommy, so conscious of Mr. Cathro's inferiority that to let him go on seemed waste of time. "It was because, though it is a beautiful thing in itself, I felt a servant lassie wouldna have thought o't, I was sweer,"

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he admitted, with a sigh; then firmly, "but I cut it out."

Again Cathro admired, reluctantly. The hack does feel the difference between himself and the artist. Cathro might possibly have had the idea, he could not have cut it out.

But the hack is sometimes, or usually, or nearly always the artist's master and can make him suffer for his dem'd superiority.

"What made you snivel when you read the pathetic bits?" asked Cathro, with itching fingers.

"I was so sorry for Peter and Mrs. Dinnie," Tommy answered, a little puzzled himself now. "I saw them so clear."

"And yet until Betsy came to you, you had never heard tell of them?"

"No."

"And on reflection you don't care a doit about them?"

"N-no."

"And you care as little for Betsy?"

"No now, but at the time I a kind of thought I was to be married to Andrew."

"And even while you blubbered you were saying to yourself, 'What a clever billie I am!'"

Mr. Cathro had certainly intended to end the scene with the strap, but as he stretched out his hand for it he had another idea. "Do you know why Nether Drumgley's sheep are branded with the letters N. D.?" he asked his pupils, and a dozen replied, "So as all may ken wha they belong to."

"Precisely," said Mr. Cathro, "and similarly they used to brand a letter on a felon, so that all might know whom *he* belonged to." He walked to the empty hearth and having rubbed his finger on the soot of the chimney wrote with it on the forehead of startled Tommy the letters "S. T."

All were so taken aback that for some seconds nothing could be heard save Tommy indignantly wiping his brow; then "Wha is he?" cried one, the mouthpiece of half a hundred.

"He is one of the two proprietors we have just been speaking of," replied Cathro, dryly, and turning again to Tommy, he said, "Wipe away, Sentimental Tommy, try hot water, try cold water, try a knife, Sentimental Tommy, but you will never get those letters off you; you are branded for ever and ever."

(To be concluded in November.)

AUTUMN

By Helen Hay

The ruddy banners of the autumn leaves
Toss out a challenge to the waiting snows
Where Winter stalks from o'er the mountain rows.
This fiery blaze his onward march receives;
A mock defence his coward heart believes
And turns him sulking to his moated close.
Now Man the confidence of Nature knows
And feels the mighty heart that loves and grieves.
Not as in rude young March or hoyden June
Hard in their beauty, laughing thro' their days—
Their fine indifference is out of tune.
In the dark paths we tread in hope and fear
Look we to Autumn and her gracious ways,
The great last swan-song of the dying year.

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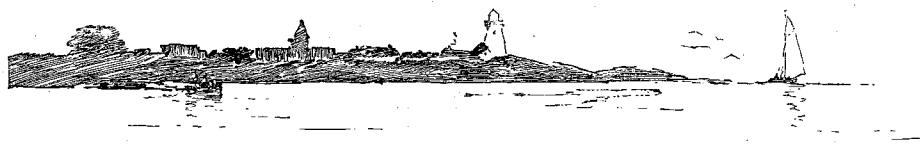

FROM LIGHT TO LIGHT

A CRUISE OF THE ARMERIA, SUPPLY-SHIP

By Kirk Munroe

"NOT one of the white squadron! Not a war-ship! What is she then? She is certainly a Government vessel of some kind."

Such are some of the remarks likely to be overheard at the Maine coast resorts, upon the appearance in the harbor of the United States steamship Armeria. Nor is it any wonder that the big white steamer, with her yellow funnel, many boats, gleaming brass work, and uniformed officers and crew, should be mistaken for a war-ship, or that she should at once suggest pleasing visions of receptions, hops, and the various interesting possibilities of a naval vessel in times of peace. But the Armeria is not a man-of-war, nor does she belong to the Navy. She is merely the largest and most important of the great fleet of Government vessels controlled by the Treasury Department, and devoted to the peaceful service of commerce. She is the lighthouse supply-ship, the only one of her kind owned by the United States, and the finest of her class in the world. Her duty is to pay an annual visit to every light station on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States, from Calais, Me., to Point Isabel, Tex., and to deliver at each a year's supply of oil and the other articles necessary for the maintenance of its light. In addition to visiting the coast lights, she supplies the numerous post lights of the Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Potomac, James, Cape Fear, Savannah, St. John's, and Indian Rivers, shipping the required stores by rail, or by river steamers, to those points that her draught, of thirteen feet, will not permit her to reach. In thus making her annual rounds the Armeria visits about 700, and supplies about 850, light stations.

The supply-ship was built on the Delaware by John Dialogue in 1890, and went into commission the following year. From June 30, 1891, to the same date in 1892, she steamed 14,000 miles, and delivered at light stations 250,000 gallons of mineral oil, 220 tons of paints and paint oils, 3,735 boxes of lamp-chimneys, and 10,735 packages of miscellaneous supplies.

Prior to 1860 all light stations were supplied with sperm-oil from New Bedford, by a contractor named Howland. When sperm was superseded by lard-oil, the business reverted to the general Government, and the old customs station at Tompkinsville, on Staten Island, being transferred to the Lighthouse Department, became the central supply station for the entire country. From here the eastern coast lights, which at that time were practically the only ones in existence, were supplied by the schooners Pharos and Guthrie, the latter of which was commanded by Captain William Wright, the present master of the Armeria. In those days the lard-oil was carried in great casks, from which it was pumped through a line of hose into the lighthouse tanks; and many a thrilling tale of hardship, adventure, and narrow escape is told concerning the landing of those unwieldy casks, through the breakers of the rock-bound New England coast, or the combing surf of

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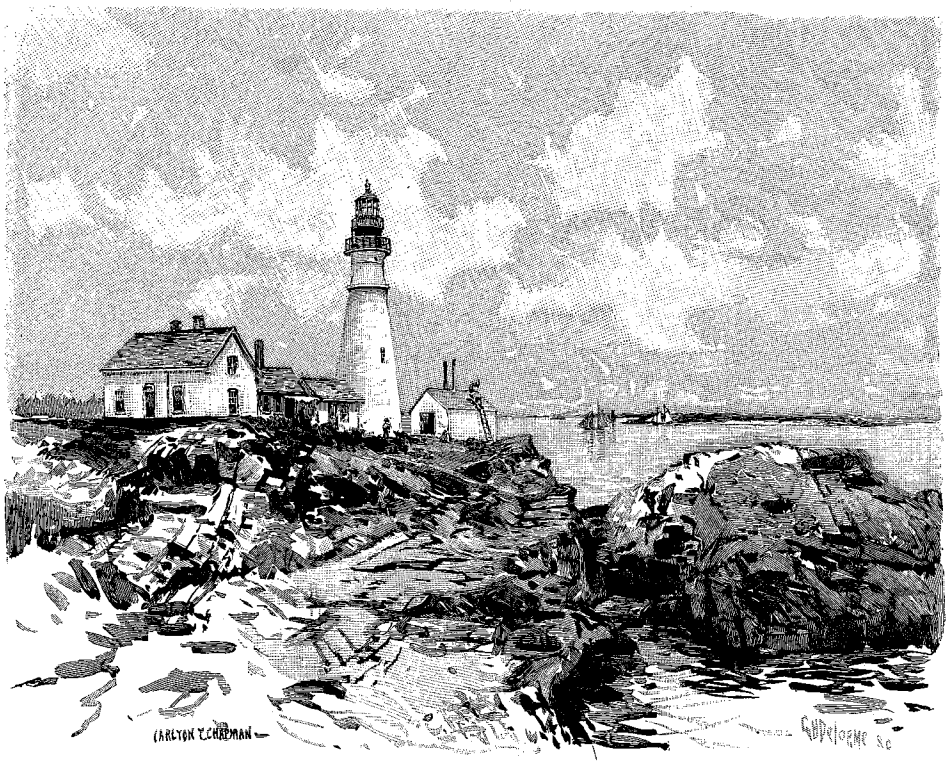
Southern beaches. Innumerable are the records of overturned boats and of brave swimmers battling with the waves, while painfully pushing the heavy oil-casks through them to the beach. On such occasions the broadside of a cask would be presented to an inflowing sea that might help it along, and then it would be quickly turned so as to present an end to the reflux waters. Oftentimes it was found necessary to carry surf-lines to the beach, becket the casks, and thus with infinite labor drag them ashore one at a time.

In 1876 lard began to give place to mineral oil, and the schooners Pharos and Guthrie, the former of which is still in the service as a tender attached to the sixth district, were replaced by the supply-steamer Fern, with Captain Wright as master. The Fern had a capacity for 30,000 gallons of oil, and the business of supplying lights, while steadily increasing in volume with the rapid establishment of new stations, was greatly simplified by the introduction of the new illuminant, which is carried and delivered in small cases. For fifteen years the Fern performed her important duties with unbroken regularity, but at the end of that period the demands of the service had so far exceeded her ability to meet them, that a new and much larger ship was an imperative need. So the present supply-ship was built, and named, as all but eight of the forty-four lighthouse tenders now in the service are, after a flower. The Armeria is the only one of the floral fleet to which is given a botanical name, and but few persons would recognize the common sea-pink or thrift under its more learned appellation. Armeria is also the Latin name for Sweet William. It was a somewhat unfortunate choice, as Armeria so nearly resembles America that the ship is often reported under the latter name, while she sometimes figures in the papers as the "Amelia," or the "Armaria," much to her cap-



Portland Head, Me.

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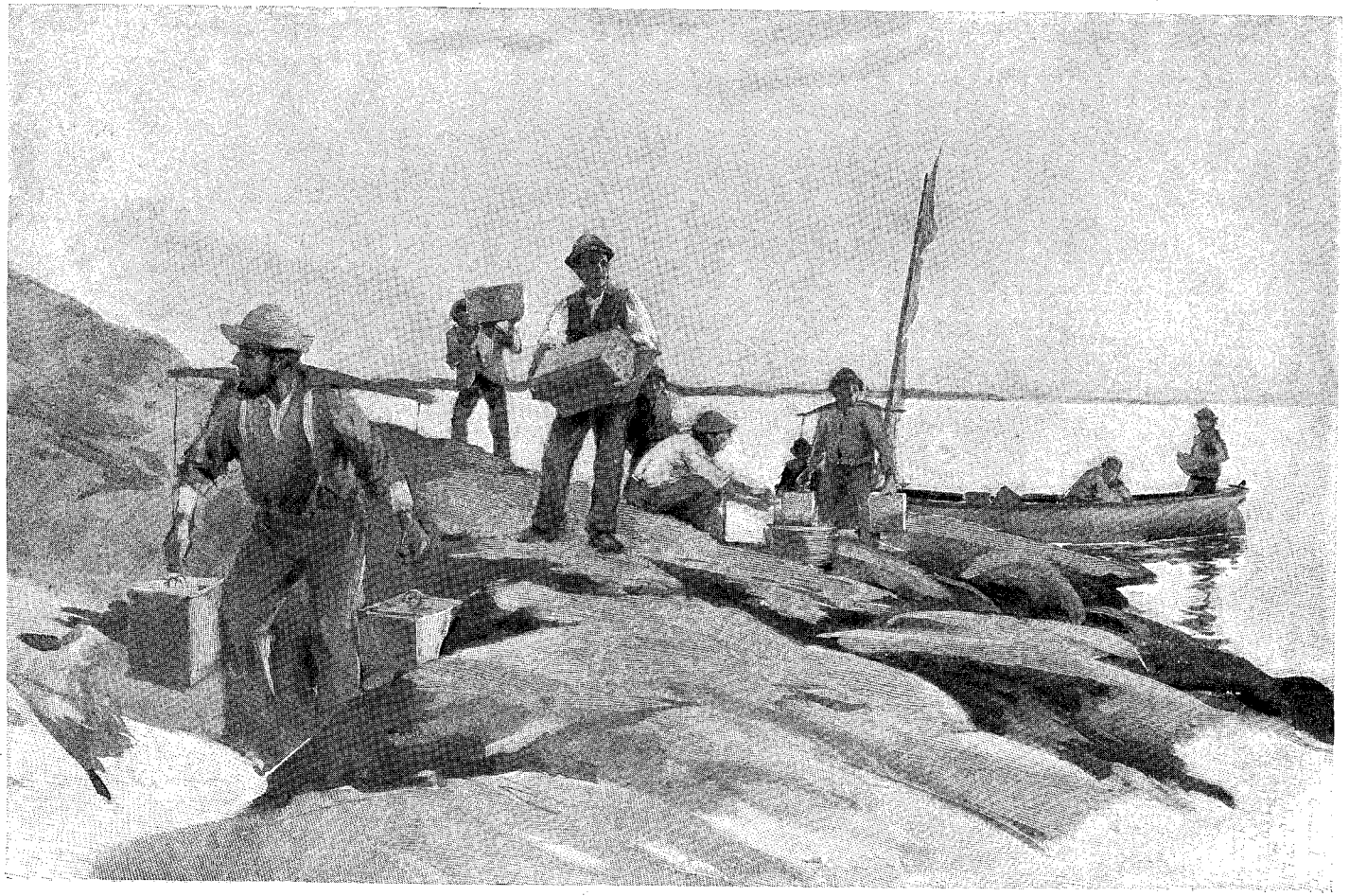

Landing Supplies at West Quoddy, Me. Extreme Eastern light in United States.

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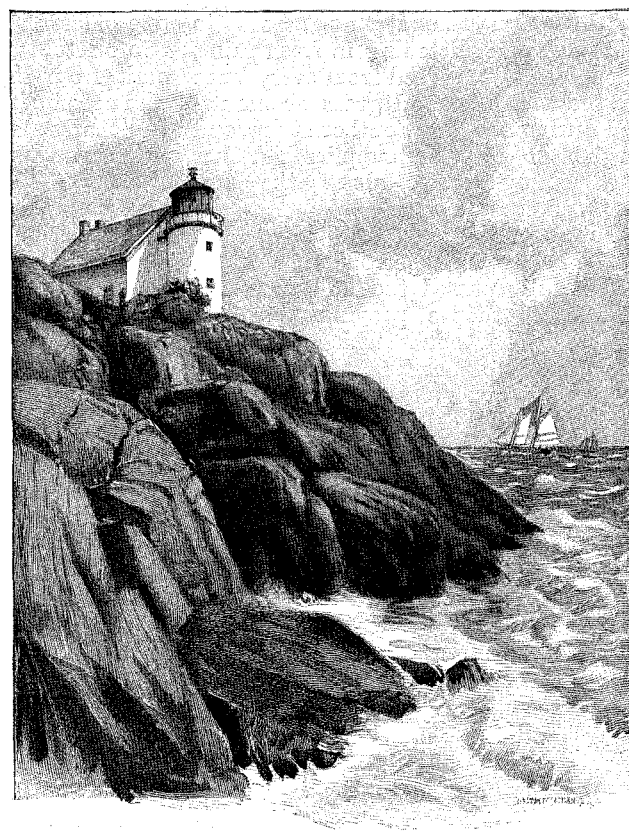
tain's disgust. However, Armeria she is, and the device on her bows is a lighthouse surrounded by sprays of her name-flower in gilded carving.

All the light stations of the United States are grouped in sixteen inspection districts, to each of which is assigned an Army officer as engineer, and an officer of the Navy as Inspector. Eight of these districts are allotted to the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh cover the Great Lakes; the twelfth and thirteenth extend from southern California to Alaska; while the remaining three embrace all navigable waters of the Mississippi Valley, on which are displayed some 1,400 stake or post lights. There are about 150 light stations on the Pacific coast, about 265 on the Great Lakes, and about 850 in the eastern districts; or between 2,600 and 2,700 in all. It is impossible to state the exact number, as new stations are constantly being established. Of all these the oldest is Boston Light, on Little Brewster Island, in Boston Harbor, which was established in 1716 and last rebuilt in 1859. The next oldest is on Brant Point, at the entrance to Nantucket Harbor, which was established in 1746 and last rebuilt in 1856; while the third in point of age is the Gurnet, off Plymouth, established in 1769.



Heron's Rock, Penobscot Bay, Me.

For the Pacific coast light stations all supplies are shipped from Staten Island in sailing-vessels around the Horn to San Francisco, whence they are distributed by the tenders belonging to the twelfth and thirteenth districts. For the Great Lakes and Mississippi Valley districts, oil is purchased in the West, but all other supplies are furnished from Staten Island; while to the eight eastern districts everything necessary to the maintenance of lights is supplied by the Armeria.

In order to pay an annual visit to every light station along this vast extent of coast, the supply-ship must make three trips during each year. The first, or eastern cruise, which covers the territory between Staten Island and Calais, in Maine, is undertaken in the summer and occupies the greater part of August and September. Upon its completion two months are allowed for cleaning, overhauling, repairs, and reloading, before the winter cruise, which is from Cape Lookout in North Carolina to the mouth of the Rio Grande, is begun. Coming north in April, the ship is immediately reloaded for her spring or middle cruise, which is from Cape Lookout to New York. After this cruise she is again docked and overhauled. From the dry dock

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in Brooklyn she steams across to Staten Island glistening in fresh paint, with her bottom freed from every trace of the barnacles and grass accumulated during her long Southern trips, and begins to take in supplies for her forthcoming cruise along the New England coast.

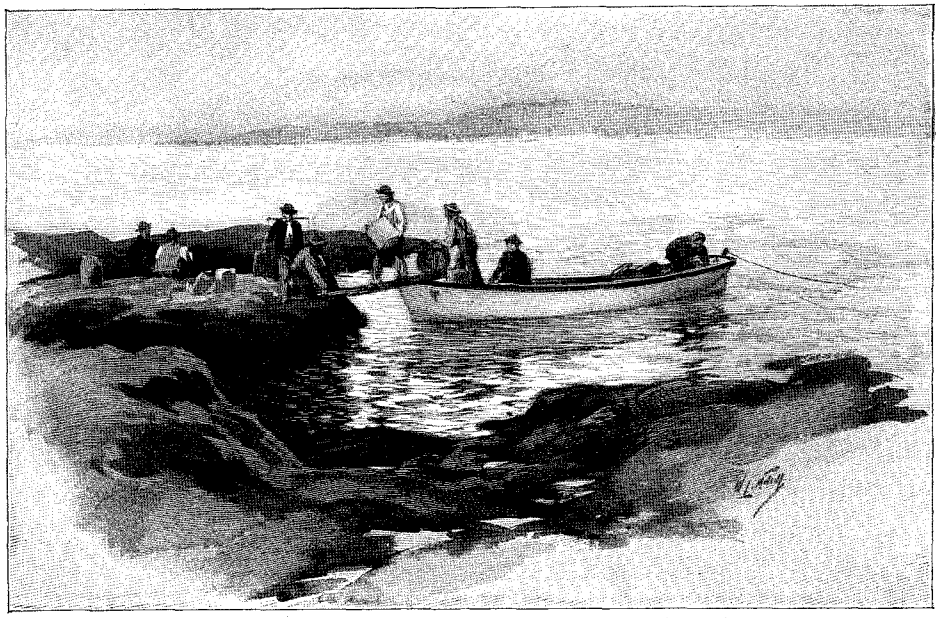
Now nearly, or quite, 100,000 gallons of the best refined petroleum, that has successfully passed the 170° flash-test of the lighthouse proving-room, are stored in her hold. This oil is contained in five-gallon tins, each protected by a stout wooden case, to which is affixed a strong bail or handle. While this most important item of lighthouse supply is being snugly stowed below, the great storehouse of the station is being drawn upon for as miscellaneous an assortment of articles as would furnish a country store.

As these multifarious supplies are received on board the Armeria, they find their allotted places in the capacious store-rooms that occupy the after-parts of the maindeck and hold. Here they are under the supervision of a chief clerk, an assistant clerk, and a yeoman.

The Armeria carries a crew of forty-one officers and men, or rather, forty-two all told; for it would never do to omit from the list the captain's wife, who accompanies him on all his cruises and shares many of his anxious watches on the bridge in seasons of fog and storm.

Captain Wright himself is a typical American shipmaster; ruddy-faced, deep-chested, with a voice to be heard above the roar of a gale, cool and self-possessed in times when these qualities are most needed. He has been master of lighthouse supply-ships for twenty-five years, and is probably the only man living who is a pilot to every harbor on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States. Not only this, but he knows and remembers the location of every lighthouse, lightship, beacon, and buoy, from Maine to Texas.

As the white ship sets forth from Staten Island on her summer's cruise to the perilous New England coast, she is deeply laden with supplies for the three hundred and odd light stations she is to visit before her return, for the tenders of the several Eastern districts, and for a number of buoy stations. She does not begin her work



The Landing at Egg Rock in Frenchman's Bay, Me.—Mount Desert in the distance.

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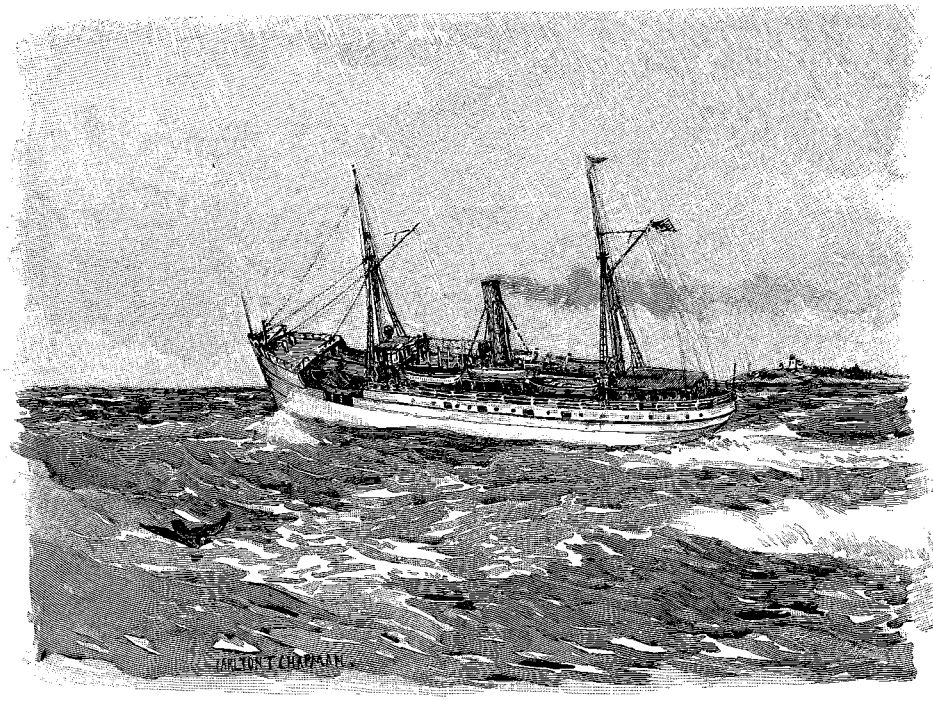

United States Lighthouse Supply-Steamer Armeria.

at New York, but proceeds directly to the Maine coast, making her first stop at Portland. Even after leaving that point she passes, without notice, the lights of Portland Head, Half-way Rock, Seguin, at the mouth of the Kennebec, Pemmaquid, Monhegan, far out at sea, which held the first white settlement made in Maine, Marshall's Point, Tennant's Harbor, and half a dozen more, until Whitehead light, at the extreme western point of Penobscot Bay, is reached.

As the Armeria approaches Whitehead she is welcomed by a hoarse salute from its deep-toned, steam fog-horn, and the few inmates of the light-house gather on the rocks to witness this most interesting arrival of the year. She rounds the bold headland into a haven of glassy, forest-bordered waters, and her ponderous anchor rushes to the bottom, with a deafening roar of chain. Almost at the same moment the capacious freight-boat in which the supplies are to be carried ashore is lowered from the forward davits, and dropped back to an open port opposite the main hatch, from which the cases of oil are passed by a dozen members of the crew clad in working suits of brown canvas.

As Whitehead is a third-order light, it is entitled to 275 gallons of mineral oil, with 40 more for use in the keeper's dwelling, or 63 cases in all. Besides these, the boat receives a miscellaneous freight of paints, cases of lubricating oil, cans of tallow, brooms, mats, shovels, hoes and rakes, lamps, boxes of chimneys, one of window-glass, and another of soap, and last of all a good-sized tin chest known as the "supply-box," and filled to overflowing with the linen, stationery, brushes, cleaning materials, and numerous other minor articles of supply. Down the rope side-ladder, into the boat, slide the second and third mates, the assistant clerk, the yeoman, and a crew of eight or ten stalwart Scandinavian sailors. If there is a favorable breeze a lug-sail is hoisted, if not the boat moves off under the impulse of lusty oars. A long experience has taught the mate, who holds the tiller-ropes, where to find the best landing. He

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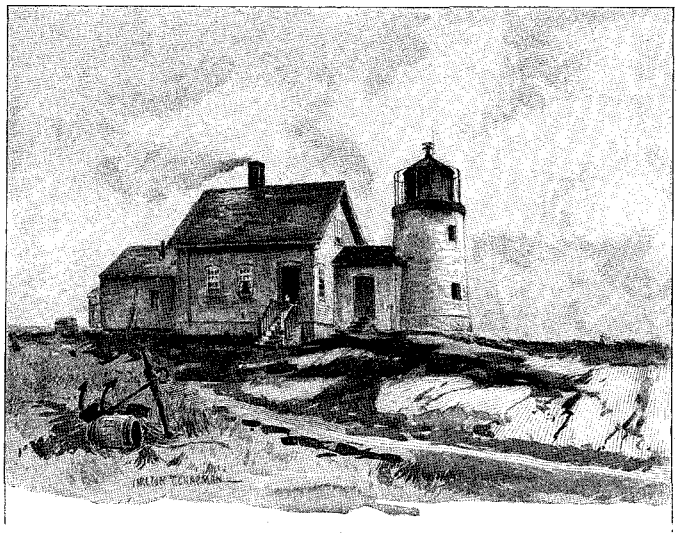

Pumpkin Island, Penobscot Bay, Me.

steers straight for it, and in another minute, to the sharp orders of "Way enough! In oars! Stand by with the boat-hook!" the boat shoots into a basin between two low ledges, bow and stern lines are made fast, and a plank is run ashore. The light-keeper in full uniform, hastily donned at the first intimation of the Armeria's approach, stands at the water's edge, to give these welcome visitors a hearty greeting, and lend them what assistance he may. He reports the amount of oil that he has still on hand, and the number of empty cases to be returned. Possessed of this information, the second mate directs the third to deliver such a number of full cases as will stock the little isolated brick oil-house with a thirteen months' supply. Then in company with the keeper he visits the latter's house, whither the assistant clerk and the yeoman, bearing the supply-box between them, have preceded him.

The grounds about the neat dwelling-house are in perfect order, its exterior is bright with fresh paint and whitewash, and every inch of its interior is as scrupulously clean as soap, water, and persistent effort can make it. The assistant keepers appear in uniform, the women, if there are any, show to advantage in fresh calicoes, and the bashful faces of the children, dressed in their Sunday best, shine above clean collars as though they too had been polished for the occasion. In the best room of the house, the walls of which are decorated with the keeper's marriage certificate, or honorable discharge from the army, in a neat frame, with photographs of light-houses or brilliant marine lithographs, the mate and clerk, pens in hand, seat themselves at a table and unfold portentous-looking papers. At the same time the yeoman opens his supply-box on the floor, and displays its treasures as a pedler would those of his pack.

The mate's paper is a voluminous form filled in by the keeper with a list of articles remaining on hand from the supplies of the preceding year. The clerk's is a blank form of the same character, in which he will note the articles delivered on the present occasion. "One broom, give three," says the mate. "Two linen towels, give ten. One sponge, give two. Sandpaper, none, give twelve." This is continued through page after page of the long lists, while the yeoman places the articles to be delivered on one side of his box and those to be returned to the ship storeroom on the other. As the box gradually becomes emptied, and the floor covered with its varied treasures of linen, glass, cutlery, brushes, stationery, etc., the yeoman's resemblance to a pedler displaying his wares becomes stronger than ever. At one side sits the keeper, nervously fingering his cap and hoping that he has made no mistake in his list. His wife also hovers near, determined that he shall not be allowed to forget the old hand-lamp that leaks, and which she means to have exchanged for a new one; while the bashful children, whispering excitedly to each other, crowd the open doorway. When

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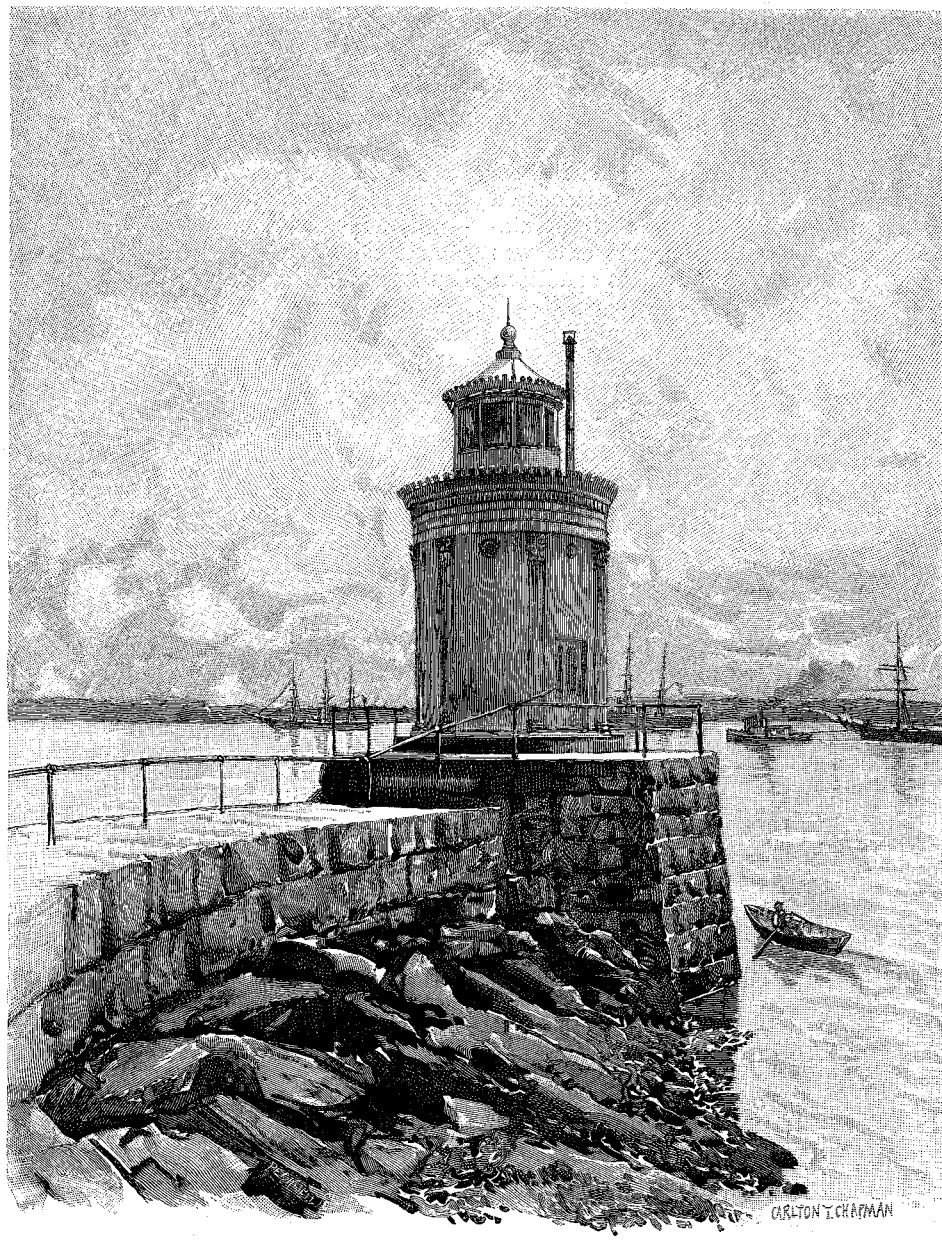
the lists are finished, and an extra one of articles to be procured from the boat has been made out, the keeper is called upon to produce all his worn-out brooms, brushes, mops, and broken tools, decrepit lamps, or dust-pans, which must be gathered up and taken to the boat before they can be replaced by new utensils of the same character. Eventually these worn-out articles are thrown overboard when the lighthouse from which they came has been left so far behind that there is no chance of their drifting back to it, and being picked up to be again offered in evidence the following year. While this



The Portland Breakwater.

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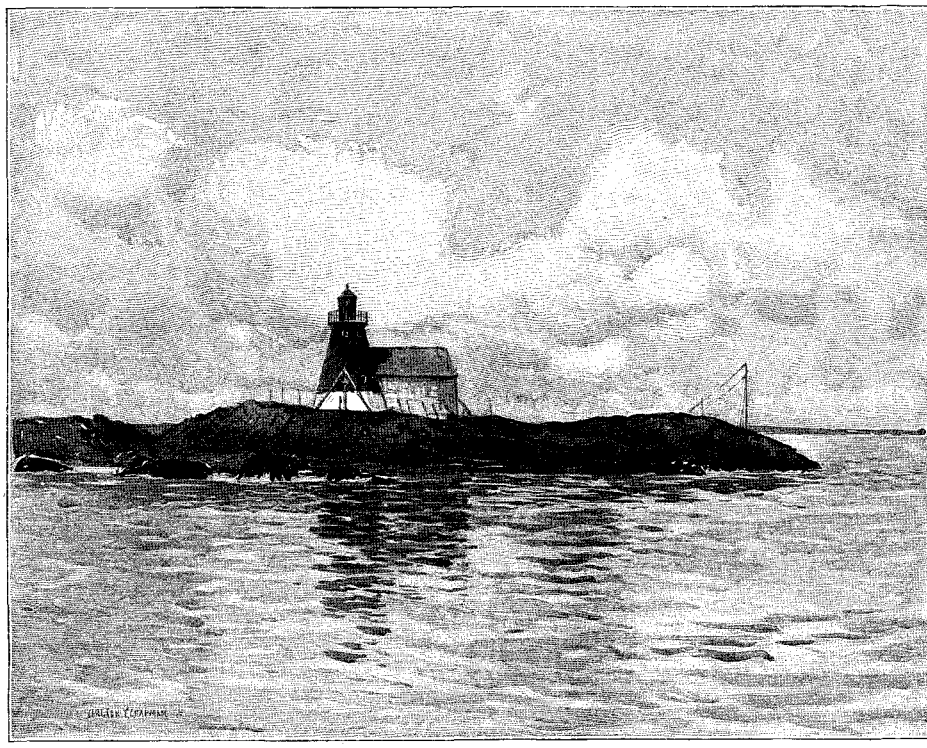
portion of the supply business is being transacted at the dwelling, the boat's crew is carrying oil, two cases at a time, up over the slippery rocks to the oil-house. Each of the men is provided with a wooden shoulder-yoke, such as are used by farmers for carrying milk-pails. From each end of the yoke depends a chain terminating in an iron hook. These hooks catch on to the stout wire bails of the oil cases, and thus a man is enabled to carry two cases, or about 120 pounds, at a trip. On his return from the oil-house he brings two "empties," which are ultimately returned to Staten Island to be refilled. To each of these is attached a tag bearing the name of the light station, the date on which the case was emptied, and a note as to its condition signed by the light-keeper.

During these proceedings the captain's gig has come ashore, bringing the member of the Lighthouse Board who happens to be making this particular cruise. He is received with due deference by the keeper, and conducted through the buildings to the top of the tower, where he carefully examines the mechanism of the light, and into the engine-room of the fog signal. He listens attentively to the keeper's complaints or suggestions, and makes a note of them. He is so affable and expresses such a lively interest in all that he sees, that even the keeper's wife plucks up courage to enter a plea for a new porch over her front door as a protection against the driving storms of winter, or an addition to the dwelling to meet the needs of her growing family, all of which is readily promised, provided the appropriation holds out —which it rarely does.

After supplying Whitehead, the ship lies quietly at anchor all night, but if the weather be favorable she is off for Matinicus Rock, 18 miles out at sea, by early daylight. At six o'clock, with the sun an hour high, she is at anchor on the inner side of the grim rock-pile that stands as outer sentry to Penobscot



Saddleback Rock, Maine.

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Bay. It is a bleak and rugged place, cleft with deep fissures and piled high with huge bowlders, but supporting in sheltered nooks a few acres of rich grass that afford pasturage to a lonely cow. Its two light towers are of gray granite as grim and forbidding as the Rock itself, while the principal keeper's house, nestled at the foot of one of them, is of the same sombre but substantial material. The engine-house for the steam fog-signal, standing in front of the same tower, is a low building of granite and brick, with immensely thick walls, founded on the everlasting rock, fifty feet above the mean water-level, and apparently able to withstand any natural force short of an earthquake shock. Yet, a few years ago, during a furious winter gale from the southeast the huge seas uplifted themselves until they were hurled with irresistible force over every portion of the island, sweeping away everything movable, and shattering the stout outer wall of the engine-house as though it were but a wooden shell. Huge bowlders, weighing many tons, were rolled hither and thither; while one great cube of granite, measuring $20 \times 8 \times 6$ feet, was tossed from the base nearly to the summit of the Rock. In the midst of this wild war of elements, the keeper's little daughter, seeing a coop containing her two pet chickens about to be washed away, ran out and brought them back in safety to the tower in which she and her parents had taken refuge. Captain Isaac Grant, who was then the principal keeper, and who in his seafaring years commanded thirty-four different vessels, declares that he never witnessed another gale of equal fury, and hopes never to again. He is now a hale veteran of ninety, and only recently resigned his position as keeper in favor of one of his sons. Now three generations of Grants contentedly occupy this little granite dwelling, and call this bit of storm-swept rock in the open sea their home. One advantage possessed by Matinicus is its great natural rock cistern, which receives a large portion of the island's rainfall and thus stores an ample supply for use in the boilers of the fog-signal.

On the inner side of the island stands a little slanting boat-house, from which stout timber-ways, well greased for the sliding of boats, extend down over the rocks into the restless waters. The freight-boat from the supply-ship, coming in on the top of a long roller, is headed to a nicety for these, a stout cable that runs to a winch in the boat-house is hooked on the instant she touches, and in a minute more the heavily laden boat is drawn clear of the water, and half-way up the ways, where its unloading is a matter of comparative simplicity. When the supplying of the station is finished, the crew tumbles into the boat, the cable is cast off, and she slides down the greased incline into the water with the exciting rush of a toboggan.

The supplying of Matinicus is hardly completed before a sea-fog begins to roll in, and the captain is glad to turn his ship's head landward toward the inshore stations that the fog may not yet have reached. So the lonely rock is quickly lost to sight, and only the hoarse booming of its ten-inch fog-whistle, uttering a warning note every half-minute, gives proof of its existence. The course now laid is for Heron Neck, on the most southerly of the Fox Islands, from which granite has been quarried for half the public buildings of the country. As this is a fifth-order light, and only requires twenty cases of oil, its supplying is quickly accomplished, and the Armeria is headed for Saddleback Ledge, within three miles of the highlands of the Isle au Haut. Saddleback Ledge, as seen last summer, was a bare rock absolutely devoid of vegetation, save for three sickly pea-vines, two hills of potatoes, and a dozen spears of oats, which, with a longing to look upon something green, the keeper had coaxed into life in his trash heap, though with the certain knowledge that the first heavy gale would sweep them away.

At this station the rocks rise so abruptly, and the break of the sea upon them is so constant, that an anchor is dropped over the stern of the freight-boat, a line from her bows is made fast ashore by the light-keepers, and, as she lies thus, moored in tossing white wa-

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ters, within a few feet of the sullen coast, her cargo is transferred to the Ledge by means of a stout iron derrick, securely planted in the solid rock high above her.

This is one of the wildest and bleakest of light stations of that savage region, and, according to a story told there, it was once the scene of a remarkably plucky adherence to duty on the part of a fifteen-year-old boy. He was the son of the keeper, and on this occasion was left alone in the tower while his father went ashore for provisions in their only boat. Before the latter could return a violent storm arose, and for the next three weeks there was no time in which the keeper's boat could have lived for a moment in the wild seas that raged about the lonely rock. Still the light was kept burning by that fifteen-year-old boy, who had little to eat and but scant time to sleep. Night after night, for three weeks, its steady gleam shone through the blackness of the pitiless storm and gladdened the father's straining eyes. When the ordeal was ended the boy was so weak from exhaustion as to be barely able to speak. At the same time there was no prouder father, nor happier young light-keeper on the Maine coast, than those who met on the storm-swept Ledge of Saddleback that day.

After supplying several smaller lights the Armeria is again headed seaward toward Mount Desert Rock, twenty miles southward from the nearest point of Mount Desert Island. So truly does the white ship steer for this distant bit of rock, barely four acres in all, that when the solemn tolling of its fog-bell comes to the ears of the anxious listeners on board, it is dead ahead. In another moment the Rock looms grimly out of the fog, not half a dozen lengths away, the great anchor plunges overboard and the ship becomes motionless amid a fleet of bobbing buoys that mark the location of the keeper's lobster pots and trawls.

Here, as at Matinicus, the freight-boat, borne in on the swell of a long roller, is run high up on the boat-house ways before the task of unloading can be undertaken. Her arrival is greeted with vociferous barkings of a fine dog, who even plunges into the water to welcome the new-comers and afterward frisks about them in a state of the wildest excitement. For years this dog has kept the station supplied with drift firewood dragged out on the rocks from the surrounding waters. One pleasant summer afternoon the keeper's only child, a little five-year-old boy, played outside the house while his mother was busy within. Unnoticed he wandered away. Half an hour later the mother's attention was attracted by the dog, which bounded into the house barking, whining, and trying in every way to tell her of what he had just done. He was wet, and the woman, thinking he had only captured another bit of driftwood, ordered him out to dry in the sun. He went, but in another minute returned and laid her child's hat, draggled and water-soaked, at the mother's feet. Taking instant alarm, she ran from the house and followed the excited animal, until he led her to the place where her little one lay, cold, wet, and unconscious. He had evidently fallen into the sea and the dog had plunged in after him. The child's clothing was torn to shreds by the dog's teeth and the sharp rocks over which he had been dragged, and the tender body was bruised from head to foot. Otherwise he was uninjured, and he soon recovered from the effects of the accident that had so nearly turned the lonely light station into a place of mourning.

On Mount Desert Rock there is no soil, save such as has been brought, with great labor, in barrels from the mainland. With this a tiny flower-garden has been made in a sheltered corner. In it, and in a number of boxes, a few hardy plants bloom brightly, and afford a new source of joy with each opening bud. In the windows, too, as is the case at nearly all the light stations on the coast, a few pots of flowers receive assiduous care. The tiny garden is carefully fenced in to protect it from the flock of fowls that constitute the sole live stock of this rocky farm. Having no soil in which to scratch, these poor birds have struggled with the unyielding rocks until their scratching apparatus is entirely

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worn away, and there is every prospect that the situation will sooner or later evolve a breed of toeless chickens. A number of tame gulls, and a stately heron, live peacefully with the barnyard fowls, and in the house many cages are filled with song sparrows, robins, and other land birds that have been picked up exhausted or with broken wings on the rocks, after nights of storm and intense darkness. Besides these, dead birds of all descriptions, including hundreds of ducks and geese during the migratory seasons, have been found at the foot of the tower, against the glowing lantern of which they have dashed themselves during bewildered night flights. Some of the best specimens of these have been skilfully mounted, and now adorn the keeper's parlor; for even in a lighthouse far out at sea, and remote from a possibility of formal visits, the New England parlor or "best room" is a sacred and carefully guarded institution.

At Mount Desert Rock the Armeria's crew is always allowed an hour for fishing, with the result that a score of lines over the sides, baited with herring, serve to fill any number of tubs with cod, hake, haddock, pollock, and cusk; while dogfish and sculpins cumber the deck in every direction. At the end of the fishing hour, the anchor is again lifted, and with a parting salute to the fog-bound rock, the supply-ship starts on a sixty-mile run through the impenetrable mist banks for Moose Peak light, on Mistake Island, which marks the western entrance to the Bay of Fundy.

In these fog runs the captain and first mate strain their eyes and ears from opposite ends of the bridge; the second mate is stationed in the foremast crosstrees; the third and one of the crew peer anxiously ahead and listen for breakers, whistles, or bells from the point of the bows; and the quartermaster at the wheel steers the designated course to a nicety. The silence is only broken by the hissing swash of parted seas from the ship's sides, the deep tones of the steam-whistle blown at two minute intervals, occasional answering notes from somewhere, far away, and the sharp stroke of the ship's bell announcing, with startling distinctness, the passage of hours and half-hours. On top of the pilot-house, ready to the captain's hand, lies his own book of sailing directions, compiled during former cruises of the Armeria or Fern, containing all the courses, and the time occupied in running from light to light, and from buoy to buoy, at both full and half speed, along the entire Atlantic coast. By a glance at this he knows just how long he ought to run before picking up the whistling buoy off Moose Peak. He also knows the exact course to be steered, and by frequent glances at the bridge compass he detects the slightest carelessness of the quartermaster at the wheel. Thus when he calls out to the various persons on watch to keep a sharp ear open for the whistling buoy, they know for a certainty that it must be close at hand. Yes! there it is! One of the forward lookouts has detected a faint moaning sound coming from the sea almost dead ahead, and reports it. "How does it bear?" demands the captain. "A point on the port bow, sir," answers the man, at the same time pointing in the direction thus indicated. All at once the abrupt moanings of the restless buoy are heard by all hands, then the swaying beacon itself emerges from the fog and glides by, not a biscuit toss away. Instantly the course is changed, and in a few minutes the clanging of a hand-bell, rung from Moose Peak light, comes clearly through the heavy atmosphere. Directly afterward the ghostly form of a white tower, and a wall of black rocks fringed with dashing spray, loom into view so close at hand that one catches his breath at the sight; then, as the ship rounds an abrupt point and glides in to a safe anchorage behind it, the fog seems suddenly to tire of its efforts at bewilderment and destruction. It draws back and hangs in sullen folds just outside, leaving the Armeria and her immediate surroundings in pleasant sunlight.

Moose Peak is a second-order light, and as such demands one hundred and forty cases, or seven hundred gallons, of

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oil. As the rocks here are very slippery and very steep, the task of transporting the supplies from the wave-tossed freight-boat at their base to their summit, and thence to the distant oil-house, is so great that it occupies two full hours. Several of the crew slip on the kelp-covered rocks and roll, with their burdens, into gullies or salt-water pools. In these mishaps a case or two of oil is broken and the contents spilled; but beyond a few bruises and cuts, which no one seems to mind, the men are uninjured, and the ship finally receives all hands safely on board again. Once more she plunges into the fog, this time for a twenty-five mile run to the light station of Little River. Now there is another whistling buoy to be listened for and picked up, but when it is found the heavy, machine-rung bell of the Little River station is plainly heard at the same time. Slowly, but surely and safely, the white ship makes her way through a narrow, rock-bound entrance into an exquisitely beautiful harbor. Here, as at Moose Peak, the fog rolls sullenly back after the haven is reached, and leaves the anchorage bathed in the crimson and gold of an undimmed sunset. It is dark by the time the supplying of the station is finished, and so the Armeria remains in this pleasant place for the night in company with a fog-bound fleet of yachts and fishermen.

The following day is Sunday, when no work that can be avoided is done on board the supply-ship. Even the fog has retired from business, and the day is of that dazzling beauty known only to a northern sea-coast in summer-time. The officers of the ship appear in their newest uniforms, and the brown canvas working-suits of the crew are replaced by the natty blue shirts, trousers, and hats, and the black silk neckerchiefs of men-of-war's men. Although the business of supplying light stations is interrupted by the day, the sunlight on that wild coast is too precious to be wasted. So about noon the white ship steams out of the harbor and, still headed eastward, passes West Quoddy Head, on which is located the most easterly coast light station of the United States, skirts the outer shores of the Canadian island of Campobello, and rounds East Quoddy, where, from the light station, she is saluted by a dipping British ensign, into Passamaquoddy Bay.

Stretching far into the bay from either shore are scores of fish-weirs from which millions of small herring are taken during the summer season for the supply of Eastport sardine (?) factories. Leaving Eastport on the left the ship sturdily breasts the outrushing flood of an ebb-tide that will fall twenty feet before turning, and enters the mouth of the St. Croix River. This broad waterway forms the boundary-line between Maine and New Brunswick, and on it, just below Calais, nearly ten miles up, is the stake light that marks the most easterly station of the United States Lighthouse Department. The light is only a lantern hung to a tree; but it must be supplied with oil as regularly as the Dochet Island lighthouse, five miles below, which is the most easterly of the lighthouse establishments.

The next six days are like the boy's diary, in which every entry for a week was "Same as yesterday;" for when the great Fundy fog mill gets well to work it continues to grind out fog until the supply of raw material is exhausted. In spite of the fog, guided by the roar of breakers on unseen rocks and dripping ledges, the ship slowly retraces her way, as though by instinct, along the perilous coast.

Fogs of this character, trying as they are to visitors, are little minded by the light-keepers of that enshrouded region. One of them, in fact, reported, with evident pride, that his steam fog-horn had been in uninterrupted operation for twenty-seven days, and declared that he dreaded the silence which would come with clear weather. The fog is as nothing when compared with the wild storms of winter, that cut off their communications with the mainland. Then, indeed, the dreary monotony of the light-keeper's life on one of the outlying Maine islands becomes well-nigh unbearable. For weeks at a time he is confined to his isolated rock, or tiny islet, as absolutely as a prisoner to his cell. He receives no tidings from the world, no letters nor papers, and he reads his few books over and over until he knows

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them by heart. He cannot go fishing, for, even if the weather would permit, the fish have sought deeper and warmer waters. His children are away at school on the mainland, and, of the many visitors, whose coming and going through the summer has created a constant ripple of excitement, not one is left. Even the light-house tender does not visit him more than once or twice during the winter. So, compared with such a condition of affairs, a mere fog, which does not interrupt the fishing, nor keep visitors away, nor even delay the mail-boat to any great extent, is a very minor evil.

As the ship creeps down the coast the saturated solution of humidity may be precipitated in a downpour of rain that partially clears the heavy atmosphere, and enables her to proceed at full speed through a bewildering maze of ledges, sheep-covered islands, and jagged rocks resonant with the shrill screams of countless sea-fowl, to Moose-a-Bec Reach, on which is located the straggling, fish-scented town of Jonesport, and a lighthouse.

After leaving Moose-a-Bec, another seaward plunge into the invisible is taken for a run out to 'Tit (Petit) Manan. But for its powerful steam fog-signal, 'Tit Manan would be hard to find; for when the Armeria anchors within a biscuit toss of its snarling rocks, its tower still is hidden from the deck.

There is no safe anchorage for any length of time near 'Tit Manan, and a haven for the night must be found. Prospect Harbor, only ten miles away, is the nearest, but the way to it is so narrow and so beset with deadly ledges, that to attempt the run seems little short of suicidal. Nevertheless, by proceeding with infinite caution, and bringing into play every detail of his absolute knowledge of the coast, Captain Wright successfully accomplished the feat, and after two hours of the most anxious and delicate work, anchored his ship in the exact centre of the Prospect Harbor inner basin. This bit of seamanship draws forth the hearty plaudits of a group of weather-beaten Yankee coasting skippers, whose schooners are fog-bound in the harbor. One of them declares there wasn't "airy nuther cap'n would have dared tackle the job, or could have put it through ef he had," and this is the unanimous verdict of the assemblage.

Prospect Harbor light station is supplied without being seen from the ship, which lies but two hundred yards away, and with this the week's labor ends. Only nine lights supplied in eight days beats the record for slow work since the business was undertaken by a steamer.

But there is a limit even to Fundy fogs, and one morning the sun rises in the teeth of a snapping northwest breeze such as no fog can withstand for a minute. Two hours later, under the bluest of skies and ploughing the most sparkling of waters, the white Armeria, having already visited the lights at Winter Harbor and Egg Rock, was saluting the white warships anchored off Bar Harbor and steaming toward the head of Frenchman's Bay, to supply Crabtree Ledge light on Hancock Point, the station that all Mount Deserters know so well.

That same night finds her on the other side of the island, anchored in Southwest Harbor, with the stations on Baker's and Great Duck Islands supplied and left behind. From this point, as the swift steamer speeds from light to light, she seems to feel the exhilarating influence of glorious weather as keenly as do any of her crew. Bear Island is supplied at daylight, and Bass Harbor Head, the last of the Mount Desert lights, by sunrise. Then comes the station of Blue Hill Bay, and a run amid the exquisite scenery of Eggemoggin Reach, past great coasting schooners loading with ice or granite, dashing yachts, and flying fishermen, past tiny islets, each with its crown of evergreens, and bald headlands, past Sedgwick on the mainland, and Isleboro on Deer Island. At the western end of the Reach she lies off and on for an hour before Pumpkin Island light station, and its cluster of pretty cottages owned by Keeper Babson, which forms a summer rendezvous for one of the brightest and jolliest circles of emancipated school-teachers to be found on the New England coast. The next stop is at Eagle Island, where

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the lighthouse, perched on a lofty height, commands the most superb view of any in the district. From it the course is again inshore to Dice's Head, at the entrance to Castine Harbor, and thence still farther up Penobscot Bay to the mouth of the river, where the Fort Point light stands in front of a great summer hotel, the guests from which always flock to the beach to witness the unlading of the freight-boat. Down the island-dotted bay again goes the busy steamer, to where the white tower on Grindel's Point, sharply outlined against the dark green of a spruce forest and looking like a toy structure, shines in the full glory of sunset. From here a quick run through the long shadows of the Camden Mountains takes her to Negro Island, where the laden freight-boat is dropped; and then, slowing down as though weary with her day's work, the Armeria swings into the beautiful harbor of Camden and anchors for the night. The light station on Negro Island is the ninth supplied since daybreak, and thus the record for this one day is the same as for the whole of the preceding week.

So the white ship moves on from light to light, her coming always anticipated with pleasure, and her arrival always warmly welcomed, until the circuit of her Eastern trip is complete, and she is again moored off the Staten Island station, making ready for her long winter cruise to the southward.

While on the Maine coast she leaves at the Seguin station 2,200 gallons of oil for use in its light, which is of the first order, and the first of its class to be encountered on the Atlantic coast. At Thatcher's Island, off the point of Cape Ann, in Massachusetts, she leaves double that quantity of oil; for here are shown two lights of the first order. Fortunately, first-order lights are not nearly so numerous as is popularly supposed, for if they were, several Armerias would be kept busy supplying their needs. From Maine to Texas they number but forty, all told, and are the lights of Seguin, Cape Elizabeth, Thatcher's Island, Cape Cod (Highland light), Gay Head, Block Island, Montauk, Shinnecock, Fire Island, Navesink, Barnegat, Absecom, Cape May, Cape Henlopen, Assateague, Capes Charles and Henry, Currituck Beach, Body's Island, Hatteras, Cape Lookout, Cape Romaine, Charleston, and Tybee; the eleven East Florida coast lights, extending from St. Augustine (Anastasia Island) to the Tortugas (Loggerhead Key), Pensacola, and two at the mouths of the Mississippi. For their annual supply and that of their keepers' dwellings, these forty powerful lamps demand very nearly one hundred thousand gallons of oil.

Of all the light stations visited by the Armeria, that at Jupiter Inlet, well down on the eastern coast of Florida, is the hardest to supply, for here the work must be done on an open beach, where a heavy surf is always encountered. In it the freight-boat is frequently overturned, and its contents are scattered far and wide. If the inlet is closed, which often happens, the supplies must be landed on the beach, carried across a high and wide ridge of loose sand, then shipped into other boats to be taken across the inner lagoon, and finally carried to the top of the high bluff on which the lighthouse stands. Here, too, must be delivered all supplies for the twenty-six post lights on the Indian River.

Another difficult station to supply is that of the Highland Light, on Cape Cod, which is perched on the edge of a sheer cliff, one hundred and forty-two feet above water-level. It being thus inaccessible from the sea, its supplies are landed on the bay, or inner side of the Cape, and carried across the intervening country in carts. The price paid for this work is five cents a case, or fifty cents per load, and so eager are the natives to obtain the job, that the moment the Armeria heaves in sight the two-wheeled Cape carts are to be seen racing toward her landing-place from every direction, and as the deeply laden freight-boat nears the beach, the rival competitors for her cargo drive into the water until their ponies are almost at swimming depth, and urge their claims to be employed with excited gesticulations and a confusion of cries rich in Yankee dialect.

Thus the great work of lighthouse

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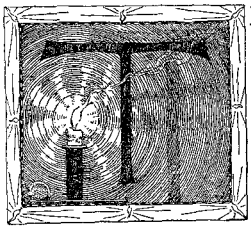
supply goes on from year's end to year's end. Its details are varied according to circumstances, but never shirked, and with the succession of the seasons the white Armeria voyages from the lights of Maine to those of Texas, and from the lights of Texas back to those of Maine, with the changeless regularity of the migratory birds that follow in her wake.

IN THE WINE-CELLAR

By H. C. Bunner



HE Count Gregoire de Lafargue was a hermit in Pennsylvania. This statement may appear strange on the face of it, especially when it is further known that the Count belonged to one of the oldest families in France, that he had plenty of money, both of his own and of other people's, that he was an epicure at once dainty and voracious, and as good a judge of wines as ever lived. But only a single word is needed to clear up the apparent mystery. That word, of course, is Panama. The Count was not a conspicuous figure among the many who were disgraced in that famous scandal, but none was more deeply implicated than he. In fact, his criminality was of a complicated nature. He had not only been bribed himself, but he had stolen the bribes of others, blackmailed his fellow-criminals, and then betrayed them for hire. Altogether he was so deep in the mire of iniquity, and had made so many desperate enemies that it was a matter of life or death with him, and he could not too carefully screen himself from the eyes of the world.

He had chosen his place of concealment skilfully, considering that he was a stranger in a strange land. He lived in an old house, several miles from any other habitation, in the hollow of a lofty and lonely range of hills. The country all around him was bleak and poor. It was not a good region for sport, and few strangers came that way. The Count found enough shooting and fishing for himself, but it was poor pickings at the best. His neighbors were few, and lived far away, and they were nearly all of the lowest and most deliberate class of backwoods farmer. Probably none of them knew where Panama was; certainly none of them had ever heard of the great scandal. Certainly few places could have been safer, or more solitary. And the Count's one companion and servitor was a silent, unsociable French peasant, who had excellent reasons of his own for sharing his master's concealment.

The Count was a great, coarse, bull-necked Norman, a strong, healthy brute, utterly devoid of a moral nature. In spite of his gluttony and his passion for wine, he kept himself in good physical condition by violent exercise. He never knew an ache or a pain, and, strange it may seem, he was perfectly contented with his lonely life. When he was not hunting or fishing, he was eating or drinking, or else he was making preparations for eating or drinking. This, indeed, was the keenest joy of his life; a joy that never palled on him; a delight in which he was able to indulge himself without stint. For he had accomplished the almost inconceivably difficult feat of running away from France with his wine-cellar. He had not, it is true, actually taken with him his ancestral vaults; but months before the great scandal was revealed to the world, he had seen how things were going, and had secretly shipped his wonderful collection of rare wines and liquors to this country. He had carried out his scheme with consum-

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mate cleverness, doing everything for himself, and trusting no agent. The goods had been shipped in bond to an inland custom-house, and, when he appeared in person, some months later, to withdraw them, he felt that, as he had shrewdly surmised, the proceeding had attracted no particular attention. He had seen much of the world in his time, and had met many Americans, and, having long foreseen the certain necessity for fight, he had adroitly informed himself of many things of which most Frenchmen are ignorant. He found out that the habit of wine-drinking in the United States was practically confined to the larger cities. And in the comparatively small manufacturing town, which he had selected for his port of shipment, the fact that a fool-Frenchman was importing high-grade wines, had caused commiseration rather than surprise. The rest of the business he managed so openly that he excited no suspicion among the Internal Revenue officers; and, as he reached the United States a good six weeks ahead of the scandal, it occurred to no one to connect the costly freight of a rich Frenchman with the flight of a notorious fugitive from justice. His neighbors in the Pennsylvania hills exhibited some curious interest at first, supposing that his barrels contained whiskey; but when they found out that he was only a foreign crank who drank wine, the interest ceased. The few dwellers in that country-side soon became accustomed to the eccentricities of the rich stranger. He took pains to buy produce of them when he could, and to pay for it liberally; and a man who spends money freely has a perfect right to be as crazy as he likes, anywhere in the world.

So the Count was allowed to enjoy his wine-cellar in peace and tranquillity; and he did enjoy it to the full. The re-establishment of his wonderful collection occupied him for several months. Every barrel and case had been transported with the greatest care, and he knew just how long to let each one rest before it was put finally in place in the great cellar which he had prepared for the reception of his treasures. The Count himself, and Emile, his servant, accomplished all this labor between them. Emile was strong, although he was but a child by the side of the gigantic Count; and neither begrudged a whole day's labor to the installation of a single barrel, which they handled as carefully as a mother handles a six-weeks-old baby. The task was a great one, and delicate and difficult, at that; but after a few months it was successfully accomplished, and the Count was able to gloat over a superbly stocked cellar. "Gloat" is the only word that can indicate the way in which the Count looked over his transferred possessions. With new stock and old, the spacious cellar was filled to its utmost capacity; and only a few narrow passage-ways gave access to the great array of barrels and well-filled bins and shelves. He had hired a skilled plumber to fit the whole room out with an ingenious system of hot-air pipes, carefully adapted to the needs of the various kinds of wine. One temperature was maintained in a certain alcove; another in the next; thermometers hung here, there, and everywhere, and to each one was attached a card giving the figure at which the mercury should be kept. Every cask, barrel, and bung; every shelf and bin, bore a neatly framed tablet, whereon was set forth the name and the vintage of the wine, the time of its barreling or bottling, and its condition at each successive testing. Never was a wine-cellar so thoroughly well ordered and so perfectly appointed; never did a wine-cellar receive such constant and conscientious care.

Emile did the hard work of all this, and hard work it was, indeed. Hour after hour, day after day, he scraped along the narrow, dusty, cobweby passage-ways, taking the temperatures, adjusting hot-air valves, and recording on the tablets, according to a complicated system which his master had taught him, the various stages of ripening through which the wine was passing. And never, by any chance, did he satisfy the master. No more exacting bully of a master than Count Gregoire de Lafargue ever lived. He knew well that his poor servant was practically his slave, and he did not hesitate to use and abuse the power which this knowl-

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edge gave him. It was well for poor Emile that he had long been used to hard treatment, and had learned a stern lesson of patience and self-repression; for his duties were of a sort to try the soul. The passage-ways were too small to permit his burly employer to move around with comfort, so the Count had the heavy, oaken door of the cellar cut into what is known as a "Dutch door," with a lower and an upper part swinging independently. From the upper edge of the lower half he had a broad shelf run out, and upon this he would rest his folded arms, as he hung over it while superintending the labors of his domestic; while his own huge form nearly filled the narrow corridor that led from the cellar-stairs. In this position the Count had much the aspect of a bartender gazing at his stock from the public side of the bar; and few bartenders would have presented so unattractive a figure.

Poor Emile never tasted a drop from the tiny testing-glasses which he filled at his master's bidding, and bore to the fastidious tyrant who rolled the exquisite liquids over his tongue, and ordered his attendant to inscribe his judgment on each appropriate tablet. Emile was faithful at his work, and, under long tuition, he had become peculiarly skilful; but oaths, curses, and once in a while a blow, were the sole rewards of his diligence.

This treatment did not arise from any special ill-will which the master bore the servant. The Count was naturally rough and overbearing, and he thought much less of his servant than he thought of his dog. The man was to him a mere serf, a chattel, a piece of property. He looked upon him as his forefathers had looked upon servitors from time immemorial. He paid him well, he clothed him well, he fed him well, he gave him plenty of the cheap red wine with which he would not have sullied his aristocratic lips—and what more could the animal want? That was the Count's way of looking at it. Emile had another way; a way of his own.

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It was in the latter part of the Spring that Emile began to complain of rheumatic troubles. To these complaints, of course, his employer paid small heed, and whenever Emile showed any incapacity for work he was treated as though he were guilty of voluntary negligence.

However, if the Count had the brutality of the feudal lord, Emile had the stubbornness of the French peasant; and, as his pains increased, he made up his mind that, come what might, he should have medical relief at his master's charge. He had long borne abuse and ill-treatment with a patience that had almost hardened into indifference. He saw nothing out of the common in his lot. That the nobleman should be overbearing; that the serf should be submissive—why, that was the natural way of things. But in this particular instance the Count had overstepped his natural prerogative. A nobleman may be brutal, but a nobleman must not be mean or stingy; and in slighting complaints of his faithful serving-man the Count was, to the latter's mind, guilty of a peculiarly petty and sordid piece of malice; and the victim resented it with all the bitterness of a self-contained nature. The circumstances of the case certainly gave him grounds for his belief; although, as a matter of fact, the Count probably had no special motive in his unkindness. But to the shrewd, ignorant mind of the working-man it seemed otherwise; for he knew something that the Count supposed he did not know.

Like many big, hearty, healthy men, Lafargue made light of sickness and suffering as far as other people were concerned, but he had a great horror and dread of it in his own case. Moreover, he was superstitious. Of general ill-health he had no fear; but his father and his grandfather had both died of injuries received in the hunting-field, and he himself firmly believed that he was destined to meet injury or death in some similar way. In France he had kept a skilful young surgeon on salary as a member of his household. Such an arrangement being impossible in his present quarters, he had made a contract with a physician in the nearest town to come to him instantly and without delay at any moment when his ser-

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vices might be required. To insure strict and quick compliance with this contract, he had paid a large sum in advance, and further agreed to pay a regular annual stipend, in return for which he was to receive whatever attention he should demand. It was the knowledge of this that galled Emile. He had borne much, in his time, but this one injury was one which he could not forgive. To him the doctor under contract was a possession of the Count's, a thing belonging to the household, to be used for household purposes, and as the poor wretch's conception of a right was of the right to be maintained at his master's expense, he conceived himself to be distinctly defrauded in being denied the use of the doctor's services. His master's dogs got medicine when they were ailing, and he could see no difference in their position and his.

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The day came, finally, when he amazed the Count by rising in utter rebellion, and flatly refused to perform some tasks to which the Count had assigned him. Lafargue stood speechless for a moment, then he lifted his hand to strike, but the man stood unmoved.

"You may beat me," he said, "but can you beat strength into this arm? Do I not know you and what you are? You would be willing to kill me for less than this. Do you think I would defy you if I could help it?"

The Count's arm dropped to his side. This form of reasoning naturally appealed to him, for it flattered his tyrannical spirit. Even in his anger it was obvious to him that this piece of his household machinery required oiling.

"You wish to go to the doctor?" he said.

Emile laughed bitterly.

"How can I go to the doctor?" he said. "It is ten miles, and more. Give me a letter, and I will go to the cross-roads and send it by the first teamster. The doctor must come to me. If I tried to go to him I should have small use for him when I got there."

The Count sat down to his writing-desk, an article of furniture little used, except for the keeping of his account-books. He looked for a sheet of note-paper, but he could find none. He had no occasion to write letters nowadays, and, ever since his flight from France, he had been wisely careful to give as few specimens of his handwriting as possible. He had assumed a new name, of course, and he had adopted a signature which he had tried to make unlike his usual handwriting, but he still felt the necessity of great caution and, as far as it was practicable, he conducted all his business personally or through his trusty servant.

At length he found a dusty writing-pad, and, tearing off one sheet, wrote the date and this brief message:

"Come to-day."

This he signed; and, after some rummaging in the desk, he found a soiled envelope, which he addressed to the doctor. Then, as he was about to put the letter in the envelope, he hesitated. He had meant to go fishing that day; and he reflected that it would be well for him to be present when the doctor saw Emile. He did not care to trust Emile's report of the interview.

He threw the sheet into the waste-paper basket, without taking the precaution to tear it up. Then he wrote and signed another:

"Come to-morrow." And this one he had half inserted in the envelope when Emile interrupted him to ask for what time the doctor had been summoned. When he heard, he made a protest, and his protest angered the Count. He took the sheet out of the envelope and flung it on the floor. Then he hastily scribbled a third.

"Come day after to-morrow," it said. He was about to slip this into the envelope, when a sudden thought came to him and he stopped.

"To-day," he said, "and to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow. Very well, it shall be as you behave yourself. You know what I have told you to do. Do it and I will let you send that note that calls for the doctor to-day. He will arrive here by this evening. If your work is not done satisfactorily, you will have to wait for the doctor until day after to-morrow. Now go about your business!" And, with a gesture of dismissal, the Count rose and left the room.

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If the Count had been a man of either imagination or insight, it might have struck him as a remarkable and suspicious fact that Emile, being thus adjured, did his work fairly well. As it was, he only smiled at his own sagacity, as he thought to himself that he had caught the man shamming, or at least exaggerating the seriousness of his ailment, and, later in the day, in a fit of contemptuous good-nature, he gave him the letter summoning the doctor at once, and saw him set off for the cross-roads.

Then he made his preparations to go fishing; looked over his rod, wound up his reel anew, and selected his flies. And then, reflecting that Emile could not return for several hours, and that he himself would be absent till nightfall, he went down to the wine-cellar to see that everything was in proper shape.

Everything was *not* in proper shape. The temperature was too low, and he thought that he could detect a slight draught, though he could not find where it came from. He looked at the furnace. It was giving forth much more than the little heat required to keep the cellar in fit condition. He came back and leaned over the lower half of the door, resting his arms on his shelf, and looking perplexedly about the room, wondering where the leak or cold air could be. The ventilators were all closed, and the windows were fixed sashes that did not open. But suddenly he observed that a window *was* open. The sash directly opposite him had been moved from its place, and rested loosely in the frame. He stared at it in utter astonishment, almost unable to believe the testimony of his eyes. Then, just as he gathered himself to start back for the purpose of opening the door to remedy the mischief, he felt something strike him sharply from behind: heard the creak of breaking wood and the noise made by a heavy piece of board that fell just behind his heels. He tried to turn around, but something gripped his waist with the grip of a vice, and, as he twisted his body to look up, he saw that he was imprisoned by the upper leaf of the door. A semi-circular aperture had been cut nearly out of it, and it had been closed upon him quickly and forcibly, and the bolt had been shot at the same moment.

The Count Gregoire de Lafargue struggled with all his strength, but even his huge frame could do no more than feebly shake the mighty oak door that held him as a man is held in a pillory. He could neither get his chest through one way nor his hips the other; and if he had had an iron girdle around him, he could not have been more firmly bound.

Just as he came to a realization of this fact he saw the loose window-sash opposite him move from the outside. A hand and then an arm appeared, letting it down to the floor. Then two legs arrived in the place of the arm, and a body followed the legs, and then came a face—the face of Emile—bearing upon it an expression such as the Count had never seen before on the features of the poor wretch whom he had so long bullied and maltreated. It was not a look of revenge that Emile wore, nor a look of hatred, nor a look of malice. He simply looked business-like, independent, and at his ease.

For the next two minutes neither of the two men said a word. The one was too utterly dazed to speak; the other had no need to talk. Emile held in his one hand a small hammer, and in the other a wrench. Swiftly, but calmly and steadily, he walked along the narrow passage-way of that wonderful wine-cellar. With swift, dexterous blows, he broke the necks of the priceless bottles of champagne, Bordeaux, Burgundy, madeira, and all the rest, and with quick twists he opened the spigots of all the casks and barrels. Swiftly and silently he finished his task. A sound of slow and steady dripping succeeded to the first pops and splashes. A delicious odor of old wine filled the cellar.

When all was done Emile advanced just near enough to the Count to be out of the reach of his powerful arm, and laid three pieces of paper on the top of a barrel. They were three sheets from his master's writing pad, folded so that their contents were not seen. Then he produced the envelope, addressed to the doctor, and, selecting one of the

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three sheets, he inserted it in the wrapper. The sound of the dripping, running wine went on; for he had opened each faucet but a little way.

"To-day, to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow," he said. "I will give this letter to the teamster at the cross-roads. Until the doctor comes you can amuse yourself with guessing which one I shall send him."

He paused to open a faucet a little wider. Then, as the Count burst into a torrent of imprecations, he crawled slowly out of the window. When he was entirely outside, he turned himself around on the ground and, thrusting his face through the casement, looked quietly and observantly through the window for half a minute at the writhing figure of the cursing Count, and then said, politely:

"Adieu!"

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

By Arthur Willis Colton

Twenty years hence, some fading day,
Will you through this green orchard stray,
With thoughts afar
On golden hours we freely spent,
And bought the merchandise, content,
At Time's bazaar.

You'll say, "He puffed the smoke in rings;
We talked of books and other things;
Devised a plot;
Together wove some idle rhymes
Of colored threads that matched sometimes,
And sometimes not.

The oriole from his chosen tree
Made better poetry than we
Anent his nest.
Soft paced the hours like clouds, until
There rose a poem better still
Far in the west."

Twenty years hence. Across the sky
The swift incessant swallows fly.
You'll not forget
The bees, nor how the oriole sung
Twenty years syne, when we were young,
His chansonette.

'Margaret, Margaret," some one calls:
'Margaret, come. The night dew falls,
The grass is wet."
Twenty years hence. The lawn is dark,
And the whippoorwills are wailing. Hark!
'Margaret, Margaret."

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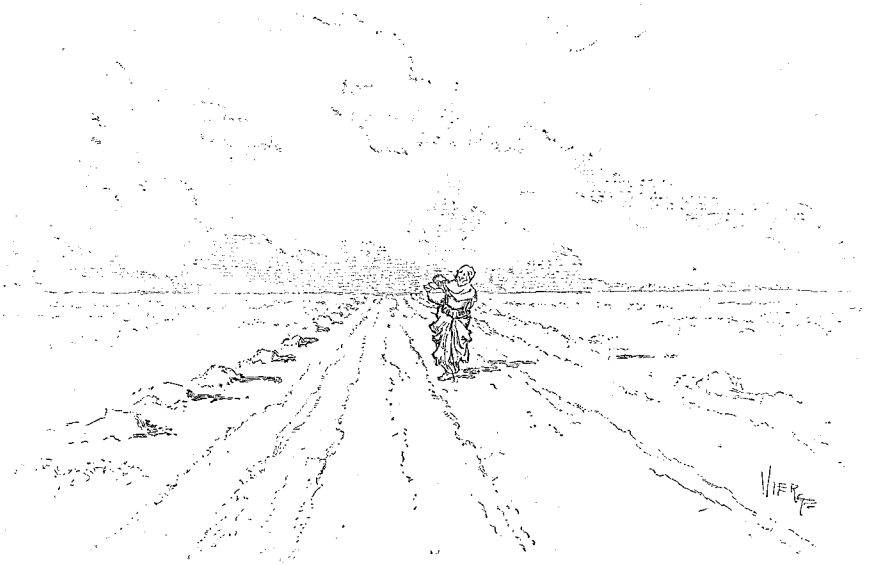

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE

By August F. Jaccaci — Illustrated by Vierge

III

STARTING from Argamasilla before daylight, our little mule had trudged during eight long hours the denuded inhospitable plain of La Mancha, where the unchecked cold blasts from the Sierras held wild riot in the winter, and which was now lying prostrate under the furious caresses of the sun; her parched soil bursting now and anon with dull sounds like the moans of a creature in pain. When we became aware of the proximity of the highway we were looking for, it was by some ruins, inevitable concomitants of this Land of the Dead. Before these silent, melancholy remains, and in the absence of the living, one can but feel the presence of the dead. 'Tis as if the past centuries were walking by the side of the traveller, keeping him company, and little imagination is needed to people again this great artery of human communications thrown across the undefiled country by the Romans with Iberians, Goths, and Moors, with Spaniards of the time when Spain was the most powerful country of the civilized world — and see Isabella, Charles V., the

On the Royal High Road.

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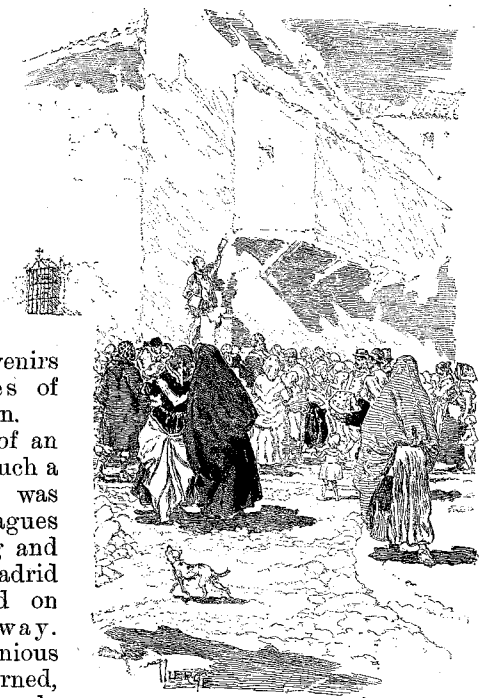
sombre Philip, speeding on in all the splendid paraphernalia of royalty, and with their retinue of haughty Castilians. What a sense of the swing of history one has in such places, and before the eternity of nature how ephemeral and inconsequential human life seems. All unconsciously Ezechiel brings back some echoes of a past of which he is ignorant in calling this road *arrecife*, the Arab name which has remained in the Manchegan dialect, one of the many patent souvenirs of five centuries of Moorish domination.



The Drummer at Herencia.

The ruins were of an important Venta, such a caravanserai as was found every few leagues when all travelling and traffic between Madrid and Seville passed on this royal highway. Should the ingenious surmises of the learned, who have industriously erected their ponderous commentaries around Cervantes's romance, be true, this Venta had the rare good fortune of being visited by Don Quixote in the beginning of his wanderings. He kept his night vigil-at-arms in its court-yard, and on the morning following was by the rowdy, canny innkeeper made a knight. To me let it be only what it surely is, and that is enough; one of the rare pages of the days of old—the mute witness of the comedies and tragedies, of the pleasures and troubles of some of our predecessors in the human procession.

Finding the well empty, we resume our journey toward the road guard-house, two miles away, to find it closed, and go on northward again, the white road ablaze in the furnace heat. Under the cart-covering the scorching sun-rays liquefy one's brains; the landscape around simmers under the same trembling of the atmosphere as I had seen in the Sahara. Some olive-trees, with their fantastic trunks and branches gnarled and crooked, seem the vivid personifications of the tortures of the heat. A mendicant, seated in the dust scratching himself, is the first man we see on this royal road. Later two men pass us. "Poor ones also," says Ezechiel. Queer fashion for mendicants to carry their guns on their shoulders! But then it is a general custom in La Mancha. These two fellows look like opera supernumeraries, except that their bronzed heads finely chiselled are full of character, and that they are ragged beyond any possible imagination.

We attempt a hasty luncheon under the shadow of our cart, where the poor mule, lying down, stretches her head for comfort. It is hard work to eat without drinking, but some such an experience has its value for the future enjoyment of that commonplace of life — the drinking of a glass of water.

Toward four in the afternoon we find another guard-house and pure, cool water. What a pleasure it is to see the dulness leave the eyes of our mule while she drinks in long-measured draughts, her legs and neck bracing up, her whole countenance changed—alert now, ready for fresh exertions. The brave brute!

Across country again through a *vega*, a meadow where in the tall reeds, out of which baskets are made, pop out like strange flowers the heads of young

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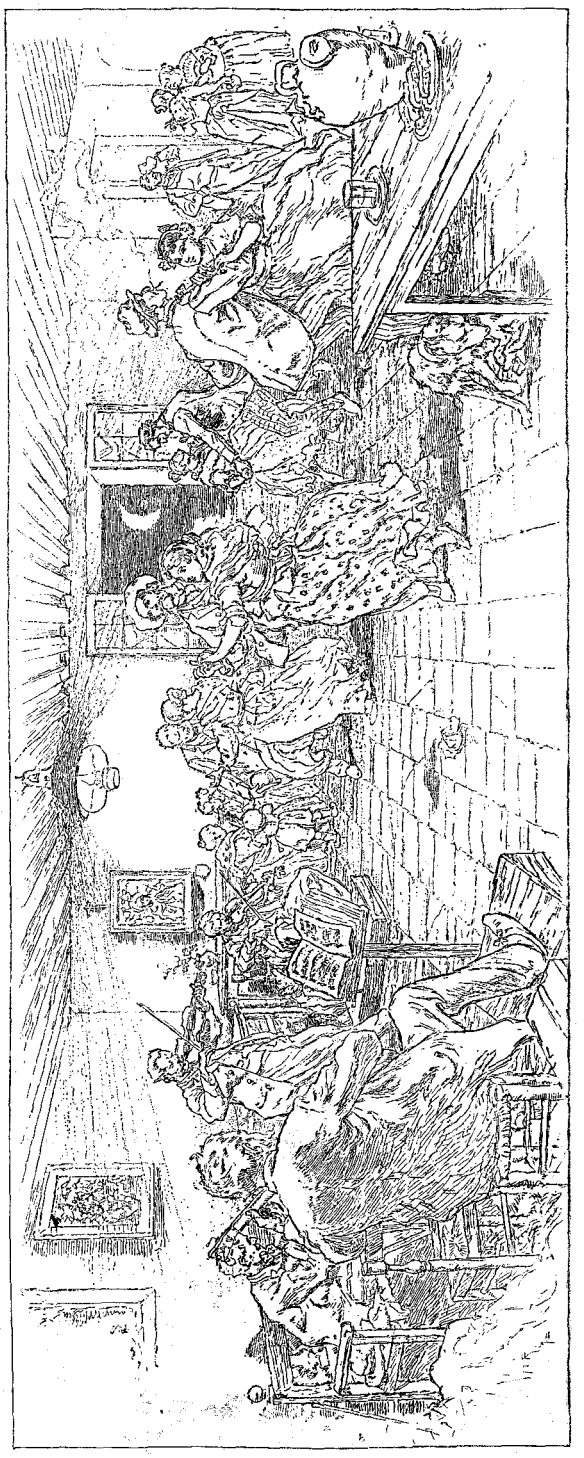
horses and mules in herds, standing still with their feet in the water of our friend—the Guadiana.

Then the road leading up hill after hill, we alight and literally "put our shoulders to the wheel." The character of the country changes. We are climbing on the first spurs of the mountains which form the northern limit of the plains of La Mancha, and are entering one of the richest agricultural districts of Spain. Yet at this time of the year there is no sign of vegetation. The bare earth alone greets the eye in desolate hills cleft by the spring floods.

It is ten o'clock when we reach Herencia, having travelled some fifty miles in the day, mostly on bad roads.

The inn with its sign, a wooden cross, dangling above the door seemed a grand place after the hardships of the day. In such guise as the Venta de Quesada, which we had visited in the morning, loomed up before Don Quixote's vision as a "castle with four towers, and spires of shining silver not wanting draw-bridge and moats and all the appurtenances with which such places are painted," so the inn was to my mind a castle.

But whereas a drove of hogs greeted the chevalier, we found an interesting band of revellers. In honor of the local feast-day upon which we had happened to stumble unawares, some thirty men were assembled round a huge table in the little courtyard, dimly and whimsically lighted by the dancing flames of some hanging lamps which though modern were roughly made by hand and of as primitive



The Dance at Herencia.

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In the City Hall Tower.

a model as those found in Pompeii. These men were energetically at work getting through a Homeric feast at which I afterward learned some fifty pounds of beef, thirty of bread, and dozens of chickens, were disposed of in the good old fashion and washed down with wine "ad libitum." The scene had an unusual fascination in that all were silent. Indeed the performance proved to be a matter of business—the dinner offered once a year, in accordance with an ancient custom transmitted unbroken, by some rich proprietor to his dependants, his *arrieros* and the tenants of his estate. No doubt for days previous preparations had been made for the event by a specially scant diet.

We fared finely ourselves over that peninsular dish—the rabbit—the animal found on the ancient coins of the country and testifying to the culinary gratitude of a people not too spoiled in these matters; after dinner I would have done the rabbit a like honor had I had the choosing of coin designs.

There was a dance afterward—very dignified — a mixed affair — local, yet with a dash of civilized notions thrown in, a delightfully clumsy mixture of the provincial and the civilized dance.

It was while attempting to disport himself after our own fashion, that a half peasant, half Moor was unable to divest himself of the ways which had become the most rigid parts of his nature. And so with him the polka was half a cachucha, half a bolero, and the waltz smacked of the zapatera, with its queer contortions of the torso and its rhythmic beat of heels and toes. Alas, Herencia was the most important place I had as yet come across in my Manchegan rambles, and the offensive sign of its thrift and prosperity, the men

Glimpses of Alcazar

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dressed in the universal garb of civilization, I met with on all sides while following the stream of people toward the sanctury of the patron saint whose feast was being celebrated.

Near the entrance of the church on a little table covered with a napkin, was a large platter full of coins. Its keeper, the traditional dueña, an old lady sunk in a low chair, and lost in the folds of her mantilla, kept fluttering her fan vigorously, and at intervals interrupting her constant mumbling prayers, she turned to the next person to say, "Jesu, it's hot!" My little contribution is gracefully acknowledged in that way.

The low murmur of prayers gets louder and quieter in turns with always the faint suggestion of a rhythm, that of a national air.

From the church-door a company of soldiers lines the way to the main altar, resplendent with its hundreds of lighted candles, shining on pictures, marble columns, candelabra, and the profusion of gaudy paper flowers set in huge vases.

In a side chapel there is an old painting black with age and with real jewels, some silver ornaments, a gold diadem and bracelets inserted into the canvas. Before it a crowd of women on their knees form a picture *à la Ribera*, with beautiful oppositions of intense light and black shadows. While all heads are devotedly bowed, a unique profile, straight and hard, stands out—that of a young girl of the pure Arab type, with the large black eyes full of flame and shadows, with the lips firmly and finely drawn and sunk in the corners. It is a strangely sensuous face which, in a haughty way, in the consciousness, perhaps, of her superb animality, seemed to wonder what the scene she was looking on might have to do with real life. Why should that single figure, seemingly out of keeping with its environment, appear to me the most typical one? Perhaps because of the idiosyncrasies of my Don Quixote self, and, perhaps also, I think, because it was the one sincere, involuntary expression there of these Southern natures, which, in spite of superstitions, of obsolete religious practices,

take life in the main after a manner eminently sane and natural.

The sky is studded with an infinitude of stars. The streets are dark but for the few lights of some stands where fruit, bread, pastry, and the omnipresent *garbanzos* (chick peas) are sold. The people are orderly, moving so quietly that one misses the exuberance of feeling, the bursts of merriment Italians are wont to indulge in on such occasions. No motions are made which would disturb the dignified folds of capas and mantillas. Among the few words that are being exchanged, one catches snatches of those sententious

de San Juan.

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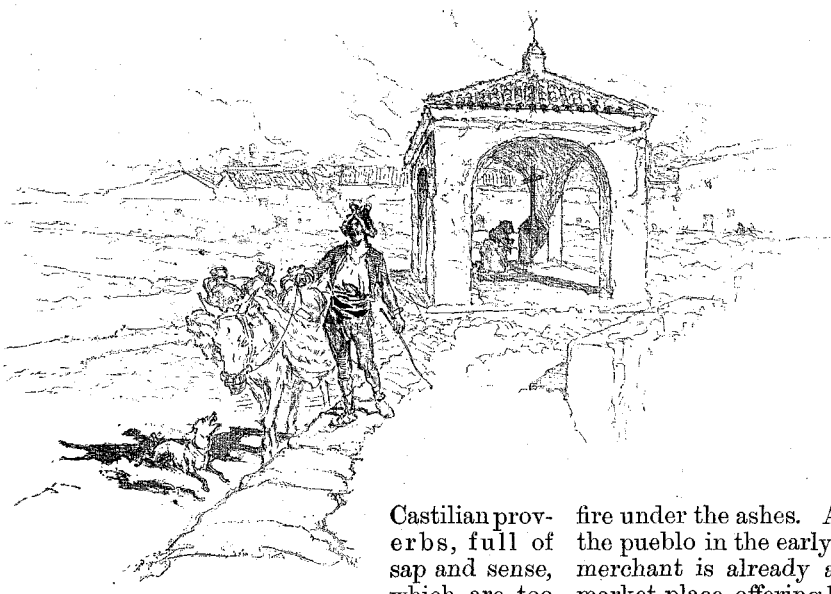
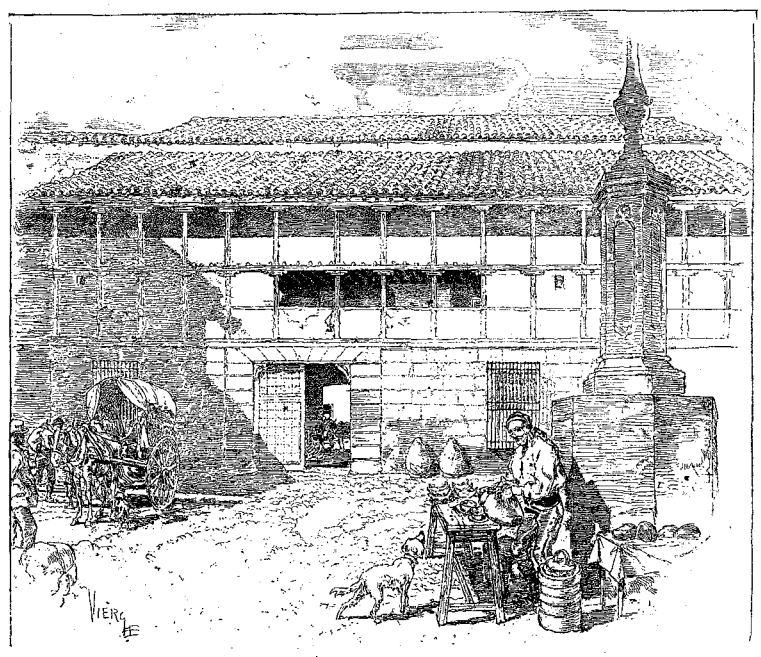


Castilian proverbs, full of sap and sense, which are too near the seriousness of life to bring a laugh.

Two young men strolling about the groups pause; at a few twangs of their guitar the silent crowd presses around them. The two players face one another. One plays the accompaniment, the other, with that astonishing natural virtuosity which mimics real talent so well that one needs know much to detect the difference, plays the air. Their poses are characteristic—the virtuoso standing straight, his head thrown back; the accompanist, with bent body resting on one foot, and his eyes riveted on his partner's guitar. When the song is finished a few low blows of appreciation are heard while the crowds noiselessly disperse.

But in the distance a full, sensuous voice sings a Malagueña, which the wild expressive twangs of the guitar punctuate. There is fury in the accompaniment, passion in the voice. This song is the revelation of another side of this people's nature — the smouldering fire under the ashes. As we come out of the pueblo in the early morning a street merchant is already at work near the market-place, offering his stock of goods at auction to the country folks, the pilgrims, who are getting ready to return home. It is the one occasion for most of these who coming to town but once a year, on such a feast day, make then their necessary purchases for the whole year. And this peculiar demand has brought out a class of ambulant street-venders, whose life is spent in moving over the country, from fiesta to fiesta.



Glimpses of Alcazar

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Reaching the highway outside the town, there goes before us a troop of pilgrims, sturdy women with bright head-kerchiefs, mounted on the top of the loads on their little donkeys and chattering merrily. The dust-cloud which envelops them is glorified by the rising sun, making a halo to that gay picture full of movement.

We pass them, look back, and lo! the charm has vanished. The cavalcade is as commonplace as possible.

As we now turn to look at the receding town, its silhouette clearly cut on the tawny curtain of the Sierras behind, it takes the bewitching appearance of a fresh and dainty vision in her white garb, softened and beautified by the tender light of the morning. In what concerns beauty, Spain is the democratic land par excellence. Decrepit buildings, half-ruined villages, ragged mendicants, have their daily hour of unrivalled splendor. Dilapidated objects and commonplace scenes, touched by the sun of the south, are turned by this incomparable magician into visions of loveliness. In the course of the day it dwells in turn on each detail of the landscape, giving it inexpressible charm and beauty.

And as we go on our journey this calm morning there goes, also, with us in the gutters on each side of the well-kept road a stream of fireworks—tiny blue flowers, which against the neutral background of parched grass, and pierced by the slanting rays of the sun, are transfigured into radiant jewels.

All too soon do we come to Alcazar de San Juan, a town of some commercial importance, since the railroad branch to Valencia joins here the main road from Madrid to Seville. Alcazar naturally boasts of its station with its "*Buffet.*" But far from me is the desire to eat, on a table covered with a table-cloth which bears the unmistakable evidences of previous service, Spanish imitations of English steaks, or to drink so-called Bordeaux wine from a glass instead of black, rough Valdepeñas from a skin or earthenware bottle — and to listen to the Hispaño-Franco-English impossible jargon of the waiter.

There is enough local color left all around this ugly symbol of nineteenth-century civilization which, like a fungus amidst the grass and plants of a prairie, is here stranded in provincial and old-time surroundings. We take a look at the adjacent country from the tower of the Town Hall, and have a hasty breakfast and rest at the fine Fonda, whose monumental façade stands on a large plaza, the market-place, where an amusing spectacle is going on. Market-hour is over, but a few peasants still linger in the hope of disposing of the stock in trade they have spread in the dust on the pavements. They shout and sing the virtues of each particular fruit and vegetable, paying extravagant compliments to each housekeeper who comes on the scene, or poke fun at one another, kicking against Providence and bad luck, all in a jolly spirit, and with fine, sonorous voices and great ripples of laughter. There are some women among them, handsome and in multi-colored dresses; and it is of one of them we buy our provision of fruit.

de San Juan.

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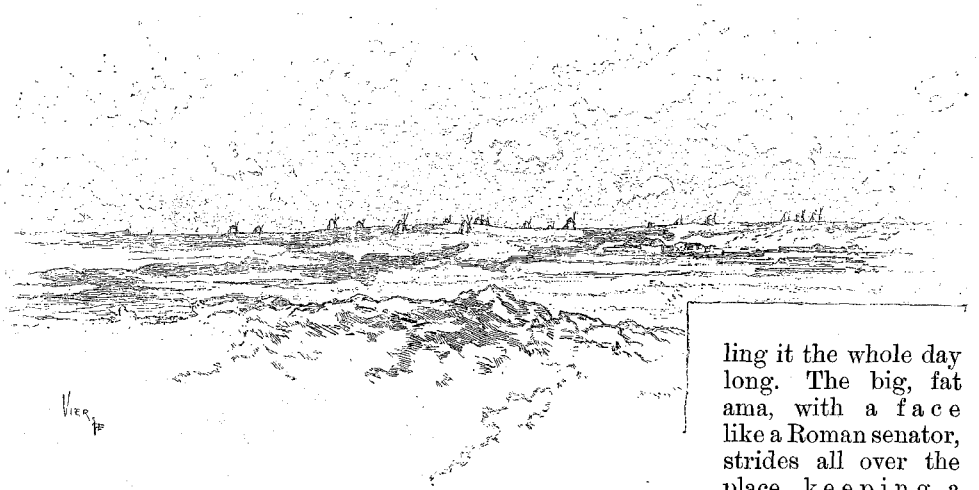
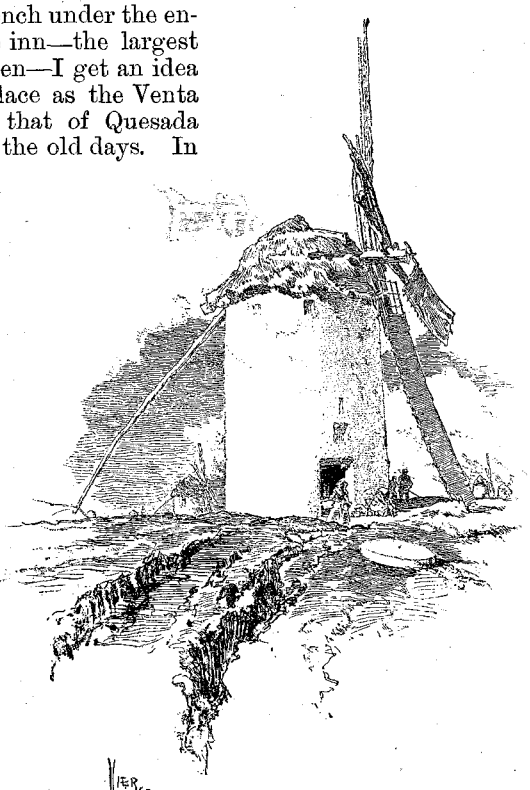


The Windmills in the Distance.

Vaya usted con Dios, "God be with you," she says as I leave. Then calling me back, "Caballero, when you go home tell your girl that they are pretty fine women, the women of Alcazar. Good in business and good in love, and mind you, Señor, they love but once!"

Sitting on a bench under the entrance-way of the inn—the largest we have as yet seen—I get an idea of what such a place as the Venta de Cardenas or that of Quesada may have been in the old days. In spite of the inevitable dirt and slovenliness, the place has an unmistakable *cachet* of prosperity, and the cheery innkeeper and servants move about busily. In front of us some female servants are sewing, repairing sheets, fashioning garments for the master's help. A buffoon's sole occupation is to sweep the floor, while a colleague goes after him sprinkling it the whole day long. The big, fat ama, with a face like a Roman senator, strides all over the place, keeping a watchful eye on details, and giving imperative orders in a voice which sounds like a clarion blast. The amo, with bunch of keys dangling from his belt, sees to the filling of wine-bottles, to the killing of poultry, to the cutting of meat. The cooks—at work under our eyes—are two old witches, who alternately disappear and reappear in the smoke of the wood-fire. The ama, who, in spite of her bulk, is here, there, and everywhere at once, comes often behind them unexpectedly, snatching stew-pans, tasting the food, adding ingredients, and upbraiding the witches in the grandest style, with her magnificent organ. However, the real ruler of this Fonda appears to be a spoiled little boy, hardly three years old, precocious and saucy—the



One of the Mills.

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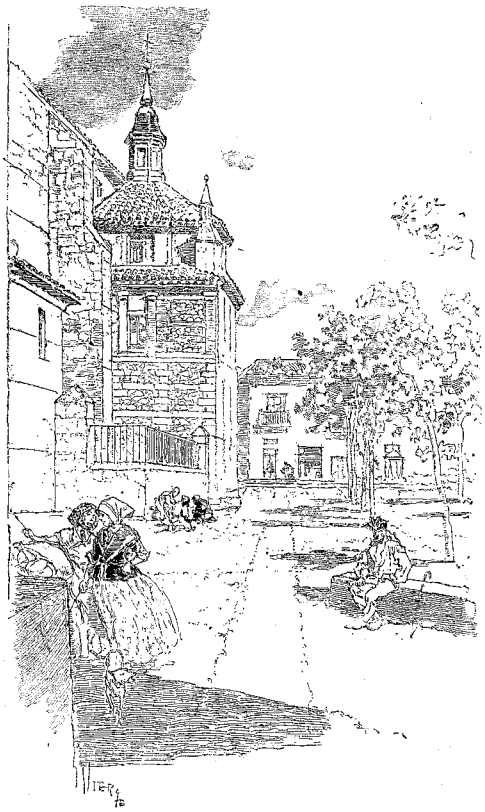
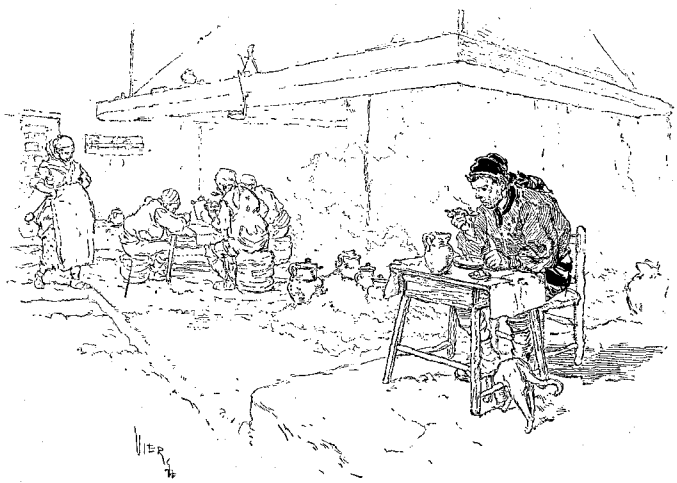
Benjamin of the large family. He keeps busy his special *criada*—a handsome young woman, in orange skirt, red stockings, and black shoes (oh, luxury!), and who looks the picture of helplessness, and blushing prettily, casts frightened glances toward the ama at every fresh evidence of the little rogue's mischievous spirit.

Alcazar de San Juan and its Fonda having passed out of sight were nothing more to me than one more souvenir of my journey added to the others. A sharp negative was indelibly impressed on the camera of my brain, when we caught sight of the windmills of the Campo de Crijitano, one of which, it is said, "The Knight of the Rueful Feature" met with in his celebrated adventure. Poor Quixote does not seem so mad after all when one first sees this row of mills set irregularly on the crest of a hill and looking like nothing one has ever seen—more like a collection of queer, primitive toys stuck there by the weird caprice of a lunatic. As one approaches and views them one by one, these clumsy-looking affairs propped up like very aged persons are quite fantastic. No wonder the worthy knight took them for giants!



On his native soil Cervantes's book takes an added pungency. How characteristic it is of the country; how true to life are the characters, descriptions, and language one needs to live here among the people to know. There is a great charm in stumbling at all instants on things it has made familiar to us. Not only do most Manchegans of our day dress like Sancho Panza, but they are mines of those sayings in which the wisdom of generations is crystallized—of old proverbs which they, like him, constantly use to sum up tersely a situation.



In Campo de Crijitano.

Near the mills we stop to inquire of a water-cart driver our shortest way to the pueblo. Ezechiel receives the desired information, and then "Brother," he said, "is it water you are carrying?——"

"Fine drinking-water, yea. Don't you want some?"

"Thanks, no;

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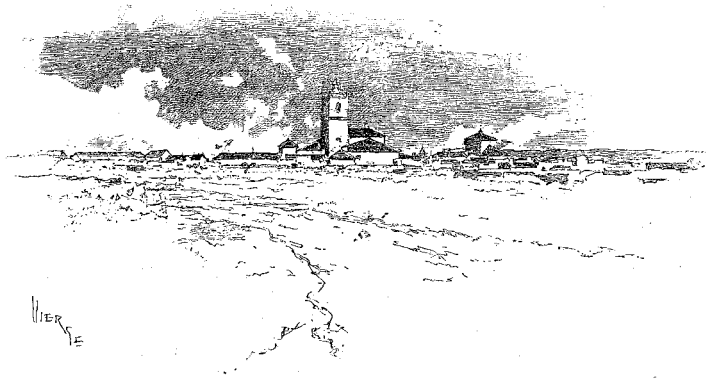

El Toboso.

our bottle is half full, still."

"Caramba! It must be hot now, have some of mine," answers the man.

Our bottle is filled with sweet fresh watef, and Ezechiel calls the man who is going back to his cart:

"Here, here's a pataquilla" (a cent), "and we are obliged to you."

"No, brother, I don't want any money, I am glad to give you good water, that's all."

"But we all have to live of our labor, and you have to drive many miles to get that water."

"Bueno, but it's better to make a friend than to make ten dollars;" then catching a glimpse of me, "all right, brother," he says to Ezechiel. "I see the Caballero can better afford to give this money than I to be without it, and so I'll take the money."

I buttered the pataquilla with a cigarette, and added the valued courtesy of offering him light from my cigar. He stood caressing our mule while giving us again instructions as to our road. Under the scant protection of a handkerchief wound turban-like around his head, his fine brown face was aglow in the sunlight, and the blood gave a flamboyant hue to his firm cheeks like the rich color of a hard red apple, his black eyes flashed and the veins of his neck and forehead bulged out. He stood there, the picture of a superbly healthy, careless, happy creature.

"*Maria.*"

Campo de Crijitano, named for the productive land, the rich fields around it (*campo*, fields) is one of the rare three or four specimens of the best Manchegan pueblos. In spite of its well-to-do air, of its big houses, some of which have glass windows, stone carvings, and ornaments of wrought iron, it preserves as strong a local flavor as its humble sisters. Being fortunately removed from the railroad, it remains, in spite of its prosperity, an old-time community. Having variety in its picturesqueness and dignity in many of its buildings, it is good to find it Manchegan to the core, in nowise different from the poorest villages of this land of enchantment where the old costumes, habits, and the old houses have remained unchanged, for ages.

The Campo is dozing when we pick our way at high noon through its precipitous street toward the Posada. Quevedo alone, the master *par excellence* of picaresque descriptions, could have done justice to the wild types we find there; the swarthy chap who stood

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at the door with bandages around the head which he kept sprinkling with some old woman's ointment kept in a greasy pig-skin vessel; the infirm amo and ama, each literally bigger in breadth than in height; the collection of half-naked hangers-on escaped from nowhere but the pages of "Pablo De Segovie, The Great Ruffian."

The dingy interior — parlor, dining, sleeping room, what was it? with its indescribable dinginess, filth and flies, is a place not to be described. But there, under the slanting, low roof, with its roughly hewed beams, cobwebbed all over, we had to rest our weary limbs. In choosing our place we pass by or walk over mule, pedlers, pig-herds, all thick-set, strong-limbed, muscular chaps, stretched down on the bare floor with their coats or stones under their heads by way of pillows. On the walls, harnesses and sombreros are hanging on nails; in the corners are sacks of grain, packages, wine-skins belonging to the sleepers, and guarded by little curs who snarl silently when one gets near, and would bark and bite at the slightest attempt of any stranger to touch their masters' property.

In the weird light, a half-light — what a fine picture this interior makes! Two stables are near us. One for the mules, the other for the pigs. These last are grunting while the mules kick, and lean cats, wandering about in search of food, mew. A mule chased from the stable picks out her way quickly among the sleepers, not one of whom moves while her master, coming behind with her harness, urges her on with a sonorous shout ending in a hiss. No interruptions wake the sleepers. Their life is so hard and busy a one, a good part of the days and nights being spent working, that when a chance offers they are sound asleep in a twinkle. Resting soundly until the last minute, in a moment they are up and ready for work. There is no stretching of the limbs, no washing to be gone through, no clothes to put on; a drink of water and they are behind their mules under the broiling sun, wide awake, the crooked stick in their hands and singing.

We start at three in the afternoon, after harnessing the mule in the midst of a drove of a hundred or more pigs — all the pigs of the village — which are being gathered together to go to the fields under the guardianship of boys. We follow a beautiful road for a league or more and pass the sanctuary on the hill where reposes the miraculous image of the patron saint of the Campo, "Our Lady of Crijitano;" we strike across wheat-fields and after a couple of hours reach the barren country sparsely dotted with clusters of trees where Don Quixote met his Lady — Dulcinea of Toboso. Quite melancholy are the approaches of the village whose few houses, built of the sculptured fragments of ancient fine structures, testify to the present decadence of the once renowned and important city. There is a winning charm to this place though, like to a deserving poor chap who still preserves some traces of gentlemanly demeanor.

Its dilapidated houses, clustered at the feet of two stern, forbidding looking churches, in spite of their scars, appeared clean and well kept. Its ravine-like lanes were free from noxious sights. There also was to be found the unique curiosity of La Mancha, a very

"Juana."

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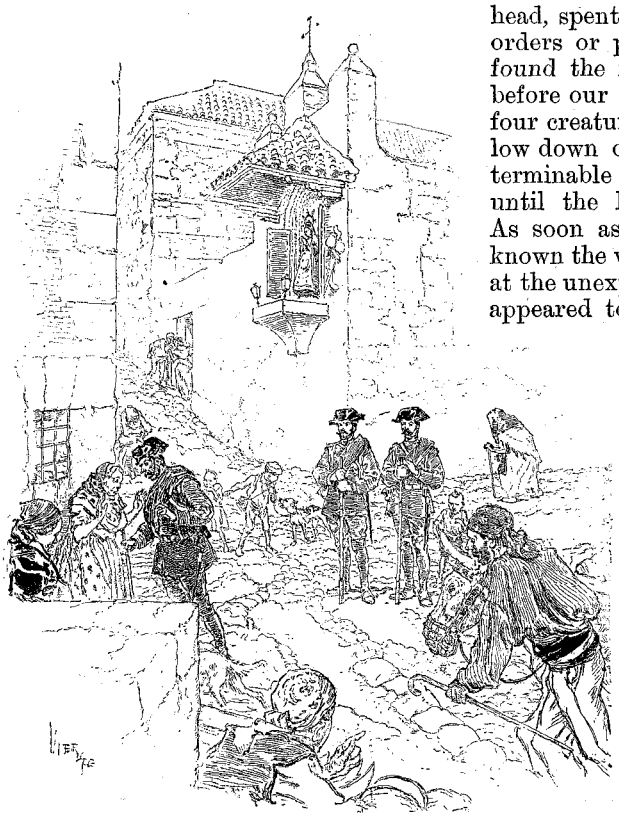

A Scene in Toboso—Guardias Civiles Making an Investigation.

poor but exquisitely clean posada. It was late when we saw it, and I hardly dare trust my first impression, but it stood the test of a detailed survey in the full light of the next day. Imagine Dutch cleanliness in a Manchegan village! Floors of court-yards and rooms shining, barren of dust; curtains at the little windows, mats at the doors, and in appropriate places on the white walls pathetic attempts at decoration in the shape of religious prints set in colored-paper frames!

The family—father, mother, and two daughters—kept the place in order. The women were dignified and winning, and as they went about their work in the house an atmosphere of gentility hovered about them. Their simple manners, devoid neither of repose nor of grace, were pleasant to watch.

The father, a strapping man of about fifty, with large frame, big shoulders, clean face, and a peculiarly low forehead, spent his time alternately giving orders or praying. On our arrival we found the family finishing supper, and before our inquiries were answered the four creatures stood with heads bowed low down on the table, chanting an interminable litany, keeping us waiting until the long ordeal was at an end. As soon as we could make our wishes known the women, excited and fluttered at the unexpected advent of guests, disappeared to go and prepare our supper and then the father started on his hobby—religion. He was a fanatic with the fierce intolerance which is usually considered by the foreigners one of the strong traits of the Spaniards. I had as yet seen nothing of intolerance and hardly anything of religion; but this man more than made up for what I had lost. Don Quixote discussing of chivalry was no more enthusiastic, not a whit less harebrained than this innkeeper when inveighing against the bad ways of the present generation, against its indifference to church attendance, its non-observance of religious practices—in short, its lack of what was previously termed the religious spirit in Spain. He would illustrate his ideas by quotations from the theological books, cross himself when pronouncing the name of God or the saints, and he occasionally would break in upon his reasonings to ask us our opinions of some prayers to be used on special occasions of temptation and illness which he had selected from the old manuals of piety. This world was going the way of the tempter, was the burden of his song; and he pointed to the fact that in the last century every other house in Toboso was a church, a private chapel, or a convent, while the government having taken away lands and fields and convents from monks and sisters, there were hardly any monks or sisters left, and only two churches. He remembered how beautiful were the holy services he used to attend in

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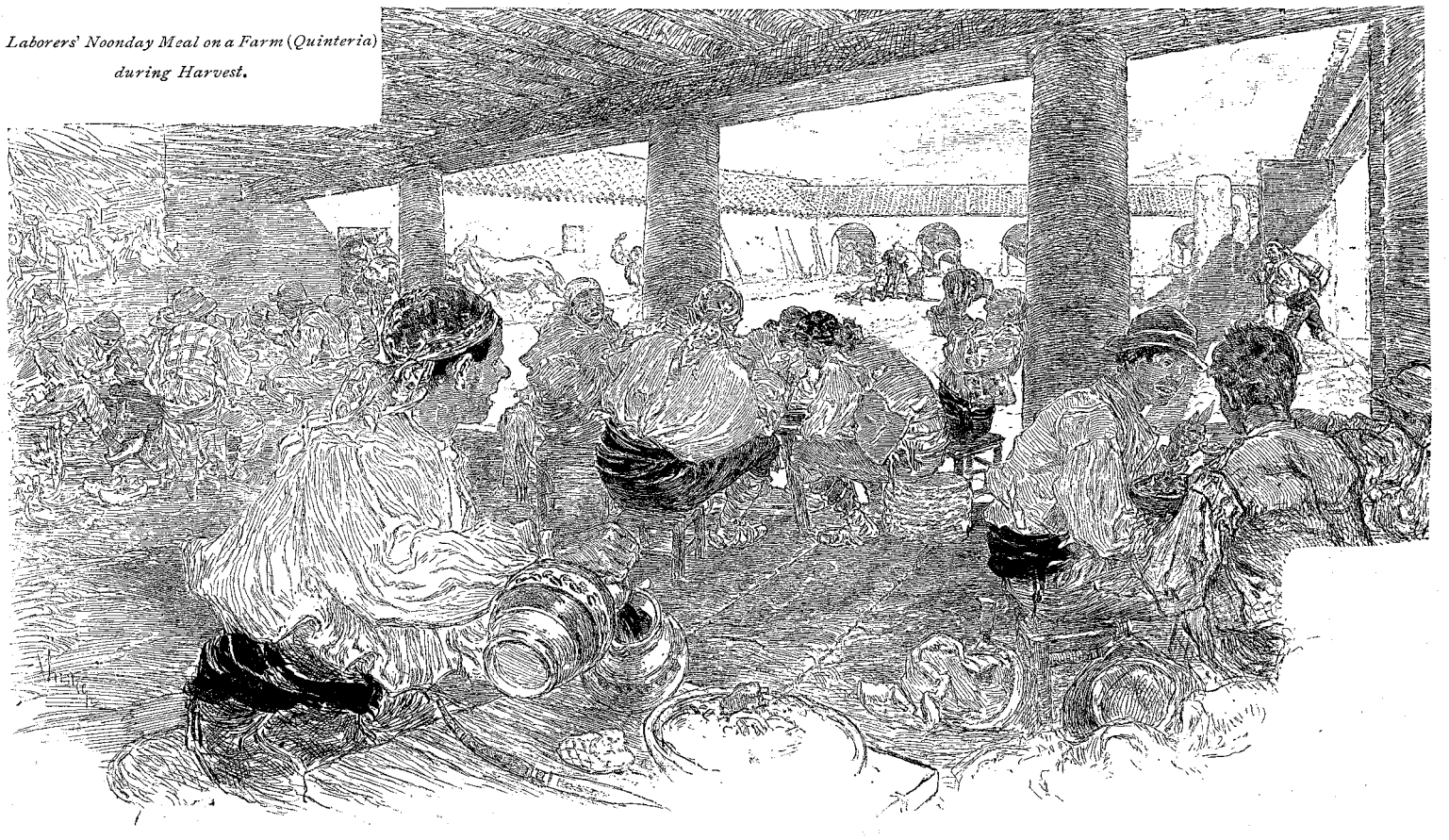
Laborers' Noonday Meal on a Farm (Quinteria) during Harvest.



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his youth, with the magnificent tapestries, gold and silver vases, rich ornaments which made the altars like visions of paradise. All these riches had to be sold, little by little, and thus the church was now bereft of her power for good.

A sad lot was that of the women of the house with such a master. He meant well, of course, but his was an iron will, and everyone must agree with the spirit of his doctrine as well as with his minute observances. Thus Maria and Juana, the daughters, in passing before each saintly image, each prayer cut from the pages of ancient missals, which adorned the walls all over the house in their little frames ingeniously fashioned of straw and gilt paper—had to bow and stop, audibly reciting a pious ejaculation. While in the midst of their work, the hands of the giant would beckon, and business had to be instantly abandoned for the recitation of some special prayer for the deliverance of slaves or the conversion of the faithless. There was no escape possible from the tyrannical ways of this singular amo, who, caring little about the things of this world, would let his guests starve or go away without paying if only he could improve the opportunity to make them religious after his own heart. The reason for the lack of patronage of this otherwise admirable place was evident. When in the evening, seated outdoors and hearing songs of merriment in the neighborhood, we wondered what was going on, "It is from the other posada," said the amo. "May God burn it to the ground, for devil-possessed people run it and idolaters alone frequent it."

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THE EXPENDITURE OF RICH MEN

By E. L. Godkin

FROM the earliest times of which we have any historical knowledge rich men have had to exercise a good deal of ingenuity in expending their income. The old notion that wealth is desired for the sake of power was never completely true. It has always been desired also, as a rule, for the sake of display. The cases have been rare in which rich men have been content to be secretly or unobtrusively rich. They have always wished people to know they were rich. It has, also, from the earliest times, been considered appropriate that display should accompany power. A powerful man who was not wealthy and made no display, has, in all ages, been considered a strange, exceptional person. As soon as a man became powerful, the world has always thought it becoming that he should also be rich, and should furnish evidences of his riches that would impress the popular imagination. As a rule, he has sought to make this impression. He has liked people at least to see what he could do if he would. Of course, except in the case of rulers, he could not put his money into armies or fleets. Consequently, as a private man, he has put it into tangible, visible property, things which people could see and envy, or wonder over. A rich man who did not do this was always set down as a miser, or something very like it, in some way queer or eccentric. He, too, has been held bound to spend his money in ways in which the public in general expected him to spend it, and in which it had become usual for men of his kind to expend it. His expenditure was, therefore, in a certain sense, the product of the popular manners. If a man in England, for instance, expends money like a rich Turkish pasha, or Indian prince, he is frowned on or laughed at. But if he keeps a great racing stable, or turns large tracts of land into a grouse moor or a deer forest, in which to amuse himself by killing wild animals, it is thought natural and simple.

But one of the odd things about wealth is the small impression the preachers and moralists have ever made about it. From the very earliest times its deceitfulness, its inability to produce happiness, its fertility in temptation, its want of connection with virtue and purity, have been among the commonplaces of religion and morality. Hesiod declaims against it, and exposes its bad effects on the character of its possessors, and Christ makes it exceedingly hard for the rich man to get to heaven. The folly of winning wealth or caring for it has a prominent place in mediæval theology. Since the Reformation there has not been so much declamation against it, but the rich man's position has always been held, even among Protestants, to be exceedingly perilous. His temptations might not be so great as they used to be, but his responsibilities were quadrupled. The modern philanthropic movement, in particular, has laid heavy burdens on him. He is now allowed to have wealth, but the ethical writers and the clergy supervise his expenditure closely. If he does not give freely for charitable objects, or for the support of institutions of beneficence, he is severely criticised. His stewardship is insisted on. In the Middle Ages this was his own lookout. If he endowed monasteries, or bequeathed foundations for widows, or old men, or orphans, it was with the view of making provision for his own soul in the future world, and did not stand much higher in morals or religion than that old English legacy for the expenses of burning heretics. But in our times he is expected to endow for love of his kind or country, and gifts for his soul's sake would be considered an expression of selfishness.

In Europe, as I have said, the association of displays of wealth with polit-

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ical power has lasted since states were founded. It was largely made possible in the ancient world through slavery. From what we know through architectural remains, or historic record, there was no length, in that world, to which a great man could not go in the display of his possessions. What we hear or see of Hadrian's villa, or Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, makes Versailles seem a mere bauble. The stories told of the villas of Lucullus, or Mæcenas, even if half true, show that our modern rich men know but little of the possibilities of luxury. Pliny's description of his own villa in his Letters shows that they were far more than half true, that not one of our modern rich men has done one-quarter of what he might have done for material enjoyment. Undoubtedly the non-existence of slavery has been the greatest check on his extravagance. Could he have the same absolute control over domestic servants, he would probably treat himself to more extraordinary varieties of luxury in the matter of habitation and clothing and equipages. The traditions of the Roman Empire in this matter perished with the Empire. When the modern rich man came into possession of the means and appliances of civilization, he found himself in a new world, in which it was vastly more difficult to secure steady, uncomplaining personal service, and in which money was harder to get hold of. But what was within his reach, he readily used. The mediæval noble all over Europe after the Renaissance, transferred himself to magnificent abodes, and surrounded himself with a small army of servants. But he did this in obedience, I will not say to public opinion, for there was no such thing, but to popular notions of the fitting. It was held, as I have said, but becoming that a man who occupied his political place, who counted for so much in the state, whose descent was considered so illustrious, who owned such vast tracts of land, should live in a very great house, and be followed by a great retinue, should have his gentlemen and pages, and his numerous servants to wait upon him. When Madame de Sevigné travelled in the seventeenth century to Paris from her château in the country, she went with two carriages, seven horses, and four men on horseback, and each carriage had four horses; yet she was only a person of moderate fortune. Madame de Montespan, when she went to Vichy, had six horses in her coach; another behind with six maids. Then she had two *fourgons*, or baggage-wagons, six mules, and a dozen men on horseback, forty-five persons in all. Once when Madame de Sevigné's son came home from the army, her man of business had fifteen hundred men under arms to receive him in the court of the château. When the Marquis de Lavardin came to see her, he had officers and guards and trumpets and twenty gentlemen. The Montmorencis and Rohans and Soubises and Colignys made still greater display. The same thing went on in England. The rich men lived and travelled surrounded by splendor, because they were really great men. They had power over hundreds and thousands of fortunes, if not of lives. They had a share in the government. They were largely above the law. "God Almighty," as a pious but well-born Frenchwoman said, "thought twice before damning one of them." Down to the end of the last century the enmity of a peer, as was recently remarked, was enough to ruin a man in England.

All this is now changed in Europe. As power has left the upper classes, display has ceased. To be quiet and unobserved is the mark of distinction. Women of Madame de Sevigné's rank travel in dark-colored little broughams. Peers in England are indistinguishable when they move about in public, from any one else. Distinction is sought in manners, in speech, in general simplicity of demeanor, rather than in show of any kind. An attempt to produce on anybody, high or low, any impression but one of envy, by sumptuousness of living or equipage, would prove a total failure. It may be said, without exaggeration, that the quietness of every description is now the "note" of the higher class in all countries in Europe—quietness of manner, of voice, of dress, of equipages, of, in short, nearly everything

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which brings them in contact with their fellow-men. Comfort is the quest of the "old nobility" generally. Ostentation is left to the newly enriched, but there can hardly be a doubt that this is largely due to loss of power. Wealth now means nothing but wealth. The European noble was, in fact, everywhere but in Venice, a great territorial lord. It was incumbent on him as a mark of his position, as soon as he came out of his mediæval "keep," to live in a great house, if only for purposes of entertainment. His retinue required large accommodation; his guests required more, and more still was added for the needs of the popular imagination. But the system of which he was the product, which made his château or mansion grow out of the soil like his crops, was never transferred to this country. The few large grants which marked our early history never brought forth large mansions or great retinues. The great houses of that period, such as those of the Van Rensselaers or Livingstons on the Hudson, or of the planters on the James River, are simply moderate sized mansions which, on most estates in England or France, would be considered small. Hospitality was in none of them exercised on anything like the European scale. None of them was ever occupied by anybody who exercised anything more than influence over his fellow-citizens. In fact most of them are to-day mainly interesting as showing the pains taken to put up comfortable abodes in what were then very out-of-the-way places.

All this amounts to saying that the building of great houses was, down to our own time, a really utilitarian mode of spending wealth. It was intended to maintain and support the influence of the ruling class by means which was sure to impress the popular mind, and which the popular mind called for. The great territorial owners had a recognized place in government and society which demanded, at first a strong, and later, an extensive, dwelling-place. It was, in short, the product and indication of contemporary manners as dwelling-places generally are. If we travel through a country in which castles and fortified houses are numerous, as they used to be prior to the fourteenth century all over Europe, we conclude infallibly that the law is weak, and that neighbors make armed attacks on each other in the style described in the Paston Letters. If we find, coming down later, as in the Elizabethan period, strongholds abandoned for extensive and ornamental residences with plenty of unprotected windows, we conclude that the government is omnipotent and the great men live in peace. If we go through a democratic country like Switzerland, and find moderation in the size of houses and in the manner of living, the custom of the country, we conclude that the majority is in power, and that every man has his say in the management of the state. In short it may be truly said that dwelling-places, from the Indian's tepee up to the palace of the great noble, indicate, far more clearly than books or constitutions, the political and social condition of the country.

It is only of late years that we have had among us a class capable of equalling or outdoing the European aristocracy in wealth. American fortunes are now said to be greater than any of those of Europe, and nearly, if not quite, as numerous. But the rich American is face to face with a problem by which the European was not, and is not troubled. He has to decide for himself, what is decided for the European by tradition, by custom, by descent, if not by responsibilities, how to spend his money. The old rich class in Europe may be said to inherit their obligations of every kind. When a man comes of age, if he inherits wealth, and is of what is called "good family," he finds settled for him the kind of house he shall live in, the number of horses and servants he shall keep, the extent to which he shall entertain. His income is, in truth, already disposed of by will, or settlement, or custom. There are certain people he is expected to maintain in a certain way, a certain style in which he is to live. This has led to, what appears to the American, the curious reluctance of the Englishman "to lay down his carriage." To certain families, houses, and properties, to certain social positions, in short,

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is attached the obligation of "keeping a carriage." It is one of the outward and visible signs of the owner's place in the state. To the American it is generally a mere convenience, which some years he possesses and other years he does not, and the absence of which excites no remark among his neighbors. If an Englishman of a certain rank gives it up, it indicates the occurrence of a pecuniary catastrophe. It advertises misfortune to the world. It says that he has been vanquished in a struggle, that his position is in danger, and his friends sympathize with him accordingly, partly because the women of his family do not, as with us, use public conveyances in the cities.

From all these responsibilities and suggestions the American, when he "makes his pile," is free. He can say for himself how the owner of millions in a country like this ought to live. He may have one servant, eat in the basement, sup on Sunday evenings on scalloped oysters, and sit in his shirt-sleeves on his own stoop in a one hundred thousand dollar house, and nobody will make any remark. Or he may surround himself with lackeys, whom he treats as equals, and who teach him how the master of lackeys should behave, give gorgeous entertainments to other rich men like himself, at which his wife will eclipse in finery all other wives, and nobody will express interest or surprise except people who long for invitations from him. Or he may, after a period of such luxury, "burst up," sell everything out, and go live in Orange or Flushing. Or his wife may "tire of housekeeping," and they may retire to an expensive apartment in the Waldorf, or Savoy, after storing their furniture, or selling it at auction. What this indicates is simply that great wealth has not yet entered into our manners. No rules have yet been drawn to guide wealthy Americans in their manner of life. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Prussians, Austrians, Swiss, of rank and of fortune, have ways of spending their money, notions of their own of what their position and personal dignity require. But nothing of the kind is yet national in America. The result is that we constantly see wealthy Americans travelling in Europe, without the slightest idea of what they will or ought to do next, except get rid of their money as fast as possible, by the payment of monstrous prices and monstrous fees, or the committal of other acts which to Europeans are simply vulgar eccentricities, but which our countrymen try to cover up by calling them "American" when "irrational" would be a more fitting appellation. Some of this confusion of mind is due, as Matthew Arnold has suggested in one of his letters, to the absence among us of an aristocracy to set an example of behavior to our rich men. In European countries the newly enriched drop easily into the ranks of the aristocracy by a mere process of imitation. They try to dress and behave in the same way, and though a little fun may be made of them at first, they and their sons soon disappear in the crowd.

Ours do not enjoy such an advantage. They have to be, therefore, their own models, and there are finesses of manners and points of view in an aristocracy which are rarely got hold of except by long contact. By aristocracy I do not mean simply rich or well born people, but people who have studied and long practised the social art, which is simply another name for the art of being agreeable. The notion that it consists simply in being kindly, and doing pleasant things for people, and having plenty of money, is one of the American delusions. The social art, like all other arts, is only carried to perfection, or to high excellence, by people who carefully practise it, or pay great attention to it. It consists largely in what are called "minor morals," that is, in doing things in society which long custom has settled on as suitable for the set of people with whom one associates. But it is full of what seem trifles, and which often become absurd if practised as a branch of learning acquired out of books. Like a large number of other things in civilized life, to be well practised it needs to be practised without thought, as something one is bred to. It is better obtained from books, or by study, than not at all, but it is most easily learned by observation. Ease of manner, taste

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in dress, tone of voice, insight into the ways of looking at small things of well mannered people, are most easily acquired by seeing them in others. The benefit of watching adepts in this art have been enjoyed by but few rich men in America, and the result is that the rich world with us can hardly be called a social world at all. There can hardly be said to be among us what is called in Europe a "world" or "monde," in which there is a stock of common traditional manners and topics and interests, which men and women have derived from their parents, and a common mode of behavior which has assumed an air of sanctity. Our very rich people are generally simply rich people with everything in the way of social life to learn, but with a desire to learn which is kept in check by the general belief in the community that they have nothing at all to learn, and that it is enough to be rich.

That, under these circumstances, they should, in somewhat slavish imitation of Europe, choose the most conspicuous European mode of asserting social supremacy, the building of great houses, is not surprising. But in this imitation they make two radical mistakes. They want the two principal reasons for European great houses. One is that great houses are in Europe signs either of great territorial possessions, or of the practice of hospitality on a scale unknown among us. A very large house in the country in Europe indicates either that the owner is the possessor of great estates, or that he means to draw on some great capital for a large body of guests whom he will amuse by field sports out-of doors, or who will amuse each other in-doors. These are the excuses for great houses in England, France, or Austria. The owner is a great landholder, and has in this way from time immemorial given notice of the fact. Or he is the centre of a large circle of men and women who have practised the social art, who know how to idle and have the means to idle, can talk to each other so as to entertain each other about sport, or art, or literature, or politics, are, in short, glad to meet each other in luxurious surroundings.

No such conditions exist in America. In the first place, we have no great landholders, and there is no popular recognition of the fact that a great landowner, or great man of any sort, needs a great house. In the second place, we have no capital to draw on for a large company of men and women who will amuse each other in a social way, even from Friday to Monday. The absence of anything we can call society, that is the union of wealth and culture in the same persons, in all the large American cities, except possibly Boston, is one of the marked and remarkable features of our time. It is, therefore, naturally what one might expect, that we rarely hear of Americans figuring in cultivated circles in England. Those who go there with social aspirations desire most to get into what is called "the Prince of Wales's set," in which their national peculiarities furnish great amusement among a class of people to whom amusement is the main thing. It would be easy enough to fill forty or fifty rooms from "Friday to Monday" in a house near New York or Boston. But what kind of company would it be? How many of the guests would have anything to say to each other? Suppose "stocks" to be ruled out, where would the topics of conversation be found? Would there be much to talk about except the size of the host's fortune, and that of some other persons present? How many of the men would wish to sit with the ladies in the evening and participate with them in conversation? Would the host attempt two such gatherings, without abandoning his efforts in disgust, selling out the whole concern, and going to Europe?

One fatal difficulty in the way of such modes of hospitality with us is the difference of social culture between our men and women. As a rule in the European circle called "society" the men and women are interested in the same topics, and these topics are entirely outside what is called "business;" they are literary or artistic, or in some degree intellectual, or else sporting. With us such topics are left almost entirely to women. Whatever is done among us for real society is

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done by women. It is they, as a general rule, who have opinions about music, or the drama, or literature, or philosophy, or dress, or art. It is they who have reflected on these things, who know something and have something to say about them. It is a rare thing for husbands or sons to share in these interests. For the most part they care little about them; they go into no society but dinners, and at dinners they talk stocks and money. A meeting of women for discussion on such subjects would be a dreadful bore to them. The husband feels better employed in making money for his wife and daughters to spend seeing the sights abroad. This difference in the culture of the sexes, and in the practice of the social art, is in fact so great in some parts of the country, as to make happy marriages rare or brief. It makes immense houses, with many chambers, in town or country, almost an absurdity in our present stage of progress.

Another, and the most serious reason against spending money in America in building great dwelling-houses, is, as I have already indicated, that the dwellings of leading men in every country should be in some sort of accord with the national manners. If there be what is called a "note" in American polity, it is equality of conditions, that there should neither be an immoderate display of wealth, nor of poverty, that no man should be raised so far above the generality in outward seeming as to excite either envy, hatred, or malice; that, above all things, wealth should not become an object of apprehension. We undoubtedly owe to suspicion and dislike of great wealth and displays of it, the Bryan platform, with its absurdities and its atrocities. The accumulation of great fortunes since the war, honestly it may be, but in ways mysterious or unknown to the plain man, has introduced among us the greatest of European curses—class hatred, the feeling among one large body of the community that they are being cheated or oppressed by another body. To erect "palatial abodes" is to flaunt, in the faces of the poor and the unsuccessful and greedy, the most conspicuous possible evidence that the owner not only has enormous amounts of money, but does not know what to do with it. We know that from the earliest times there has not been, and we know that there is not now, the smallest popular dislike to the successful man's "living like a gentleman," as the saying is, that is, with quiet comfort, and with a reasonable amount of personal attendance. But the popular gall rises when an American citizen appears, in the character of a Montmorenci, or a Noailles, or a Westminster, in a gorgeous palace, at the head of a large army of foreign lackeys. They ask themselves what does this mean? Whither are we tending? Is it possible we are about to renew on this soil, at the end of the nineteenth century, the extravagances and follies of the later Roman Empire and of the age of Louis XIV.? What it does mean, in most cases, is simply that the citizen has more money than he finds it easy to dispose of. Consequently the only thing he can think of is building a residence for himself, which, like Versailles, shall astonish the world, if in no other way, by its cost.

All this may be said without denying in the least the great liberality of American millionnaires. What colleges, schools, museums, and charities owe to them is something new in the history of the world. They have set Europe an example in this matter which is one of the glories of America. It is a pity to have them lessen its effect or turn attention away from it, by extravagance or frivolity, the more so because there is a mode still open to them of getting rid of cumbersome money, which is untried, and is full of honest fame and endless memory. We mean the beautifying of our cities with monuments and buildings. This should really be, and, I believe, will eventually become, the American way of *displaying* wealth. Considering what our wealth is, and what the burden of our taxation is, and, as shown by the Chicago Exhibition, what the capabilities of our native architecture are, the condition of our leading cities as regards monuments of sculpture or architecture, is one of the sorrowful wonders of our condition. We are enormously rich, but except one or two things, like the Boston Library

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and the Washington public buildings, what have we to show? Almost nothing. Ugliness from the artistic point of view is the mark of all our cities. The stranger looks through them in vain for anything but population and hotels. No arches, no great churches, no court houses, no city halls, no statues, no tombs, no municipal splendors of any description, nothing but huge inns.

I fear, too, of this poverty we are not likely soon to be rid, owing to the character of the government. It will always, under the régime of universal suffrage, be difficult in any city to get the average tax-payer to do much for art, or to allow art, as we see in the case of the Sherman Monument, to be made anything but the expression of his own admiration for somebody. It is almost impossible to prevent monuments or buildings being jobs or caricatures, through the play of popular politics on a subject which was no more meant for its treatment by majorities than the standard of value. Governments in all European countries do much for art. They erect fine public buildings under the best artistic conditions. They endow and maintain picture galleries and museums. In fact the cultivation of art is one of their accepted functions. Nothing of the kind is known among us. It would infuriate Populists and Bryanites to know that our Treasury was putting tens of thousands of dollars into books and paintings, or bric-à-brac, or even into art education. An École des Beaux Arts, or National Gallery, seems to be an impossibility for us. Whatever is done for beauty in America, must, it seems, at least for a long time to come, be done by private munificence. If we are to have noble arches, or gateways, or buildings, or monuments of any description, if our cities are to have other attractions than large hotels, it is evident our rich men must be induced to use for this purpose the wealth which it seems often to puzzle them to spend. Such works would be a far more striking evidence of the owner's opulence than any private palace, would give his name a perpetuity which can never be got from a private house, and would rid him completely from the imputation of selfishness. For our experience with regard to great houses, hitherto, is that the children of the men who cause them to be built rarely wish to live in them, and often have not the means to do so. Such buildings become after their death either hotels or some kind of charitable institutions. They are in no sense memorials in men's minds of anything but somebody's folly or extravagance. All they say to coming generations, if they are not pulled down, is that So-and-so made a fortune.

In erecting public monuments a rich man would have the great advantage of doing what he pleased. If the thing were more than a building, were, for instance, an arch or a fountain, all he would have to get from the public would be permission to build, which would be seldom difficult. To obtain from a popular government large expenditure of money in a way which artists would approve, especially a government resting on a public as little instructed in art matters as ours, is likely to be for a long time to come at least almost an impossibility. Men in office are rarely experts in such matters, and if thoroughly honest, are apt to plume themselves on their economy and rigid devotion to utility, rather than on any regard for beauty. The banker in New York who refused, some time ago, to give in aid of an Academy of Design, money which might be used, he said, in setting "a young man up in the grocery business," fairly represented the state of mind of any official class which we are likely to have for a good while. Our reliance for the ornamentation of the new world must therefore be mainly on our rich men. They can choose their subject and their architect, without let or hindrance, and they have thus far shown themselves fully alive to the value of professional advice and criticism. They have, in fact, before them a wonderful opportunity, of which we trust the next generation at least will avail itself, without servile imitation of a society which is passing away in the places in which history produced it.

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THE NEW YORK WORKING-GIRL

By Mary Gay Humphreys

"I AM an original working-girl."

The women from Murray Hill who had come down to Cooper Union to confer with the women from Cherry Hill about the feather-workers' trouble looked up incredulously at the shirt-maker's exultant boast. The statement of fact was plain enough, but not the meaning of the tone. That there could be anything but necessity in getting up early and working late six days in the week, for a sum of money ridiculously unimportant in their eyes, seemed incredible.

An original working-girl, as the shirt-maker expressed it, is, in fact, a new type. She is a girl to whom work is a necessity, but a burden she takes up lightly and gladly. It means independence, freedom, power. It means association, companionship, organization. It leaves her free to do with her life what she chooses. The regularity that her work exacts she knows is good for both body and mind. She has a pride, which she feels is not wicked, in being one of the cleverest of workwomen. If there is extra work to be done, she is booked to do it. This gives her satisfaction. Certainly she does not earn money enough to suit her. But if she cannot make more she doesn't mean to take less, and is ready to try conclusions with a light heart.

In all probability she has not been to school since she was thirteen years old. Since then her education has been conducted by experience and the newspaper. Neither is an inefficient teacher. On the contrary, so ably has this been done that her mind is a storehouse of facts that make her valuable frequently for purposes of reference to people who have been through college. Her experience directs her mind toward matters of public importance, and these include how public men have stood with regard to them. Not infrequently she has had the career of some legislator assigned by her organization to her watchful eye. Whatever has at any time engrossed the public mind she is informed about.

When she turns at a strike meeting and asks your opinion about the restriction of immigration, it is not a question of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, nor has she loaded up with information in order to unload it upon somebody else. You have no opinion, and it is worth while to frankly admit it, in order to arrive at her opinion and how she got it. She was a shirt-maker. The girls had the trade in their own hands, and made good wages. First one black man got in, and he brought his brother and his son. Pretty soon the room was half-filled with men in shiny clothes and big black beards, who brought their relations. The girls first objected because they made the factory towel so black with their dirty hands. After that the girls brought their own towels, but the black men seemed to choke up the room and swallow all the air. Then work began to give out; the black-bearded men were taking it home to do nights when their wives and daughters could help them. The old people and the little children, who could do nothing else, pulled out the bastings. The boss found he could get his work done cheaper and save in rent and fuel. At last prices were cut until the girls might as well strike or starve. They struck.

It is irrelevant but instructive to know that they made a gallant fight and lost. The black-bearded men came in greater force and took all the work home; the factory was given up, the girls thrown out of work. Thus was the question of immigration pressed upon them. It was discussed privately in their union, and publicly at Cooper Union. To talk about it was like talking about any other question pertinent and personal. The arguments were those familiar; but one may be mentioned. Every working-girl born in this country is an American—Irish-American, German-American are not terms she uses; she may go without a meal, but her birthright forbids her to content herself with black bread and

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coffee like the black-bearded men. During a great strike in a neighboring thread-mill the complaint was bitter against the imported Scotch girls, who wore shawls on the head and took their places. American girls eat meat and wear bonnets. This is neither vanity nor gormandizing, but a sense of that decorous, orderly mode of life that becomes the free people of a free country. Of this the immigration laws tend to deprive her, and her patriotic instincts rebel.

In other matters she is instructed in like manner. No university education is more costly. Eight years ago she began to entertain views on convict labor, after a now historic strike, disastrous both to employers and employed. This strike shows so many of the chivalrous, picturesque, economic, and insidious features of a labor contest that it is worth relating it somewhat in detail. A newly imported superintendent, desiring to show his zeal by increasing the firm's profits, cut down the wages of the cutters. The cutters, men, and well organized, struck. The operators were hundreds of girls, unorganized. To render the strike effective it was necessary that they, too, should go out. Behind them were the ironers, eighty strong-armed women with a good union. One of the offices of a union is to know the state of the market. The situation did not warrant the reduction, and the ironers attempted to rally the girls to the defence of the men. The superintendent posted a notice of petty restrictions to the ironers at this juncture. It was scarcely posted when one, now the historic leader of the revolt, laid down her iron, sat down on her ironing-table with folded arms and swinging feet. In an instant eighty women were sitting on tables with folded arms and swinging feet. The superintendent came up and removed the offending paper, but it was too late; the spirit of revolt had spread; the girls went out, and the ironers were locked out. The proprietor was kind, everybody had been glad to work for him. But he was more remote than the president. The strike lasted for months, the firm never recovered its custom, its name is now effaced from the business of the country; the prisons and the houses of mercy came forward with cheap bids for the ironing, and the laundry work of the town was practically transferred to institutions.

Nothing has tended more directly to weaken allegiance to the church than that religious houses were permitted to use their unfortunates to interfere with the wage-earning power of honest workmen. In the case of the State what the ironers experienced, so also have the shoefitters and the overall-makers. But also in the case of the State the working-girl has seen the ingenuous little ballot put an end to convict labor in the prisons, and the lesson, as it pertains to her welfare, has not been unheeded. The typical working-girl is a good deal of a politician. If she was not the backbone she was the spinal-cord of the Anti-Poverty Society, and Mr. Henry George has a fine following in her ranks. She is up in ward politics, and calls Jim, Mike, and Barney by their first names. But her interest is farther-reaching. She goes to hear speeches at Cooper Union, and has views on tariff reform. Sometimes she works out economic problems in her own way.

A group of boxmakers were talking about the flattering messages sent by the uptown ladies to two girls of a working-girls' club who were doing the janitor's work so that her wages could be saved for the club. Finally, one girl said she wasn't so sure about it being a good thing. Girls who worked hard all day, she thought, ought not to be taking on more work after hours. Besides, there was Mrs. Flanagan, who needed the money. Sometimes it seemed almost wrong to save money.

This made a great outcry. If there was one lesson that was eloquently dwelt on at the club it was that of economy, the virtue of saving. The girls were learning dressmaking so that they could make their own dresses, and millinery, that they might trim their own bonnets. This they pointed out. But the other girl said it seemed to her it would be almost better to be doing overwork, for then she could give her clothes to some other girl to

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make and she could be earning too. It seemed to her that the best thing in the world would be to have everybody earning more. That would be better than to have a few saving money.

"But everybody knows that the way to get rich is to save money. There was Peter Cooper, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Astor. That was the way they did."

"That is what everybody tells us," persisted the other girl; "but I don't believe they got rich by sticking to saving. I get along better than I used to. There was a time when I never had more than one dress a year, and I would contrive until I would get a blue ribbon for my waist, and another for my neck, and one for my hair. Although you may say I couldn't afford them, I'll never forget the pleasure the ribbons gave me."

The girls didn't agree to this at all. They loved ribbons, of course, but everybody agreed that ribbons were not only an extravagance, but a foolish extravagance. The other girl said she was not so sure of that, for in a far-off way she was helping to keep the girls who made the ribbons. She liked to think that.

"But you can't be right, Maggie," said, in painful hesitation, a girl who especially loved to decorate herself. "Nobody talks that way. Everybody says we must save. If you put money in banks and let it lie, when you have enough you can live on the interest of the money."

The girl called Maggie said that might be well enough for some people, but most folks had to hustle if they wanted money, and a good sight hadn't anything to hustle about.

"I was up to Cooper Union to a political meeting this fall," she continued, "and a man there said that the trouble was, everybody was doing too much. The factories were so full that there was not enough people to buy what they made; so the stock stood and rotted, and the men who owned it failed."

"That's true," said another girl, "for after the season closed my boss had his lofts stacked with cloaks fairly rotted, and we were laid off for months."

"But it wasn't because there wasn't enough people to buy the cloaks, but because they couldn't buy them. Now, if I could earn more I would have been one of his customers myself. I needed a cloak."

"But what would you have us do, Maggie, if we're not to be savin' money?"

"I'm not saying that exactly. I'm only sayin' that I believe in doin', not savin'. I'm not setting the world right. Only if I had my way none of us would have to work so long and so hard, and then there would be more work for everybody; and then everybody could earn and everybody spend; and everybody would have to keep on working, earning, spending, and round and round we would all go working, earning, spending. Of course, some people would not get so very rich, but we would all be better off; and as we all kept going around, working, earning, spending, I believe we would get lifted higher up, as if we were all riding along on the thread of a screw."

This actual but incidental conversation illustrates how the circumstances of the New York working-girl's life lead her to the consideration of subjects that are not usually forced upon the magical period of youth. Occasionally they go deeper than the conclusions of experience. One class in political economy, held at Cooper Union, is recalled. There may have been others. The girl thrown out of work because her factory has been closed by a trust, has her attention drawn to this new engine of dismay; and there are plenty of orators at Golden Rule Hall, if more pretentious places are wanting, to stimulate, if not satisfy, inquiry. The educational value of a union is not usually dwelt upon. Some organizations are avowedly educational.

One scene is recalled. It took place during the feather strike, when a well-known woman in the educational world was to address the girls. She began brusquely: "You talk about your rights. You have no rights." Such toying with abstract propositions was not above the comprehension of the girls. But the lady soon left the well-worn paths of easy generalization for the more dangerous ground of the specific. The chief concern of the working-girl should be not wages but to do good work. It

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In Front of a Box Factory in Hester Street at Six O'clock.

was impossible to get any sort of work properly done. This difficulty she illustrated by the unceremonious ripping of some shop-made article of her own. From thence she proceeded to comment on their feminine tendency to dress, and to lay down plain directions for spending their money.

The audience stirred uneasily. Before she was seated half a dozen girls were on their feet. A shirtmaker, with flashing eyes and incisive speech, gained the floor. "You say we have no rights. What rights have you that we haven't got? You are better dressed, have more learning and more money than we have. But these things give you no more right to come down here and tell us what we shall wear, and how we shall spend our money, than we have to go uptown and tell you how you shall spend your money and what you shall put on. You complain about the ripping of your gown. Do you know anything about the life of the girl that sewed that seam? I wonder what sort of work you would do on bread and tea, or a chocolate éclair to stifle your hunger? You know all about books. I don't; but I know that you can't do good work on an empty stomach. Let us have fair wages, so that we can feed ourselves properly, and we will give you good work."

No attempt is made here to render the rude eloquence with which these things were said; but when the girl ceased, flushed and breathless, uptown and downtown broke into cheers. The first speaker was a large-minded woman, and hastened to take the girl's hand and assure her that her heart was right if her words had been misplaced. Such girls are not among the legions of the Working-Girls' Clubs. The well-meaning women who are prepared to tell the working-girl everything—what books she shall read, and to see that she is "washed be'ind the ears," fail to understand how little such advice is needed. After a lecture of this sort before the Working-Women's Society from a woman earnestly desiring to be of benefit to a number of working-girls whom she was invited to meet, a feather-worker said:

"How astonished would that lady be if she heard the girls that curl feathers at our table. We have such a good time. We talk about books that we read—good books that she seems to think we know nothing about. We talk

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Laundresses Support the Cutters' Strike.

about the theatres, and newspapers, and the things that go on about town. We may use bad grammar, and our speech is rough, but it is never vulgar, as she seems to think, or she would never say the things that she has just said to us."

The typical working-girl belongs to a union, or a local assembly of the Knights of Labor. A union is the most absolute of democracies. Even in "mixed unions," as the organization of both men and women are called, the woman has the same right of speech and office as the man. She has, perhaps, been presiding officer, wielded the gavel and served out parliamentary rulings to the men. All this is favorable to her self-respect; the girl takes pride in her station, and to her condescension finds no reasonable basis. When the up-town ladies take off their good clothes and address her as "sister," she accepts it good-humoredly as a sort of pose; but she would rather see some gracious feminine adornments, that she might get a hint for a new gown she has in her own eye. Nor has she any craving for sweetness and light as it is diffused through the medium of calisthenics, palms in blue-and-white pots; and China silk curtains.

Knows a lot about local politics.

A committee looking up statistics of wages in the trades visited one of these centres for the dissemination of refining influences. Some young girls were going through a musical drill. The fair-haired college girl who was in charge came forward. The questions were addressed with propriety to her, as in many of the clubs, at that time, it was found that conversation about trade matters was not allowed.

"I'm sure I don't know," the young woman said.

"What trades do your girls work at? May we ask them?"

"Certainly," was the amiable reply. "We never ask the girls anything about outside mat-

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The Enemies of the Working-girl.

ters," she added, as if a principle were involved. The girls were asked, and answered freely, but their fair-haired patron was plainly anxious to get back to her woven paces. One of the committee, a boxmaker, looked on curiously.

"Why do they do that?" She was told it was a species of feminine dancing.

"And she takes the trouble to teach them that, and doesn't know whether those girls have homes, or anything about their real lives. That's what I call sugar-coating poverty."

The same views were commonly expressed, and sometimes more bitterly, as if there was a conspiracy abroad to make working-people contented with their lot. In every case it is just to the working-girl to say that these views were prompted by the apparent indifference to such vital matters as wages and conditions of work. "Let us have fair wages, and all these things shall be added unto us," they said, impatiently. The time was inauspicious. To the cigarette-girls' strike, to the shirtmakers' strike, had succeeded the feather-workers' trouble. So frivolous an article as ostrich feathers had been the source of one of the largest and best-paying industries in town. For several years each season had seen a cut, until a day's work scarcely furnished a living. The energetic girls pieced out their wages by night-work, but several girls had ruined their eyes working on black feathers, and the experience of the shops was that night-work demoralized the trade, the strong and selfish prospering at the expense of the weak. The season opened with another cut. The state of the trade demanded it, so they were told. This to the girls, who knew that feather boas had "come in," did not seem reasonable; moreover they attached importance to the fast time the boss's horses were making that they read of in the daily papers. They liked the boss, and were glad when he gave the dust to everybody on the road. But, plainly, the horses were costing too much; they could not support the expense.

Two girls wrote to the Working-Women's Society a despairing cry for help. It was offered. Two members volunteered to distribute the hastily printed "call" to a conference of feather-workers. Those who have never stood picket, nor handed out circulars in the shadow of a disaffected

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factory, with the chance of being invited by the police to "move on," have failed to experience moments of gleeful terror that stirs the blood like a tonic. The girls came out, took the white missives slipped into their hands, and read them after they had turned the corner. Their indifference was discouraging; but by six o'clock the rooms were jammed. The firm was interceded with by women not connected with the trades, but without avail. Here occurred a curious entanglement, which illustrates what a complex creature is woman and how constant a factor is sex. It was well known by the girls that the situation would be taken advantage of by rival houses to "down" the boss, who had always laid down the law in his union—that of the employers. They liked his bluff, burly ways, his friendly address, and, as was said, took an interest in his fast horses as an indulgent mother does in the long-tailed hobby of a spoiled child. They did not mean the trade should leave him any more than that they would suffer their own grievance. It was necessary to get all the girls out. How could they be reached? It was only common prudence not to talk to them on the street.

The feather-curlers are the aristocrats of the trade. What the feather-curlers would do all the feather-workers would do. Now the feather-curlers have to have sharp knives. This is done at various little shops in the neighborhood. The girls leave them at night, and get them in the morning. A descent was made on these little shops in the early morning, and each girl's knife wrapped in one of those blood-stirring appeals that are part of the literature of strikes. The ruse was successful. House after house came out; the feather-working industry was paralyzed. The girls formed a strong union. Women from uptown offered their services; meetings were held; money was subscribed; a benefit was given. The pinches of poverty were scarcely felt in the excitement, in the hand-to-hand fight with the bosses before the Committee of Arbitration, and in the accounts of the beauty, eloquence, and prominence of the feather-workers so generously parcelled out by the chivalrous young reporters.

Such are among the mitigating influences of a strike; there are proud functions that possess less advantages in some respects. That in the struggle of wage-winning some personal satisfaction may be snatched is only incidental to a struggle altogether serious. The employers made overtures and the conclusion of the feather-workers' strike was, from every point of view, a picturesque and significant accomplishment. For days two high contracting parties met in the rooms of the Working-Women's Society, the one a committee from the Feather-Girls' Union, the other a committee from the Association of Feather Manufacturers, arranging the scale of prices under which the girls would go back to work. This went into every branch of a complicate trade in which the variation of a fraction of a cent meant thousands of dollars to the employer. There were debates and arguments; point after point was stoutly contested; yet so thorough and accurate was the girls' knowledge of the trade that the schedule established by them was practically accepted.

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Pickets.

Night-work was abolished, the agreement ratified by both parties, and the strike called off. In almost every trade the management of these details would fall to men. But the feather trade is a woman's industry, and that a handful of girls, a few weeks before working each for herself, could so quickly and intelligently enter into deliberations of such moment, shows something of the mental discipline and unconscious education that take the place of schools in the working-girl's life.

When the amendment to the Factory Law was passed providing for women inspectors, one of the first appointments was a boxmaker. She had left school at thirteen, and, excepting a few months at night-school, had no other education than that given by her trade and the newspaper to which she gave flattering attention. The distance between a boxmaker earning eight dollars a week and a State official makes a dizzy leap. Her new duties brought her into personal relations with great corporations, the clerical landlords, the manufacturing magnates, as well as familiar with the humble dens of the sweaters; they involved not only the enforcement of the law, and sometimes legal proceedings, but discretion, knowledge of human nature, and large measures of that sense miscalled common. Such an article as this would indeed be lacking if it failed to discover the uprightness and thoroughness with which this working-girl has performed the duties of her new estate, and the high esteem and respect in which she is held by her chief and those with whom she has had to do.

The sense of power that has accompanied these changes, among its varied influences, gives the factory-girl a dignity of character that the unorganized saleswoman cannot match among her more attractive surroundings. A man prominent in labor matters says that in time of trouble there is no loyalty that compares with that of the working-girl; she stands firmest; stays out longest; is less amenable to those insidious influences that are the most fatal with which

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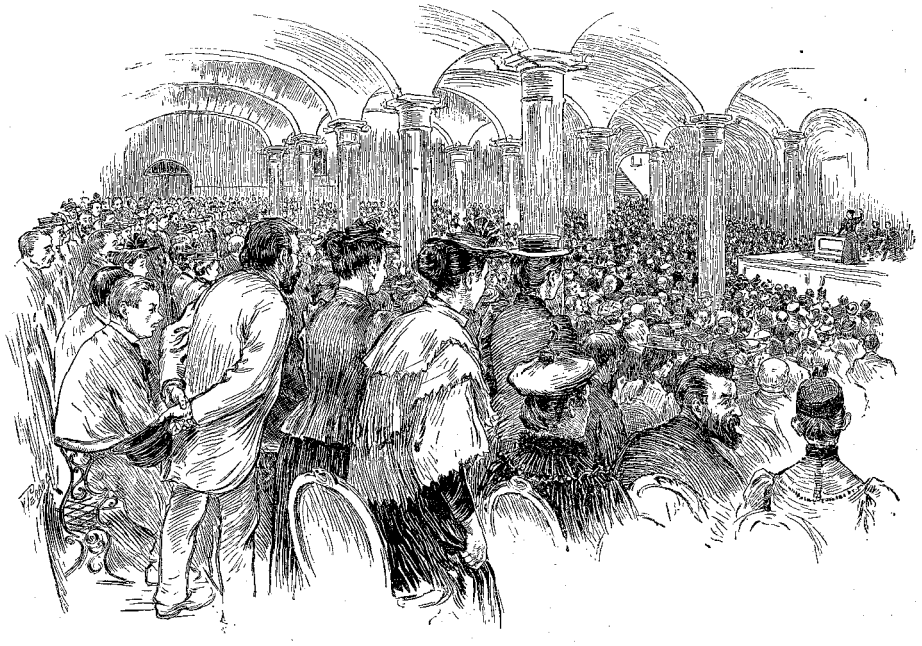
the working-people have to contend. A gentleman, whose opinions a number of centuries have thought worthy respectful consideration, has said that under the same circumstances men and women will act pretty much in the same manner. It is suspected that the ethics of women are influenced somewhat by their physique. The human impulses are the same; and working-girls standing picket in a strike have been known to use arguments of force as the men sometimes do. An outsider can scarcely comprehend the complexity of emotions, casuistry, personal reasons, abstract propositions, and sense of the picturesque that have combined to bring forth the word "scab." When in a turbulent meeting a peacemaker rises to say, "I don't think it very polite for one lady to call another lady a scab," the speech has no humor except to one in some remote mental perspective. Others bend their heads to escape the fast flying words, praying that they may be averted.

The daughters of the black-bearded men who carried dismay among the American girls in the eighties take to organization like ducks to water, as indeed do now their fathers. The Russian, Pole, Bohemian, who can speak no other English word, can say "union." The union of the Hebrew girls, allied to the United Brotherhood of Tailors, is the largest and most prominent in town. They are for the most part undersized, and it is worth a journey to some ill-smelling hall on the East Side to see some mite of a creature in a trim matronly gown and a Psyche knot address a mass of wild-looking, excited men.

One of the perplexities of the web in which both working-men and working-women are together ensnared, is that they who should be natural allies are industrial enemies. The organization of women into their unions on the part of men, these alliances offensive and defensive, are not prompted by chivalry, the natural impulse of the strong toward the weak, but by self-preservation. The argument is brief and conclusive. Women at cheaper wages are used to cheapen the labor of men. Organize women, insist on equal wages for them, and brawn will tell. Machinery is on the side of the women. The type-setting machines, responsive as the piano to her nimble fingers, at this moment illustrate the situation. The incidental fact that when she goes out to lunch



A Meeting at Cooper Union.

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she returns, and on Monday morning she is in her place, is in her favor. The working-girls themselves, forced into this unnatural antagonism, are on the side of the men. The lessons of experience have been too searching. There was a strike, or perhaps a lock-out. A father goes out with the men; the girls take their places at lower wages; a daughter is one of the girls; perhaps, too, the wife. The women are now the bread-winners. The man can get no work; at length the strike fund is exhausted, and he is supported by the women. At first this touches sorely the spirit of the man; but in receiving money from others, it is only the first step that costs. At last he comes to them for money for his beer, and then to demand it as his right. There are family quarrels; the girl comes to look down on her father, the wife to scorn her husband; the household is neglected while the women are at work, the peace and comfort of the family is destroyed. This is not an imaginary situation, it is the tragedy of countless homes.

A Type of the Born and Bred American Working-Girl.

Pythagoras Hall, just off the Bowery, was dedicated to Labor and the Muses. Nor was the goddess of Deportment forgotten. "Gents will please take off their hats when they are dancing with the ladies," used to be one of her reminders on a black and white placard, that he who danced might read. Here, in packed meetings, to which no man was allowed, working-women from every part of town, when the days were very black for them, met and talked over the matters that pressed them so nearly. However other women from whatever point of view come to regard marriage, the rank of the working-women are solid for husbands and homes. The ideal state is one in which the man earns the money and the woman cares for the children and the house. At these meetings the labor question, from whatever point of view it was considered, returned by one road or another to this. If it is a question of child labor, it is bad for the child, but it tends to drag down men's wages. For married women to work in the trades is almost immoral; they should attend to their homes and their children. The severe labor, the long hours, the nervous strain on the growing girls exhausts their vitality and unfits them to be wives and mothers. And oh, the pathos and despair of a situation that continues to crowd women into the ranks of the workers and to lower the wage-earning power of the men until marriage becomes more and more an impossibility to both.

Margaret Finn, Factory Inspector.

From time to time the uptown women came to these meetings to urge the working-girls to leave the factories and go into domestic service. There were many reasons why they were disinclined to this. Girls used to regular hours and prescribed duties objected to the irregular hours and desultory duties of the household. Better scanty food, a hard bed, and personal freedom, than material comforts and only every other Sunday out. It may be dearly bought to be one's own mistress and to go and come at will, but these are possessions not to be rashly sold. But hearken to the final, the conclusive answer.

"The men whom we may hope to marry will not visit us in other people's kitchens."

There is no impression more difficult to efface from the minds of the well-intentioned women than that the entrance of girls into industrial pursuits lowers their moral standard. This is not always formulated thus plainly, but it is implied in their efforts to mitigate

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Minnie Rosen, Walking Delegate of the Garment Makers' Union.

the conditions of women working for their weekly wages. If they establish a comfortable boarding-house or lodging-house, they set up moral safeguards frequently so rigorous that self-respecting girls refuse to enter them. If they organize classes for recreation or improvement, it is considered quite within their province to address these classes with words of warning and personal advice that it would be considered impertinence to address to girls in other walks of life. If they desire to get legislation in behalf of working-girls at Albany, it is the moral aspect that is urged out of all proportion of the legitimate reasons in its support. The alliance between poverty and crime is by no means exclusive.

The fact that a girl spends nine hours a day in a factory working for her daily bread is an argument in her favor as against Satan and all his works.

This is not an unsupported assertion. From the investigations made by the United States Commissioner of Labor, both in this country and Europe, it appears, according to the official reports of the prison authorities, that in Manchester out of fifty women only eight came from factories, while twenty-nine came from domestic service. From the investigations of M. Reybaud, in France, he reports a decreasing criminal list in a constantly increasing factory population. From the police records of Fall City, one of the largest manufacturing centres in this country, the operatives, who are 38 per cent. of the population, supply only 33 per cent. of the arrests. In Lynn, the shoe factories, which furnish 28 per cent. of the population, supply but 22 per cent. of the arrests. The factory population of Lowell, which is 30 per cent. of the whole, furnishes but 22 per cent. of the arrests. These facts are representative. Regular employment is conducive to regular living, and as a rule does not harmonize with intemperance and crime. These investigations, carried more particularly into the lives of working-women, only resulted in the same conclusions borne out by the police of twenty-two cities in which inquiry was made. In this city it is proper to add that by far the largest proportion of women seeking the hospitalities of such institutions as the Nursery and Child's Hospital are not from factories but from domestic service. The averages of women working in factories and shops barely, in the best of times, reach $5 a week. "It is easy enough to be virtuous on five thousand a year," Mrs.

Lottie Persky, Chairman.

Esther Friedman, of the Executive Board.

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Rawdon Crawley once remarked, but that the working-girl must dress and maintain herself on $5 a week, discloses an integrity of character for which she has not had credit.

The vice of the working-girl is suspicion. Distrust is fostered in the trades. A new superintendent puts her on piece-work. Nothing could be better; she is a clever work-woman. But the work gives out. She is laid off a half-day, a day, two days. She discovers that the work is sent out of town to women in their homes who can afford to work for less prices. She can have the work if she will work at their rates. Or she discovers she is working on high-grade work for low-grade prices; the numbers by which the grades are known have been changed. A shrewd manager is fertile in ruses for lowering wages in return for his own advance in salary, dependent, perhaps, on his success. A large number of the disturbances in factories, so perplexing to the public, are from such causes. When the enthusiastic economist, with illustrated diagrams, demonstrates to her the superior nourishment in beans, and how to grow plump on twelve cents a day, she is persuaded that this is only another argument to keep down what she calls a living wage. Faith in human nature is one of the dearest possessions of youth. The working-girl is indeed defrauded when she learns so early to distrust.

Her most admirable virtue is self-sacrifice. The girls in the unions, as with the men, are always the cleverest, the most skilful in their trades. They are the workers who have the least need of a union. For a working-girl to pledge each week a certain sum from her scanty wages in the interest of those who are less able to stand alone, is an act of self-denial, which by no means gets the recognition to which it is entitled. Hunger and cold strip the human heart bare. The countless acts of self-sacrifice that attend a long strike almost persuade that the poor only know how to be generous.

The femininity of the working-girl has withstood all the shock of modern agitation. When the cares that infest the day have fled, bright is the night and many the pleasures it brings. The Bowery is a gay promenade, and there women may walk in its splendor of noonday in the safety that Fifth Avenue does not afford. The theatres are open; there are lectures at Cooper Union, perhaps a "Lady Gotham" Ball given by the Shirt-ironers' Union, and one of the great functions of the winter. But most dearly the working-girl loves a moonlight picnic. A union picnic is not the *al fresco* entertainment its name suggests. It is as formal in its routine as an uptown cotillion. The union encourages a certain orderliness of mind and observances of titles and forms that find expression in the working-girl's amusements. The lady floor-managers are intent on their duties; the grand promenade that opens the festivities is a gravely decorous and imposing rite.

No girl is expected to dance with a man who does not belong to a union unless he promises to join, for a picnic is also a proselyting occasion. The men are laid under the same embargo. This is also part of the fun and make-talk of the affair. There is no girl who has not a trim gown for the dance, for the window displays of Grand and Fourteenth Streets keep her informed as to fashions and cut, and her skilful fingers do the rest. The commingling of nationalities gives vivacity and variety to the scene; interesting are the many types of feminine comeliness.

Here is a girl, tall, slender, with well modelled features. Yesterday she was making shirts. Last night she was speaking at the Social Reform Club. This afternoon she was at a conference of the uptown women in a luxurious drawing-room. To-night she dances, coquettes with her admirers, plays at the old, old game of man and maid. She is no longer a type, she is just Girl.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

TWENTY-FIVE years ago it would have seemed in the highest degree unlikely that American literature and American life should ever be afflicted with a surplusage of what are known as "general ideas." General ideas were just what was lacking to give any special character to our talk and writing. When Matthew Arnold began to lecture our race on their value, and held up the German fondness for ideas as such and the French aptitude for putting them in practice, it was a little difficult to divine just what he meant. I fancy no one would experience any such difficulty at the present time. Arnold used to contrast "ideas" with what he called "stock notions and habits." Of these, in common with our English cousins, we had then, indeed, a surfeit—yet a surfeit the memory of which now leads one occasionally to look back longingly to those good old times. The present popularity of "ideas" in the sense of syntheses based upon the data of personal experience, or analysis of the constituent elements of various problems, is of recent growth.

General Ideas.

As to the existence of this popularity, there can be, I think, but little doubt. A newspaper article discussing, say, the English occupation of Egypt, does so by expressing its ideas on the English and French character; a review of "recent fiction" or "recent poetry" (there are such) deals largely in general principles; a novel is an argument in the great chancery case of "realism *vs.* romanticism," and so on. The essay about nothing at all—that is to say, about everything in general—abounds. And very prettily written it often is—far more prettily than it would have been twenty-five years ago. The specific "truth" as to any particular thing is esteemed rather dry, and endeavors to arrive at it fine-spinning and neglectful of the "larger truth" to which it is related, no doubt, though just how is not always explained. Councils of war are held over everything with the familiar result of very little fighting. Conversation is quite largely composed of the enunciation of general ideas. If you ask "Do you think so and so was justified in doing thus and thus?" the reply is: "Well, I think people of a certain kind naturally tend to," etc., etc. If you inquire, "What do you think of such and such a picture, book, opera, bicycle, of summer and winter contrasted, or what not, you are answered that "one" is apt to take a limited view of certain subjects, whereas, by putting one's self at a more objective standpoint, many unsuspected things become obvious. A person without "views" is now a very rare bird indeed.

This state of things, which it is unnecessary (as well as old-fashioned) to particularize, as every one will identify it, is not to be ascribed to a revolt against facts and their despotism. It is frequently contributed to by inveterate Gradgrinds, and is perhaps especially noticeable in persons who are punctilious, if not literal. The most that can be said is that these latter have become to an appreciable extent emancipated from the thraldom of such facts as have no relations—from insignificant facts, in a word. Indeed, a new kind of Gradgrind has been developed—one who is as excited by significant facts, facts upon which general ideas may be based, as his predecessors were by facts as such. But in the main the phenomenon I have in mind is undoubtedly due to a large increase in the mental activity of the community—of all our communities. No social observer can deny that there is at present a far greater volume of mind in oscillation among us than at any former period. Every one philosophizes. And this naturally means a great deal of independent thinking, though, of course, it does not necessarily im-

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ply a great deal of original thinking, which is another affair altogether.

But, flattering as it is to note this universal activity of mind, this prevalence of general ideas over "stock notions and habits," and the mere interest in facts as phenomena, it is fair to point out that there is such a thing as overdoing it. We may pardonably congratulate ourselves on being a much-thinking people, and yet realize that a higher stage of civilization still is illustrated by close than by loose thinking, and that universal mental activity is peculiarly in peril from the latter. Our mental activity is probably not even at present as nearly universal nor in as acute a state as that of some other centres of intelligence, such as Paris, for example. Yet even in Paris we find a typical Parisian critic, M. Émile Faguet, delicately praising M. Gaston Pâris in a recent article for being constitutionally somewhat cold to general ideas. M. Pâris, he admits, "systematizes" a little now and then, but he excuses him on the ground that: "It is impossible, as you know, [Do we know it in America, I wonder?] to be ignorant of anything without systematizing it a great deal, and to know anything without systematizing it a little, so that one cannot escape general ideas even by virtue of effort, and learning itself only serves to enable one to avoid them in excess." If we could take this hint, and one, too, from our German friends, who, as we know, have a tremendous abundance of general ideas, but who are also very fond of *Wissenschaft*, it would be a step forward, perhaps. To do so, however, I fear inexorably involves more or less of a return to the specific.

Wisdom Justified of her Children.

EVERYWHERE, about now, Master Birch is meeting his young friends, after the summer vacation. To be sure, he isn't Master Birch any more; at least, not in this country; but we may stick to old names even when old customs fall into disuse. I suppose schoolboys do get flogged occasionally still, but certainly the business of education does not centre any longer in the switch.

How little persons not immediately engaged in the business of education know about what the schools are teaching in any year, or what the business of education does centre in. It is not so clear that there is so very much variation in the ultimate results, but the means and processes vary greatly. We observe that small children go to school, and that after a while they learn to read and write, and incidentally to spell. Children used to learn to read one letter, or, at least, one syllable, at a time, and to furnish forth a complete word by piecing together its composite parts. Now, rumor says, the method is to encourage them to grasp whole words, long or short, at once, by instantaneous observation, or, as often happens, by an effort of the imagination. When the word grasped is the word the letters spell, that is observation. When it is some other word, that is imagination. The development of either faculty is held by contemporary educators to be useful.

We are glad to have our children acquire whatever is being imparted by whatever methods commend themselves to the pedagogic experience of the day. Nine-tenths of us trust to schools and school-teachers to give them such learning as they ought to have. We don't bother ourselves very much about how they learn to read, so long as they learn. We choose the best school we know, or can reach, or can afford, and after that what lines of learning and how much are largely matters between teacher and pupil. Very few of us attempt to share with our children such learning as we happen to have attained ourselves; it is too continuous a labor to be attempted in the intervals of other concerns. What, perhaps, we do hold ourselves personally bound to impart is our wisdom. All of us who believe we have managed to secrete any wisdom value it a great deal higher than any learning we may have got, and are much more solicitous that our offspring should share in it. We might, perhaps, endure that our children should be ignorant, but we do not want them to be foolish. We don't feel hurt or imposed upon if they are not bookish, or show inaptitude for the acquirement of polite accomplishments, but if they seem to lack such gumption as we think they were entitled to inherit, that disconcerts us.

One thing which we are apt to wish of our children is that they shall apprehend their relations to their fellow-creatures from our point of view. We want the human obligations, of which we are conscious in ourselves, to be operative in them. Civilization is so largely a matter of a man's attitude to his

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neighbor that we want their attitude to their neighbor to be the most sagacious that we know. We want them to value people somewhat as we value them, or, at least, to value them on grounds that we consider valid. Folks who have the same opinions as we have about other folks we consider to be, on the whole, sensible people, however their theory of the nebular hypothesis or the expediency of high protection may differ from ours. If there is anything our children are likely to get from us, it is surely this estimate of people. Of course, they must know people before they can have views about them, but if they grow up with us and share our meals and our talk, they are likely to pick up not only our prejudices about people, but the standards of conduct on which our estimates are based.

If we have so humble an opinion of our own standards and our own discernment as to think they are a bad inheritance, then we cannot send them to school too soon or keep them there too continuously, nor can we be too careful what school we send them to, for schools have standards of conduct and bases of estimate, too, and a school that has to correct home standards has its work cut out for it, and should have the best possible substitute standard to offer.

A Threatened Type.

WHEN all has been said and done, when the New Woman has become an established personage among us, and has advanced in years as well as in wisdom and honor, there will still be one thing for the world to regret and sigh for—we shall have no more fat old ladies, bless 'em!

For of course the New Woman, trained from her youth in the most approved and effective methods of physical culture, with all her superior knowledge of how to control bodily conditions, to put off flesh and take it on at will, will never, even in her old age, commit the error of growing stout. So that, when the present generation of old ladies, our mistaken—some might say misshapen—aunts and grandmothers are laid to rest, there will be nobody left to fill their wide armchairs by the fireside (the New Grandmothers will probably be in the gymnasium), and the world will know a want which no superiority of the New Woman can satisfy. This loss will not be felt all at once; it will steal gradually upon us as a shadow steals over the lawn, and there may even be some in those progressive days, "so thin and long and slim in mind," as not to recognize it as a loss at all. But these persons will be the ones who never knew in childhood—for it is upon the children that the loss will fall heaviest—the blessedness of having a stout aunt or grandmother, within whose radiance of serenity and good-nature, they crept as into the sunlight when the world suddenly turned a bleak and cheerless face upon their souls.

How changed life would have been to me if Aunt Jane had been thin and muscular instead of the dear fat soul she was! It was toward her I turned, guiltily pocketing my sins in the piercing glance of the mother, for her soft, moist eye could only invite; it never repelled and it knew not how to discover. My childish observation had led me to predicate that with bodily fat there was sure to be found a certain blandness and innocence of mind before which I was always able to posture in the guise of an angel. Aunt Jane never "found out!"

Then there were the stories she used to tell—these would have lost at least half their fine dramatic effect if I could not have watched, always with the same uncertainty as to the result, the changing expressions demanded by the drama, creep down from the kindling eye over the broad expanse of cheek, as sunshine and shadow chase each other down the side of the hill. But sweetest of all was the comfort of corpulence when I had come to grief or disgrace and had need of one to bind up my wounds or revive my vanity. It was then that I felt to its depth the ease of heart that came from being all gathered up into a wide lap, while I turned a face, wet and unashamed, into a pillowy bosom, and sobbed out the strange indictment of a world against me. It was then that I knew, without looking, the limitless sympathy that those fat cheeks could express. It began, again, in the eyes, and seemed to accumulate as it rolled down over the pink field below, dropping at last from the lips in soft inarticulate words of love and comfort.

Surely we cannot do without them—these dear, cushiony souls—any more than we can do without the grass under our feet, or the padding between our vertebræ. I, for one, refuse to believe that physical culture can give us anything half so good as what it is taking away.

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THE FIELD OF ART

A DECORATED PIANO

MAY we really begin to hope that the day is about to pass when easel "Pictures" and "Statuary" are the only acknowledged form of art? In all times when art was alive, they were only one form of many, and the artist was a person who could apply his talent to a variety of problems, and who knew that as much art—that is, beauty, sentiment, and self-expression—could be put into a vase or a seal as into yards of canvas. The present state of affairs is unnatural, when the industrial arts are considered as a thing apart, outside the pale of beauty, and not simply as the flowers and shrubs that grow naturally at the foot of the big trees in the fair garden of art. Nay, it is unique in history, a phenomenon which our descendants will find it very hard to understand, even when they study the causes which led up to it: the breaking up of all tradition consequent on the French Revolution, the spread of commercialism, of picture exhibitions, cheap art schools, academic æsthetics, and tall talk about the dignity of High Art.

The hurtful results are apparent to all; while our public buildings have been unadorned, and our homes filled with horrors, the artists, cut off from healthy intercourse with constructive arts and architectonic problems, have had their faculties impoverished and narrowed.

And who can blame art-lovers for their mania for collecting? The desire for real beauty as something entirely different from high art—for fitness and character of form, charm of line and color, and for the vivifying life of art, in every object that meets the eye—is one of the higher instincts of the race, which must awaken, sooner or later, from the evil dreams of triumphant Commercialism. It is reawakening, but what was there to satisfy it? We have thus perforce been driven to become buyers of "bric-a-brac" of the countries and periods that still keep or kept alive the tradition, the skill, and the artistic sense that give us what we want; we have surrounded ourselves with products of other civilizations; charming objects, priceless to the possessor, an endless source of inspiration to the late-day artist, but not made for us or we for them. And buying bric-a-brac inevitably tends to develop into the taste for collecting so characteristic of our times, which in itself has been prejudicial to a return to a wider conception of the province of art, to a more

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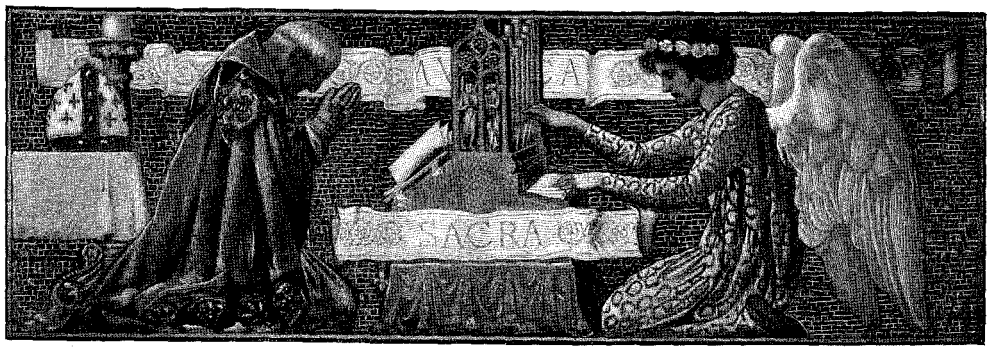
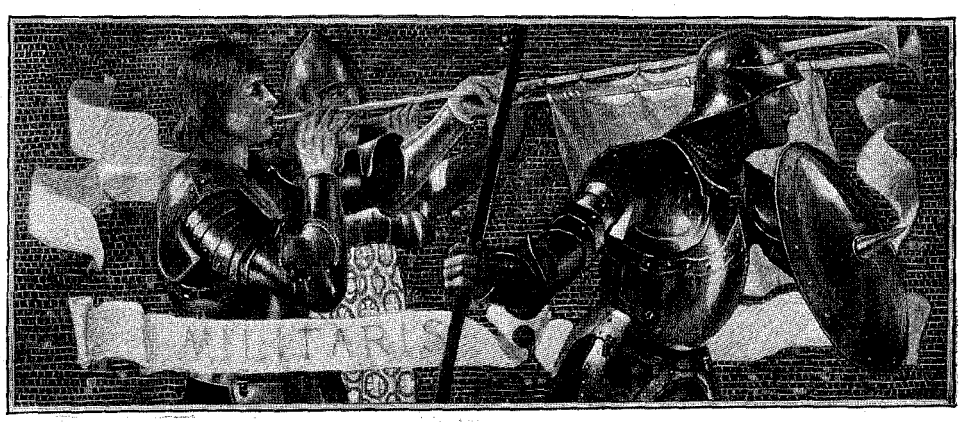


generous patronage of art in all its forms. If we can buy, for a couple of dollars, a Japanese vase, simple and subtle enough to look at home anywhere, inimitable in nameless grace and exquisite form, why should we spend twenty or more on a half-successful experiment in metallic reflexes? How can we spend them, if the collecting mania has once got hold of us?

Many signs seem to indicate, however, that the collecting mania, so useful, nay splendid, under other aspects, was but a phase of transition. The taste developed in collecting, with the serious studies that go with it, has led one after another among us to wish to impart some of the distinction and appropriateness, that charm in favorite objects of bric-a-brac, to objects of to-day. Study has also led many to a genuine interest in technic and processes, and hence in living production.

Other signs of the times, here and in Europe, point in the same direction, *i.e.*, to a growing conviction that all the forms of art are, after all, *art*, and that it should be associated with our daily lives, called in to *decorate* our homes and their surroundings. The highly successful combination of sculpture and gardening at the Exhibition of the American Sculpture Society in the Spring of 1895 was a noticeable step in this direction; the Salon of the Champ de Mars, after having admitted the Decorative Arts on a footing of equality, is now trying to arrange them with an eye to the effect of a refined home, giving modern artists in all branches an opportunity to show what they can do toward the adornment and refinement of modern homes. The movement has spread among the artists, here and abroad, who have been only too glad to get out of the tiresome rut in which they have been plodding so long, and feel themselves again surrounded by fresh impulses and vivifying breezes.

The interesting piano, belonging to Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel, from which some illustrations are given here, is a case in point. It has been decorated by one of our leading artists, Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, who has brought to this task the best of his inven-



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tion, taste, and care, and has been rewarded by producing a work of art, which no one can see without a high degree of æsthetic pleasure of the best kind. The subjects speak for themselves in the illustrations. It will be seen that they are treated seriously, not trivially or casually, yet not too much so for the occasion; on the contrary, the first thing that one feels is a certain grateful sense of enjoyment for the air of refined luxury and of true nineteenth century elegance that meets one. There is no strained attempt at originality of ornamental motive. The panels are simple treatments of allegorical subjects in color, connected with the main body of the piano by ornamental scroll-work in Renaissance, or Louis XVI.—the name is of no consequence. The fact is, that this "originality of motive," which is now haunting the imagination of the tired world of Europe, is all very well in its way; but it should be an inner, not an outer quality. It is not new motives we want, as much as the capacity to treat any motive seriously and personally, and with due understanding of the constructive and imaginative nature of the problem involved, be it a piano, an easy-chair, a dish for strawberries and cream, or an inkstand for fountain-pens. It is in these respects that Mr. Blashfield's piano is so noteworthy. It is essentially a decorated piano, not one or more painted panels, attached somehow to a piano. The panels are painted on the piano, a round medallion representing Classical Music on the lid, the others following the sides of the box, with careful consideration of the place of each. The whole has thus both continuity of design and decorative unity, and these qualities are the more worthy of appreciation, that the artist had to take his piano as he found it. He has had nothing to do with either box or substructure.

The same exquisite taste is shown in the color-scheme, of rich yellows and warm blues, most exquisitely harmonized by creamy scrolls

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with the dull gold of the body of the piano. We can only hope that this handsome and truly modern work of applied art is the herald of a real revival of the decorative arts. The benefits would be incalculable, not only to all the arts but to the general mental and moral health of the community. There is much talk just now, and with good reason, as to

the benefits to be derived from art in the present formative period of American society. But one thing is certain: it must begin with the decorative arts. It is only through their quiet, continuous, subtle influence, that the sense of form and proportion can be re-educated, and the true conception of art, that has been lost, can be revived.

Study for the Lid Panel: Classical Music.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

Japan's Great Catastrophe.

WE have a habit of congratulating ourselves on the modern littleness of the world; on the ties of steam and electricity, which have brought the geographically widely separated portions of the human family so closely together for all purposes of mutual understanding and sympathy. The marvellous feat, seen every day, of a cable to the antipodes in the space of a minute or so, is surely picturesque enough to justify many pleasant generalities. And yet we thrill with more present and vivid horror from a peculiarly distressing bicycle accident in the next street, or a railway accident in New Jersey, or a tornado in St. Louis, than from so vast a calamity as that which visited Japan this summer—one of the hugest catastrophes that has befallen the human race. The later and fuller advices from the countries visited by the great tidal wave of June 15th estimate that this onslaught of the Pacific carried away in its five minutes of activity forty thousand lives and left sixty thousand others absolutely destitute.

The northeast coast of Hondo, the largest of the Japanese islands, extends nearer than any other land to the tremendous submarine hole in the earth's crust known as the Tuscarora Deeps. This is the deepest part of the ocean so far as men know; it is almost as deep as the topmost peak of the Himalayas is high. Throughout its hundreds of miles of width and breadth there are submarine volcanoes. The seismic philosophers think that through some volcanic upheaval in these depths earthquake vibrations were transmitted along the ocean-bottom to the shore, and a sudden rise of the water's level sent the tidal wave on its errand of destruction. The earthquake-shocks, which travel at a rate of speed varying from two to twenty miles a second, reached the shore first. They were mild for quaky Japan, and it was not until half-past eight in the evening, an hour and a half later, that the slower-moving waves of water were announced by portentous booming sounds. Only four miles away from the coast fishermen were unaware of the presence of any extraordinary wave. But when the on-moving volume of water reached the steep sides of the sea-bottom and mounted up to the shallow places, the wave grew to a height of twenty to fifty feet, and hurled itself into the inlets and bays of the hapless land, overwhelming, with contemptuous ease, the feeble dykes which the Japanese fishermen and rice-planters had built to defend their low-lying homes.

The brunt of the attack came on the seaside town of Kamaishi, situated at the head of an inlet ten miles long. Out of its 6,500 inhabitants, 5,000 were instantly destroyed. One province alone, Iwate, lost 25,000 people. The simple folk of the country were celebrating their "Boy's Festival" at the very moment of the catastrophe, and were totally unprepared for it; a dozen villages lost from three-fourths to nine-tenths of their people. Those who escaped were generally left penniless. Fishermen who were out in their boats came back to find their homes and their families annihilated.

The work of relief was taken up with activity and enthusiasm, though the scene of destruction was so isolated that many of Japan's cities did not know of the trouble for two full days. Men-of-war were sent to cruise about the coast to recover the bodies of the victims. The emperor and empress made generous presents to the three suffering provinces, an army of physicians went to the coast, and

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the Red Cross Society erected dozens of hospitals for the relief of the wounded.

Studying Our Earthquakes.

IF a number of rather desultory observations have any degree of authenticity, the agitation of the submarine earth-crust which began in the Tuscarora Deeps sent out such fierce impulses that the very opposite shores of the Pacific felt their effect. Fishermen off the coast of Victoria encountered tidal waves from three to six feet high. On the same day, too, tidal waves of dangerous size visited the western coast of Honolulu, reaching at one point a height of thirty-five feet. Even in so remote a country as Italy the shocks of the earthquake were registered by delicate instruments.

These far-away manifestations of the Japanese earthquake call to mind the proposals which physicists are making to institute a systematic seismic survey of the world. These gentlemen, whose ambition is to measure with suitable instruments the exact velocity of the earthquake motion, have no hopes of effecting any reform in the general destructive conduct of volcanic upheavals, nor do they even anticipate the existence of a series of signal stations which will announce to threatened districts the imminence of the quake, its probable time of arrival, and the most stable place to go to. Indeed, the net result of the work is simply to secure data which will aid in determining, as nearly as may be, the effective rigidity of the earth's crust for the edification of astronomers. Though this end does not start unusually picturesque associations in the mind of a layman, the means by which the observers are proving their ability to follow and measure the earthquake's track are rather interesting. By means of self-recording magnetographs, physicists are actually obtaining records of seismic disturbances in their direct antipodes. To record the rapidly recurring vibrations of the shock, the most sensitive instrument is the Perry tronometer, which makes note of the earth-shake from a moving train a mile away.

Equipped with such apparatus, the men of science are able to inform us that, so far from being an exotic luxury, earthquakes are ubiquitous, and, like the poor, are always with us. Not only do we get the fag ends of such formidable phenomena as visit our Asiatic brethren; scores of undetected quakes of local origin are weekly events in the history of any portion of the earth's crust. Every day there is a slow tilt of the surface, for instance; an annual variation takes place in the angle, and the delicate instruments record various semi-occasional tremors, pulsations, and elastic vibrations.

The reform in earthquake study, which physicists are earnestly advocating as the only means of obtaining a correct system of evidence against the phenomena, is to furnish all the laboratories with the same kind of pendulum apparatus to be adjusted in exact uniformity. Hitherto the different instruments in various parts of the world have begun to move with different phases of motion, leading to most heretical discrepancies.

A Steamship on Wheels.

DECIDEDLY the most novel idea in ship-building, of those that are to be taken with any degree of seriousness, is that employed by M. Ernest Bazin in the construction of his *navire rouleur*, which is soon to attempt the passage of the English Channel preparatory to a transatlantic trial. This strange craft, whose appearance might well shock an unsuspecting Jack Tar into wholesome resolutions regarding grog, is nothing less than a steamship on rollers. Two deck platforms rest on eight revolving disks, four on a side. These convex disks are revolved by an engine, at the same time that a regulation propeller impels the vessel forward. With a model about one-twenty-fifth the size of a full-fledged liner, the inventor has proved that the substitution of the revolving wheels for the stable keel lessens to a marked degree the friction of passage through the water.

A model, propelled by electricity, traversed Professor Bazin's tank more than twice as fast with revolving disks as with stationary rollers. So great was the gain of speed due to the wheel movement that the inventor claims his roller ship will achieve thirty-one or thirty-two knots an hour, and still save sixty per cent. of coal, as compared with the needs of the ordinary transatlantic steamer. Besides the smaller friction against the water, the open frame of the vessel allows a free passage for head winds, while collateral advantages of safety are obtained in the presence of the hollow wheels, which con-

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stitute so many water-tight bulkheads. Several of them could be punctured without danger of sinking; and, moreover, when a disk does begin to fill with water, it beautifully and naturally turns until the aperture is on top, in the best position for repairs.

All this sounds so much too good to be true, that the average observer would be inclined to scepticism on general principles were it not that influential naval officers like Admiral Coulombeaud, possessing very much more than average judgment in such matters, are enthusiastic believers in M. Bazin and his *navire rouleur*.

Not satisfied with this revolutionary beginning in his designs, the inventor proposes to dispense with the orthodox rudder and guide his ship by means of a jet of water spouted from the stern. This calls to mind the craft in which, five years ago, several prominent New Yorkers were interested and disappointed—the ship propelled exclusively by means of the stern jet. That logy vessel attained on her test trip no more than six miles an hour; but that in itself is a foundation for the Frenchman's claim that his steering apparatus will prove a positive aid instead of a frictional obstacle to the motion of the roller ship.

The plans for the first adult *navire rouleur* call for a vessel over four hundred feet long, with one deck resting on girders placed above the axes of the wheels and twenty feet above the water, and a second deck twice as high.

Many roller ships have been tried before, but this one differs from all of them in giving the disks themselves an independent motion. Their revolutions must not be too fast, or the velocity of the vessel's progress is rather impeded than accelerated; the power applied to turn them must be proportioned with much nicety to the force exerted on the vessel's propeller. Finally, Professor Bazin's most brilliant and impressive burst of confidence in his vessel comes in the claim that it will effect a considerable mitigation of the opportunities for the *mal de mer;* for this wagon-ship rides the waves with exemplary steadiness, and refrains from rolling except as to its rollers. The professor has the good wishes of the human race, and half the successes he hopes for will gain him its eternal gratitude.

International Amenities.

SEVERAL events of purely social significance, as one would think, have made the past summer notable in the evolution of Anglo-American feeling. The Congregational Pilgrims and their much-fêted tour of England struck the first note of that sympathetic chord which has now pretty well drowned out the unpleasant remembrance of the Venezuela feelings, the Dunraven incident, and the Cornell boat-race—incidents which have no mean effect on the international sentiments of the masses.

Then came the sweetness and light of the Henley regatta. Our American boys did not win, though they were big, strong fellows, and though they possessed no less a guide, philosopher, and friend than the redoubtable Robert Cook, it would have been strange if they had. Less than one per cent. of Yale students take an active interest in the sculls, and rowing is generally esteemed an industry rather than a sport. On the other hand, Leander's crew was picked from ten classes of Oxford and Cambridge, where fine forearms and shoulders have the burden of proof on them to show why they are not rowing.

All this is interesting and soothing, but the really important part of the trip taken by Mr. Cook's *protégés* was the tenor of their reception. They were dined, publicly and privately, and presented with every evidence of sympathy and hospitality. They were voted good fellows, bore themselves modestly before the race, and quietly and courageously after it. Almost were the English persuaded to wish them victors, and the spirit of generosity went so far that it was openly desired that the blue should triumph at least in the first heat.

The third occasion for international amenities brought forth far more exuberant and official expressions of brotherhood. The visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston excited some merriment among the more heedless of the Yankees left behind; and it was funny. But it was also most highly significant. That the Ancients and Honorables did not bear the brunt of the Civil War, or even of the War of the Revolution, is indisputable, and is doubtless understood in England. It gives rather the more meaning to the gorgeous ceremonial honors showered upon them. That the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister and his

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cabinet, the field-marshals, lord mayors, and other official stars of the very first magnitude should have seized this pretext to do honor to an American institution, and pour forth volumes of good-will with the most specific hopes for arbitrational union, is surely more impressive than the same attentions if bestowed on visitors saliently and officially demanding it. The Prince of Wales gave a reception to Colonel Walker and his braves at Marlborough House, the Prince's London residence, and reviewed the visiting company; and the Queen opened Windsor to them and gave them another review there—a rapture which has heretofore been accorded only to a couple of crowned heads. There can be no doubt that these congratulatory ceremonies have greatly proved and strengthened the broad basis of public sentiment, on which must rest the treaty of arbitration between England and America.

A Permanent Treaty of Arbitration.

FROM the diplomatic correspondence recently published it seems reasonably certain that there will be a permanent arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. Lord Salisbury, who seems inclined to meet Mr. Olney a little better than half way when it can be done with grace, has gone so far as to express his confidence in the Venezuelan commission appointed by President Cleveland, and his full statement in the House of Lords seems to acknowledge America's right to interfere. On the subject of the permanent treaty, there is not yet unanimity between our secretary and Lord Salisbury as to several important details. The first and all-essential question of the class and range for disputes which the permanent commission would adjudicate, seems on the verge of being solved by an exclusion of only those differences which affect the "honor and integrity" of either country. This would be merely a stated admission of the obvious fact that no amount of permanent treaty could force either England or America to arbitrate a specific question in which either country felt itself absolutely insulted.

But there are complicated details proposed in the methods of settling even very simple classes of disputes. Of the several articles of treaty submitted by Lord Salisbury, Secretary Olney has apparently assented to at least three. These provide for the establishment of a permanent commission consisting of two or more judicial officers from each government, who shall choose an umpire. This international court of arbitration shall be empowered to determine finally all "complaints made by the nationals of one power against the officers of the other; all pecuniary claims or groups of claims, amounting to not more than £100,000, made on either power by the nationals of the other, whether based on an alleged right by treaty or agreement or otherwise; all claims for damage or indemnity under the said amount; all questions affecting diplomatic or consular privileges; all alleged rights of fishery, access navigation, or commercial privilege, and all questions referred by special agreement between the two parties."

As to the questions lying outside those enumerated above, it is proposed that they should also go to this permanent commission, but that either country should have the power of appeal to a court composed of three justices of the British supreme court of judicature, and three justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the assent of five members out of the six being necessary for a decision. Secretary Olney prefers that the six justices should select three outsiders to join them, and that a majority of the nine members should be final. This point and the method of deciding what disputes affect the "honor and integrity" of a country, are now the main issues of difference between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney. The former wishes to leave the designation of such especial questions to the "judgment of the governments," and to have such arbitrated only by special agreement. Mr. Olney suggests that no question shall be excluded from the proposed court unless Congress decides for America, or Parliament for Great Britain, that the honor of the nation or the integrity of its territory is involved.

The most strenuous objection has been made by clear-headed Englishmen to Mr. Olney's scheme for the selection by the six members of the Appellate Court of three outside jurists to join them. It is said that the court would wrangle for months over the choice of these additional arbitrators, and there seems to be a wide-spread opinion that the judges should be men of Anglo-Saxon blood.

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